THE SIXTEENTH EDITION,

WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

THE

FESTIVAL OF WIT;

OR,

SMALL TALKER,

BEING A

COLLECTION of BON MOTS, ANECDOTES, &c.

OF THE

MOST EXALTED CHARACTERS;

PROCURED AND SELECTED

BY G——— K———,

Summer Resident at Windsor.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE LIFE OF

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WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TO prevent the inquiſitive book-worms of this capital from troubling the bookſellers for information reſpecting my life, I ſit down to the following detail of facts.—A man can communicate the ſentiments of his own breaſt much better than other people; ſhould a trifling incident get into the hands of ſome biographers, they are ſo fond of dreſſing it out to the beſt or worſt advantage, that a reader never ſees the picture in its natural colours: if there is any thing pleaſing in the portrait, every literary dauber muſt try his hand, till, in the courſe of a century, the whole reſemblance is totally obliterated. Our two

ſenſible moderns, Cibber and Sterne, were perfectly right in communicating the particulars of their lives to the world; it has ſaved much contention; for Mr. Bryant, who, no doubt, had he ſat down to the life of Cibber, would have dated his birth from the cupola of St. Paul's; while Dean Milles, who is raviſhed with the beauties of Sterne, would, in all probability, have given the admirers of this charming ſentimentaliſt a huge quarto, price only one guinea, filled with more goody goodies than the Biographia Britannica, and would have inſiſted on it that Sterne was not a mortal, but an angel ſent from Heaven to make us laugh and cry.——It is to prevent any errors of this kind I ſit down, this firſt of April, 1782, to give the reader an account of my life. I was born in London in ------*, my father was well known by the name of the good-natured man; he had his blemiſhes, but they never injured any but his creditors. He was the intimate companion of Thompſon, Mallet, and Lyttelton, and many other men of genius, and took a particular pride in patronizing the offspring

* This hiatus is an error of the preſs; the reader may fill it up as he thinks proper.

of

of the Muſes. I could mention many anecdotes of his life and my mother's (who was a moſt beautiful woman, and had many excellent qualities); but, as I deſign to confine myſelf to my own hiſtory, the reader muſt excuſe me.—I diſcovered a very early attachment to literature, and had ſo happy a knack at reciting particular paſſages from the beſt Engliſh writers, that my father, pleaſed at my progreſs, placed me under the tuition of the famous Quin, who poliſhed me to the higheſt degree in the ſcience of elocution. My friends, who were very numerous, had a high opinion of my oratorical powers; and my very enemies pronounced their approbation founded in juſtice. I remember, the firſt ſpeech I made in a diſtinguiſhed debating ſociety, was received with the greateſt applauſe; there was a gentlman of eminence in the aſſembly, who wrote word to Paris that I was the fineſt ſpeaker he ever heard; and my old Preceptor, Quin, who was ſitting down to ſupper on a John Dory, exclaimed with rapture, when a gentleman gave him the intelligence, "Ay!—I taught the boy to ſpeak!"

My father died when I was in my twelfth year, which opened a glorious

proſpect of earthly felicity! I continued to figure away in the ſplendid walks of faſhion till my grandfather died, which happened when I reached my two and-twentieth year. This old gentleman, who was univerſally beloved for his probity, juſtice, and humanity, left me heir to an excellent eſtate, which I was put into immediate poſſeſſion of. If I was ſurfeited with adulation, prior to this, I was now ſick to death; the preſs groaned beneath the ſervile burthen, and every printer's devil could number among my panegyriſts as many literary daubers as ſhouted at the heels of Wilkes and Liberty, or Sir Goeffery Dunſtan at the renowned election at Garrat. It was this, I believe, that firſt gave me a diſlike to men of genius, for, from that time to this, I have not changed a word with any of the ſervile group, but Dr. Johnſon. My tenants in elevated life congratulated me with, I believe, much ſincerity; but the tranſport of my under-tenants was of another complexion; they loved me, but they thought I wanted all that ſolidity that made my grandfather adored among them. They would ſometimes abuſe him, and their abuſe was blended with no ſmall ſhare of acrimony,

acrimony which often reached his ears, and to which I heard him make this juſt obſervation, " My tenants are ſtrange people, they abuſe me very much among themſelves, but I have obſerved they will not ſuffer any ſtrangers to do ſo." Indeed the old gentleman deſerved every kindneſs at their hands; for though he was not by birth a Briton, yet his affections were riveted to the intereſts of his tenants. The firſt action of my life that was received by my numerous cottagers as oppreſſive, was an order I had given to the publicans on my eſtate to raiſe their beer an halfpenny a pot, which made ſo great a noiſe that I was heartily ſorry I had done ſo. It unfortunately happened the friends or companions I made were very offenſive to my tenants, whoſe averſion to me was ſtill embittered by the following ſingular affair: I had heard much of the ſpaniels of Scotland, and was very deſirous of having ſome to ſport with me round my eſtate, which I immediately acquired, and which I found the moſt docile creatures in the world. My attachment to thoſe faithful companions became fraternal, nor could I take the leaſt amuſement without ſome of them being about my perſon. In a few months my

tenants

tenants complained bitterly that they had not left a duck or duckling about their houſes, nor a ſingle thing that was fit to eat, but what they had devoured. What could I do? Fraternal love in one ſcale, and the cries of affliction in the other; the laſt I knew to be the compoſition of envy, hatred, and malice, and made up of nothing but wind, while the firſt is the immediate offſpring of heaven, and ſecond to none. My beſt way I thought was to ſhut my ears to their cries, which I inſtantly did: nor have I opened them to their complaints on that ſcore from that hour to this.——While my friends were buſy looking out for a Wife for me, on the death of my grandfather, I happened to meet with a copy of verſes, inſcribed to a gentleman of eminence in Pruſſia, and written by a young lady in Germany; I was ſo ſmitten with their excellence, that I inſtantly became enamoured with the fair writer, and having ſeen her picture, which was in the poſſeſſion of the gentleman who favoured me with a copy of the verſes, I inſtantly declared my determination to marry her. Some of my friend declared againſt it, becauſe ſhe was without fortune; whilſt others ſet up her birth, humility, and good-ſenſe, as equivalent

valent to the greateſt dower in the power of fortune to beſtow. To cut this matter ſhort, we were married, and Heaven has bleſſed us with a progeny beyond our moſt ſanguine wiſhes.

My wife has ſome remarkable features in her character, like moſt other women; thoſe that take the lead are muſic and jewels. She is a bitter enemy to ladies' feathered heads, and the ſtate which ſome of her neighbours have been known to ſupport in viſiting her; one in particular, who was an illuſtrious encourager of the Engliſh and their manufactures, and whoſe memory is as dear to thouſands as love and gratitude can make it; I mean the excellent Lady Alnwick.—I am as fond of muſic as ſhe; being convinced, with Shakeſpeare, that "the man that hath no muſic himſelf, nor is not moved with concord of ſweet ſounds is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils." Indeed ſhe ſaid one evening, when ſhe caſt a glance at her numerous children, and tapping me on the check, with much hilarity at the ſame time, "I think, G-----, we have fiddled to ſome tune." Yes, my love, replied I, and the talkative part of our neighbourhood ſay we will never be tired. "What is it to them?" rejoined ſhe, "they won't

pay

pay the piper, though we were to dance till doomsday." As to the ladies' feathers, I am not fond of them myself, nor do I like to see a lady dressed above the attire of a quaker, or the less adorned habit of rural simplicity.

My wife's attention to the education of her children deserves great praise: I shall beg leave to mention one circumstance relative to their pocket-money. They all have a stated sum allowed, proportioned to their age; my wife requires them to give an account how they dispose of it; they are sure to receive a lecture if a considerable portion is not bestowed in some commendable charity, that is free from ostentation. One of the little ones hearing a news-paper read, said to his mother, "I cannot think, my dear mother, what a prison is?" Upon its being explained, and understanding that the prisoners were half starved for want, "That," replied the child, "is very cruel, for the prison is bad enough without starving. I will certainly give my charity in bread to poor prisoners;" which was accordingly ordered. Thus it is that, in the minutiæ of education, principles of humanity and tenderness are instilled, which are much more likely to form the mind to virtue, than the most

moſt ſolemn arguments and tedious reaſonings.

The reader may perhaps ſmile at me for being thus particular, in deſcribing what he will probably call trifles, but let him ſmile on; a father of a family, while painting the growing graces of his children, certainly rides the moſt admirable hobby-horſe in the world, and deſerves the countenance of ſociety full as much as the deſcription of habiliments of royalty in a theatre, or the recital of a bon-mot of a man of rank, which would be a diſgrace to the underſtanding of a mountaineer. In ſitting down to this ſelection (the greateſt part of which had been finiſhed ſometime) I had not the fears that generally accompany young authors, or compilers: in looking over a number of volumes in my poſſeſſion, which has been the favourite amuſement of my leiſure hours, I diſcovered a rich mine of literary excellence, the property of a number of diſtinguiſhed and learned perſonages, which I favoured my intimate friends with a view of very oſten, who preſſed me to introduce to the admirers of refined and eſtimable converſation a couple of volumes of the richeſt matter in my poſſeſſion. When I had determined to comply with this requeſt, that

hateful

hateful form, a ſnarling critic, ſtared me in the face, and in ſome meaſure ſcared me from the purpoſe. At length I have reſolved to combat this monſter, and this volume he muſt accept as a challenge: if he ſhould be vain enough to enter the liſts, ſure I am he will meet a formidable enemy.—If the reader ſhould complain of want of amuſement in theſe biographical anecdotes, the beſt advice I can give him is to ſit down by his fire-ſide, and correct the errors of his own life, which he may find more amuſing. "Ay, but," ſays he, "where's my three ſhillings and ſixpence?" Aſk, my good Sir, all the illuſtrious perſonages in the following pages, who will give you mirth, ſenſibility, and a bouquet of beautiful flowers, pluckt by the hand of Genius on the moſt fertile ſpot of Parnaſſus, in exchange for it.

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THE

FESTIVAL OF WIT.

SHORTLY after I came into the poſſeſſion of my eſtate, I walked one morning into my library, where I found one of my under librarians aſleep in a chair. As I never poſſeſſed that ridiculous pride that looks with contempt on inferiors, I ſtepped up to him, and gave him a ſlight ſlap on the cheek; he clapt his hand on the place inſtantly, and, with his eyes ſtill cloſed, exclaimed, "Damn it, George, let me alone, you are always doing one fooliſh trick or another." I knew he took me for his fellow librarian, whoſe name was George, or I ſhould have been angry; as it was much more poignant than I expected.

Some time after the above affair, I was making ſome improvements round a piece of water near my houſe, when the ſame

youth happened to be ſtanding at the brink, ſeemingly in deep meditation; I came behind him, and ſhoved him in up to his middle; he looked very ſour at me, but held his tongue, and I could eaſily ſee he was by no means pleaſed at the frolic. I laughed, and walked away.—I mentioned this to Lord N. a few minutes after, who told me I might have many ſpaniels fond of taking the water, but this was the firſt inſtance he ever heard of one man taking another for a dog, whatever he may do to take him for a puppy. I felt the force of this rebuke, and promiſed within myſelf to behave better for the future.

Doctor Johnſon, of whoſe abilities I was a great admirer, came into my library one day as I was enjoying the company of my wife and little ones in an adjoining apartment; my librarian informed me of it. I immediately went and paid my reſpects to the doctor, and aſked him, "Why he did not continue to write? as I had not ſeen any thing from his pen lately." He bowed, and ſaid he thought he had written enough. I replied with a ſmile, "So ſhould I too, doctor, if you had not written ſo well." The doctor ſeemed quite elated with my compliment.

A child of six years of age, being introduced into company for his extraordinary abilities, was asked by an eminent dignified clergyman, where God was? with the proffered reward of an orange. "Tell me, replied the boy, where he is not? and I will give you two!"—*Related by the late Bishop of Winchester.*

When the distinguished duellist G. R. Fitzgerald was in Paris, the English ambassador introduced him to the French King; prior to which introduction the ambassador informed his majesty, Mr. Fitzgerald was a gentleman of such amazing prowess, that he fought thirty duels, and behaved equally brave and honourable in them all. "Then, I think," says the King with a smile, "this gentleman's life would make an admirable appendix to your renowned countryman's history, JACK THE GIANT KILLER."—*Related by Sir G. W.*

When Sir Thomas More was ambassador from Henry the Eighth to the Emperor of Morocco, the morning he was to have an audience, he called for a bumper of sack, drank it, and asked for another; the servant would have dissuaded him from it, but could

not; he drank that off, and afterwards a third: he then inſiſted on a fourth; but being over perſuaded by his ſervant, he let it alone. When he returned from his audience, "You rogue," ſaid he to his man, "what miſchief have you done me! I ſpoke ſo well to the emperor, on the inſpiration of the three glaſſes I drank, that he told me I was fit to govern three parts of the world: —Now, you ſcoundrel, had I drank the fourth glaſs, I had been fit to govern the whole world."——*Related by Lord N.*

The following pleaſant anecdote was related to me ſome time ago by the facetious Biſhop of C———.

The whimſical and immortal author of Triſtram Shandy was married to Mrs. Sterne on a Saturday morning: his pariſhioners had timely information of this circumſtance, and knowing he would preach the next morning at his pariſh church, alſo deſirous at the ſame time of ſeeing the bride, they aſſembled in ſuch crowds, that the church was full before the bell had done tolling. The bride, as was expected, made her appearance, and the country folks indulged themſelves with the uſual obſervations, till Sterne mounted the pulpit: here every eye

was

was directed to him, and every ear ready to catch the words of his text, which turned out, to their aſtoniſhment, to be the following:—"WE HAVE TOILED ALL NIGHT, AND HAVE CAUGHT NO FISH." The congregation looked at each other, ſome ſmiled, others ſtopped their mouths with their handkerchiefs, to prevent them from laughing, while the old folks wore very ſerious faces, and thought the humouriſt a very odd ſort of man for a pulpit lecturer: however, they attended to his diſcourſe, which turned out, as uſual, very inſtructive; and all went home very highly delighted with the text, but poor Mrs. Sterne, who bluſhed down to her finger-ends every ſtep of the way to her houſe.

That excellent companion the old Earl Bathurſt, told me the following anecdote:—

When the celebrated actreſs, Mrs. Cibber, was in Dublin, ſhe ſung in the Oratorio of the Meſſiah. A certain Biſhop was ſo ſtruck with the extreme ſenſibility of her manner, that he could not refrain from ſaying, loud enough to be heard by numbers round him, "Woman! thy ſins be forgiven thee!"

Returning to my country box at Windſor, a few years ago, I rode up to a crowd of people, and perceived one of the horſes of a team had juſt dropped down dead. The owner was very much affected, and wrung his hands, declaring it the greateſt misfortune he had ever experienced, and at that time he could leaſt afford to buy another horſe, as he had met with a number of hardſhips for ſome time. I felt for the poor fellow, and calling one of my ſervants, who rode on an excellent horſe, deſired the waggoner to accept of him. "Ah! maſter," ſaid the countryman, "my pocket will not reach ſuch a beaſt as that." "Come, come, my good fellow, be of good heart," ſaid I, "take him, take him, and when I demand a price for him, then thou ſhalt pay me."

The following is related of the K. of Pruſſia,. with undoubted veracity:—

A Clergyman of Neuf Chatel chapel preached againſt eternal d———n. His pariſhioners were ſo diſguſted with him, that they would not afterwards ſuffer him to enter the church door, nay, they even pelted him. The King hearing of it, ordered the doors to be thrown open to the prieſt, that he might reſume his function. The parſon now reſumed

ſumed his ſubject. He would not allow of eternal d———n by any means; he had no objection to a limited time, even a hundred thouſand years, but not infinite puniſhment. The pariſhioners would not ſuffer him to go on with his ſermon, but pulled him headlong from his roſtrum, turned him out of the church, and again pelted him. The King ſent for the prieſt, and cenſured him for his abſurdity in reſuming a ſubject ſo obnoxious to his hearers, and ſaid, "Since my ſubjects of Neuf Chatel are ſo fond of everlaſting d———n, they have my free leave to be d—ned to all eternity."—*Related by the late Counſellor D——, afterwards Lord A——, with great humour.*

As Mr. Cunningham, the late paſtoral poet, was fiſhing on a Sunday near Durham, the reverend as well as corpulent Mr. Brown chanced to paſs that way; and knowing Mr. Cunningham, auſterely reproached him for breaking the Sabbath, telling him, that he was doubly reprehenſible, as his good ſenſe ſhould have taught him better. The poor poet turned round and replied, "Your external appearance, reverend Sir, ſays, that if your dinner was at the bottom of the river with mine, you would

angle for it, though it were a faſt-day, and your Saviour ſtood by to rebuke you!"——
This was communicated to me by Lord G. S.

At the aſſize of Caernarvon, where Judge Barrington preſided, a ſimple Welſhman was tried for ſome petty offence. The Judge in an auſtere manner, aſked him, "What are you?" To which the culprit replied, in his ſhire manner, "My Lord, I was ſell ale by the pound!" "Eh," ſays the Judge, not hearing him diſtinctly, "How do you do, my friend?" "Pretty well, I thank your Lordſhip, I hope you are well," replied the ruſtic, with ſuch a ſimplicity in his manner, that threw the court into a fit of laughter that laſted for a quarter of an hour. His Lordſhip was as merry as the reſt, and leaned to his caſe in ſuch a manner that he was acquitted.——*Sir W. W. W. related this.*

The late prodigy of genius, the unfortunate Chatterton, was amuſing himſelf one day, in company with a friend, reading the epitaphs in Pancras church-yard. He was ſo deep ſunk in rhought as he walked on, that not perceiving a grave that was juſt dug, he tumbled into it. His friend obſerving his

his ſituation, ran to his aſſiſtance, and as he helped him out, told him in a jocular manner, he was happy in aſſiſting at the reſurrection of Genius.—Poor Chatterton ſmiled, and taking his companion by the arm, replied—" My dear friend, I feel the ſting of a ſpeedy diſſolution—I have been at war with the grave for ſome time, and find it is not ſo eaſy to vanquiſh it as I imagined—— we can find an aſylum to hide from every creditor but that!" His friend endeavoured to divert his thoughts from the gloomy reflection: but what will not melancholy and adverſity combined, ſubjugate? In three days after the neglected and diſconſolate youth put an end to his miſeries by poiſon.

An old gentleman that poſſeſſed a great reſpect for men of uncommon literary talents, and who frequently converſed with Chatterton, at the Cyder-cellar in Maiden-lane, gave a looſe to his good-nature one evening, and requeſted the pleaſure of the poet's company to ſupper at his houſe.

When the cloth was removed, ſome very four wine was placed on the table, which the generous old gentleman praiſed extravagantly as he was filling Chatterton's

glaſs, requeſting him at the ſame time to drink a bumper to the memory of Shakeſpeare.——The inſpired youth had not finiſhed his glaſs when tears ſtood trembling in his eyes, and inſtantly rolled down his cheeks. "God bleſs me!" ſays the old gentleman, "you are in tears, Mr. Chatterton."—"Yes, Sir," ſays the bard, "this dead wine of yours compels me to ſhed tears, but by H——n they are not the tears of veneration!"——*Both theſe I had from the Hon. H. W.*

The preſent facetious Biſhop of Killaloe favoured me with the following.—

Thoſe in the leaſt acquainted with the character of Dr. Goldſmith, know that economy and foreſight were not amongſt the catalogue of his virtues. In the ſuit of his penſioners (and he generally enlarged the liſt as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of ſcribbling memory, who had ſerved the doctor ſo many tricks, that he deſpaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a chef-d'œuvre once for all. He accordingly called on the doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made! "How

"How ſo, Jack?" ſays the doctor. "Why," ſays Jack, "the Ducheſs of Marlborough, you muſt know, has long had a ſtrange penchant for a pair of white mice; and as I knew they were ſometimes to be had in the Eaſt-Indies, I commiſſioned a friend of mine, who was going out then, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the moſt beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finiſhed this account with a tranſport of joy, he lengthened his viſage, by telling the doctor all was ruined, for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice, he could not preſent them. The doctor, unfortunately, as he ſaid himſelf, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered to lend him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his ſcheme; he perceived the doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and after premiſing on the indelicacy of the propoſal, hinted, that "if he could ſpare that watch for a week, he could raiſe a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude." The doctor would not be the means of ſpoiling a man's fortune for ſuch a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him; which Jack immediately took to the pawnbroker's, raiſed what he

could on it, and never once looked after the doctor, till he ſent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death-bed; which the doctor very generouſly ſent him.

The famous John Baptiſte Sauteuil, the Latin poet, being in company with a Pariſian huſband, who was lamenting the infidelities of his wife: "A mere flea-bite," ſaid the poet, "or leſs, as it is only an imaginary complaint; few die of it, and many live with it."

A certain preacher held forth at St. Mary, without giving his auditory any ſatisfaction. Sauteuil, who was preſent, ſaid, "He did better laſt year." A bye-ſtander aſſerted, he muſt be miſtaken; for the preſent pulpit-thumper had not preached laſt year. "That is the very reaſon," ſaid the poet.——*Foote favoured me with theſe.*

My old companion, Quin, wounded a young fellow, who had drawn upon him, ſlightly in the hand, in a riot at the ſtage-door of Covent-Garden theatre. The ſpark, preſently after, came into one of the green boxes, over the ſtage door. The play

play was Macbeth,—and in the fine ſoliloquy, where he ſees the imaginary dagger, as Quin repeated, "and on thy blade are drops of reeking blood!" the young fellow bawls out, "Ay,—reeking indeed! what does your conſcience prick you?—you raſcal, that's my blood you drew juſt now." The actor, giving him a ſevere ſide glance, replied, juſt loud enough to be heard by him, "Damn *your* blood, I ſay!" and then, without the leaſt heſitation, went on with the ſpeech, ſo that the major part of the audience ſcarce noticed the interruption.———*This anecdote I had from Mrs. Pritchard.*

Sauteuil was the firſt who let fly the ſhafts of ſatire againſt the Monks. A * Provoncal gentleman complained to an attorney at Paris, that he had been cheated by a Monk. "What, Sir," ſays Sauteuil, who was preſent, "a man of your years not to know the Monks!——There are," continued he, "four things in the world you ſhould always guard againſt; the face of a woman, the hind part of a mule, the ſide of a cart, and a Monk on all ſides."——*This I had from Foote.*

* A native of Provence.

The

The celebrated Count de Caylus, taking a rural walk one day, ſaw on the border of a ditch a countryman aſleep, and a boy, about eleven years of age, regarding the lineaments of his face and his picturesque dreſs with a fixed attention. The Count approaching with affability, aſked him about what he was thinking? "Sir," ſaid the child, "if I knew how to deſign, I would trace out the figure of this man." "Do ſo then," ſaid the admirer of artiſts, "here are tablets, and a crayon." Emboldened by this encouragement, the child attempted to take a repreſentation of the figure before him, and he had ſcarcely finiſhed the head, when the Count embraced him, and informed himſelf of the place of his abode, that he might raiſe him to a better condition.—*Lady E. T. related this.*

A few evenings after the ſecond part of Mr. Kelly's Theſpis appeared, in which the principal performers of Covent-Garden theatre are unmercifully treated, and particularly Mr. Roſs. A gentleman at the Queen's Arms, St. Paul's church-yard, ſeeing Mr. Kearſley the publiſher come in, and neither of them knowing that Mr. Roſs was in the room, aſked him, in a low tone of voice, if

he

he had read the pamphlet? "Yes," replied Kearſley, "and Kelly has given them all a handſome dreſſing; but as to Roſs, he has played the devil with him." Mr. Roſs in the inſtant got up, and delivered himſelf to the company in the following expreſſive lines, which met with univerſal applauſe:—"I ſhould have bluſhed if Cato's houſe had ſtood ſecure, and flouriſhed in a civil war." *Related by Garrick, who had it from Bonnel Thornton.*

The late ingenious and unfortunate Bob Lloyd, ſome time before his commitment to the Fleet Priſon, formed a deſign of compiling a dictionary for the uſe of ſchools, ſuperior to any extant. Fluſhed with this idea, he waited on a bookſeller, to whom he communicated his intention. The bookſeller had no hopes of Lloyd's ſucceſs, till he told him he would engage to get his father's approbation of the work, who was ſecond maſter of Weſtminſter ſchool, and which would ſecure an extenſive ſale throughout England.—The bookſeller, on this information, began to count the imaginary hundreds, and inſtantly engaged him for ſix guineas a ſheet. Lloyd wrote a letter next day to the bookſeller, and deſired

thirty

thirty pounds, as he could not ſtir out of his lodging till he had compounded with one of his creditors, who had ſome ſharks on the look-out for him; at the ſame time he told him, he waited for a certain number of books in different languages to proſecute the work, which he deſired might be ſent him as ſoon as poſſible. The unſuſpecting bookſeller complied with his requeſt. The books amounted to twenty pounds, which Lloyd no ſooner received than he depoſited them with a pawnbroker for ten gaineas; and then ſet out with a woman of the town on a country excurſion.—But as a ſpendthrift's cup of happineſs is ſoon daſhed with gall, our poor poet found himſelf ſtripped of the caſh in a few days, and returned pennyleſs to town with his economical companion.—The bookſeller waited a conſiderable time for the fruits of Mr. Lloyd's genius and intenſe application; but he might as well have waited for the reſurrection of Shakeſpeare, or the tenth volume of Triſtram Shandy from Dr. Prieſtley.—*Related by the Dutcheſs of Northumberland.*

Quin told Lady Berkely, that ſhe looked blooming as the ſpring; but recollecting that the ſeaſon was not then very promiſing, he added,

added,—I would to God the ſpring would look like your Ladyſhip!—*Related by the late Lord Cheſterfield.*

Sauteuil having a confeſſional dreſs on, either to ſay veſpers, or to muſe upon ſome production, a lady, who took him for a confeſſor, threw herſelf upon her knees, and recounted all her ſins. The poet muttered ſomething to himſelf, and the good penitent, thinking he was reproaching her for her wickedneſs, haſtened the concluſion of her confeſſion; when ſhe found the confeſſor quite ſilent. She then aſked him for abſolution. "What, do you take me for a prieſt?" ſaid Sauteuil. "Why then," ſaid the lady quite alarmed "did you liſten to me?" "And why," replied Sauteuil, "did "you ſpeak to me?" "I'll this inſtant go and complain of you to your prior," ſaid the enraged female. "And I," ſaid the poet, "am going to your huſband, to give him a full account of your conduct."——*Related by Foote.*

The celebrated Lord Cheſterfield held a conſiderable eſtate under the Dean and Chapter of Weſtminſter, and wanting to put in the life of the preſent Earl, the fine inſiſted

inſiſted upon was ſo very exorbitant as to ruffle his Lordſhip's temper in a great degree, though he was obliged to acquieſce in their demands. When the writings were ready, the lawyer carried them to his Lordſhip, with the Dean and Chapter's compliments. Having ſigned them, "Well," ſays the Earl "they ſent their compliments to me, did they? then return my compliments, but tell them at the ſame time, that in matters of buſineſs, I would ſooner deal with the Jewiſh ſynagogue."——*Related by Foote.*

On Chriſtmas eve a poor infirm old man went into a ſhop in the Seven Dials, which, from the ſimilarity of the ſign of three muffins, he miſtook for the three balls of a pawnbroker, and offered a trifling article for a ſmall ſum, which he ſaid was to relieve immediate want. Fortunately a certain amiable demirep, in the neighbourhood of Soho, was at the ſame time purchaſing tea provender, who, while the ſhopman was explaining the miſtake, gave the aged object two guineas. The poor man looked up to her with tears and aſtoniſhment; but before he could recollect himſelf to thank her, ſhe ran out of the ſhop.——Ye fat and greaſy puritans! was not this an act of generoſity

nerosity and charity worthy the imitation of your most religious moments?—*Related by General B.*

I cannot recollect a better contrast to this story than an anecdote related to my wife a few days ago by the amiable Duchess of R——.

The Countess of A——d was solicited in a petition delivered by a very wretched cottager to grant her a little milk for a child in a very sickly state. The Countess, whose heart is of the very worst kind, turned upon the poor woman, and asked her, "How she could dare to deliver such a petition into her hands? Did she take her house for an hospital, and herself for a silly physician, who had nothing to do but attend to the wretches around her?"——However, this lady's second in command, her housekeeper, whose feelings come nearer to the amiable, overheard this bitter lecture, and made inquiry where the poor woman lived, where she sent every thing necessary for the afflicted child.—As these infernal spirits have always those of the same complexion to be of their cabinet, it so happened here; for the Countess had timely information of the housekeeper's proceeding, and if it was

not

not for the execrations it would lay her ladyſhip open to, there is not a doubt but the humane woman would have been caſhiered.

Among a very large volume of anecdotes of this lady, I muſt mention another, related to me ſome years ago by the immortal Marquis of Granby. One afternoon, in the month of September, the Counteſs and a veteran officer were walking in that part of the demeſne next the road to Coventry; a ſmall brook ran by the road, upon the bank of which ſat a wearied ſoldier, who was taking water with the ſpout of his hat from the ſtream, and drinking it. The officer inſtantly exclaimed, "There, my lady, there's an object for your benevolence! ſend your ſervant to the houſe for a cup of ſtrong beer for the poor fellow." "Good heavens, Colonel!" replied her Ladyſhip, do you imagine I brew my drink for travellers? You may as well aſk me why I don't put up a ſign." "And if you did, my Lady, it would not diſgrace you;—I mean the ſign of Charity. However, I muſt do my duty," ſays the Colonel, walking out of the gate, and giving the ſoldier half a crown. "You had always a ſoft heart, Colonel," ſaid her Ladyſhip with a ſneer, on his return. "I hope, Madam, I ſhall never be

ſuch

ſuch a villain to myſelf, and to the world, to part with it for an hard one."

Sir Simon Stuart, of Hartley, amuſing himſelf with ſome old papers belonging to his family, found endorſed on the outſide of a covenant, that 15,000 pieces of gold were buried in a certain field, ſo many feet from the ditch towards the ſouth. Theſe words appearing a kind of memorandum, the Baronet took a ſervant with him, and going to the place deſcribed, made him dig, and found the treaſure in a large iron pot, the mouth of which was covered with parchment, on which were written in legible characters, the following words:—"The Devil ſhall have it ſooner than Cromwell."—*Related by General H.*

Soon after the peace of Vervins, Henry IVth of France, returning from hunting, in a plain garb, and only two gentlemen with him, croſſed the Seyne in a common ferry-boat. Perceiving the waterman did not know him, he aſked him, what people ſaid of the peace? "Faith," anſwered the waterman, "as to this fine peace, I know nothing of it; but every thing, I know, is taxed, even to this old tool of a boat, ſo that

that I can ſcarce get a living." "Well," continued Henry the Fourth, "but does not the King intend to ſee the people eaſed?" "The King," replied Charon "is well enough of himſelf; but has a miſtreſs, who muſt have ſo many fine cloaths and gewgaws, and it is we pay for all: however, if he had her to himſelf, it would not be ſo much; but ſhe is deviliſhly belied, maſter, if ſhe does not play the beaſt with two backs with ſome others." The King, who had been exceſſively diverted with this colloquy, ſent next morning for the waterman, and made him repeat before the Ducheſs of Beaufort, without mincing a word, what he had ſaid the evening before. Her Grace was ſo incenſed, that nothing would ſerve her, but the King muſt immediately order him to be hanged. "Pho!" ſaid the good-natured monarch, "are you mad? Don't you ſee he is a poor devil, ſoured by diſtreſs. His boat ſhall pay no tax, and then he'll be continually ſinging, Vive Henri! vive Gabrielli!"——*Related by W. C.*

When Churchill's Prophecy of Famine made its appearance, which is undoubtedly his fineſt poem, the ſale was rather dull.—Meeting his publiſher, Mr. Kearſley, in the pit

pit of one of the theatres, Churchill aſked him if he heard how it ſold? Mr. K. informed him the ſale was extenſive ſince the Reviewers damned it. "Ay," ſays the poet, "that is fulfilling the ſcripture, "Out of the mouths of babes and ſucklings, I have ordained ſtrength."——*Related by Garrick.*

The late Dr. Goldſmith, though one of the firſt characters in literature, was as great a novice in the common occurrences of life. His own heart perfectly harmleſs, he imagined every man he ſat in company with poſſeſſed of the ſame.—The following anecdote will place this obſervation in a proper point of view:

Sitting one evening at the Globe-Tavern, Fleet-ſtreet, he called for a mutton-chop, which was no ſooner placed on the table, than a gentleman * with whom he was intimately acquainted, turned up his noſe, and aſked how the doctor could ſuffer the waiter to place ſuch a ſtinking chop before him? "Stinking?" ſays the doctor, "in good truth I don't ſmell it." "I never ſmelt any thing ſo diſagreeable in my life," ſays the gentleman: "the raſcal deſerves a caning for being ſo heedleſs as to bring you ſuch

* Mr. Carnan, late bookſeller in St. Paul's church-yard.

carrion."

carrion." "In good truth," ſays the poet, "I think ſo too; but I will be leſs ſevere in my puniſhment." He inſtantly called the waiter, and after perſuading the poor fellow that the chop ſtunk worſe than aſafœtida, he inſiſted as a puniſhment that he ſhould ſit down and eat it himſelf. The waiter argued; but he might as well attempt to beat Charles Macklin out of an opinion: the doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane, if he did not immediately comply with the puniſhment.

When the waiter had ſwallowed half the chop, the doctor gave him a glaſs of wine, thinking, with his uſual good-nature, it would make the remainder of the ſentence leſs painful. When the waiter had done, Goldſmith's friend burſt into an horſe laugh. "What, in God's name, ails you now?" ſays the poet. "Indeed, my dear friend, I could never think that any man, whoſe knowledge of letters was ſo extenſive as your's, could be ſo great a dupe to a ſtroke of humour; the chop was as fine a one as I ever ſaw in my life." "Was it?" ſays the doctor, "then I ſhall never give credit to what you ſay again; and ſo, in good truth, I think I am even with you." —— *Related by Earl N——.*

The

The Duke of D———, on his return from Hyde-Park this morning, told me he met with Lord Cheſterfield in a very ſickly ſtate, taking the air in his carriage: they had not converſed many minutes, when Foote rode up, to inquire after his Lordſhip's health. "Well, Sam," ſays the witty Earl, "what part do you play to-night?" "Lady Dowager Whitfield*," replied the wag. "I am going to cut a figure myſelf," ſays his Lordſhip. "You have long cut a ſplendid figure, my Lord," ſays Foote. "It may be ſo," ſays his Lordſhip with a ſmile, "but I am now, Sir, rehearſing the principal character in the Funeral."

An agreeable woman, to whom Santeuil owed ſome money, meeting him one day at a private houſe, aſked him the reaſon ſhe had not ſeen him ſo long: "Is it becauſe you owe me ſomething?" "No, Madam," replied the poet, "that is not what prevents my viſiting; and you are the cauſe that you are not paid." "How ſo?" ſaid the lady. "Becauſe," ſaid he, "whenever I ſee you, I forget every thing."—*Related by Foote.*

* Mother Cole in the Minor,

The mildneſs of Sir Iſaac Newton's temper, through the courſe of his life, commanded admiration from all who knew him, but in no one inſtance perhaps more than the following: Sir Iſaac had a favourite little dog, which he called Diamond; and being one day called out of his ſtudy into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Iſaac returned, having been abſent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find, that Diamond having thrown down a lighted candle among ſome papers, the nearly finiſhed labour of many years was in flames, and allmoſt conſumed to aſhes. This loſs, as Sir Iſaac was then very far advanced in years, was irretrievable; yet, without once ſtriking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation, "Oh, Diamond! Diamond! thou little knoweſt the miſchief thou haſt done;"—*Related by the Biſhop of L. and C.*

When the illuſtrious Alfred, King of Britain, was repulſed by an army ſuperior to his own, he was obliged to ſubmit to the wretched neceſſity of the times. Accordingly, he aſſumed a diſguiſe the moſt likely to conceal him; and after having properly diſpoſed of his family, and ſettled a method of communication with ſome truſty friends, he engaged himſelf

himſelf in the ſervice of his own cow-herd. The wife of the herdſman was ignorant of the rank of her royal gueſt, and ſeeing him one day buſy by the fire-ſide in trimming his bow and arrows, ſhe deſired him to take care of ſome cakes that were baking at the fire, while ſhe was employed in other domeſtic affairs: but Alfred, whoſe thoughts were otherwiſe engaged, forgot the cakes; and the woman, on her return, finding them burnt, chid the king very ſeverely, telling him, that he was always willing enough to eat her hot cakes, though he was negligent in turning them. The patient prince entreated her pardon, and promiſed to be more careful for the future.—*Related by Colonel C.*

A clown in Berkſhire employed to draw timber from a wood, met with an oak trunk of ſo large a ſize, that the tackle he made uſe of to place it on the carriage broke twice on the trial. Hodge flung his hat on the ground, and ſcratching his head with much vexation, exclaimed, "Damn the hogs that didn't eat thee when thee was an acorn, and then I ſhou'dn't have had this trouble with thee."—*Related by Dr. H.*

A negro in the Iſland of St. Chriſtopher had ſo cruel a maſter, that he dreaded the ſight of him. After exerciſing much tyranny among his ſlaves, the planter died, and left his ſon heir to his eſtates. Some ſhort time after his death, a gentleman meeting the negro, aſked him how his young maſter behaved——"I ſuppoſe," ſays he, "he's a chip of the old block?" "No, no," ſays the negro, "Maſſa be all block himſelf."

Chriſtopher Smart, the ingenious author of an incomparable poem on the Attributes of the Supreme Being, and other excellent pieces, compoſed in one of his ſolitary walks a few of the prettieſt lines I have for ſome time met with. They are not among his works, nor in print. I believe the contemplative mind will read them with much pleaſure.

"A raven once an acorn took
From Baſan's talleſt, ſtouteſt tree,
He hid it near a limpid brook,
And liv'd—another oak to ſee.

Thus melancholy buries hope,
Which fear ſtill keeps alive;
And bids us with misfortunes cope,
And all calamity ſurvive.

Related by Lord S.

The ancients ſpoke of humanity in a leſs ſtudied phraſe than we; but they knew better than we how to practiſe it. There is a paſſage in Plutarch which may be applied to them and us with propriety, and which I cannot forbear tranſcribing. "At the theatre in Athens, a venerable old man was looking about for a ſeat; which ſome young ones at a diſtance perceiving, they beckoned him to come to them, intimating they would make room for him; but when he came near them, they filled up their ſeat, and made a jeſt of him. The old man went from ſeat to ſeat, in great confuſion, being all the while ridiculed by the Athenian youth. But the Spartan ambaſſadors being preſent, and ſeeing his diſtreſs, roſe up, and placed him honourably in the midſt of them. The tranſaction was noticed by the whole audience, and the behaviour of the Spartans was received with univerſal applauſe: whilſt the old man ſhook his head and cried, "What a pity the Athenians ſhould know what good manners are, but that the Lacedemonians only ſhould put them in practice!"——*Related by Dr. Johnſon.*

A Sultan, amuſing himſelf with walking, obſerved a Derviſe ſitting with a human ſkull

in his lap: not obſerving his majeſty, the reverend old man was looking very earneſtly at the ſkull, and appeared to be in a very profound reverie. His attitude and manner ſurpriſed the Sultan; who approached him, and demanded the cauſe of his being ſo deeply engaged in reflection? "Sire," ſaid the Derviſe, "this ſkull was preſented to me this morning, and I have from that moment been endeavouring, in vain, to diſcover whether it is the ſkull of a powerful monarch, like your Majeſty, or of a poor Derviſe, like myſelf."——*Related by Quin.*

Some old ſoldiers going to be ſhot for a breach of diſcipline; at their paſſing by Marſhal Turenne, pointed to the ſcars on their faces and breaſts. What ſpeech could come up to this? and it had the deſired effect.—*Related by General Amherſt.*

By the death of Madame Geoffrin, there are about two hundred poetaſters, who in all probability will never wear velvet again; that lady was ſo particularly nice in her taſte, that ſhe complimented every author, who ſung her praiſes at Chriſtmas, with a pair of velvet breeches. It is computed by a member of her ſociety, that no leſs than four thouſand

pair

pair of velvet breeches have been worn out in the poetical ſervice of that lady.——*Communicated to my Wife by Lady C— F—.*

The following incident which occurred in a Caledonian courtſhip, exhibiting the true *ridiculum ſublime*, is as veritable as laughable:——A ſon of medicine (a doctor Shaw) in vital date climacterically verging, having purſe as well as perſon in perſpective, breathed out his amorous ſighs to the daughter of a Scotch baronet: the lady, prone to jocularity, ſeemed to liſten to his ſuit ſolely for the reception of that entertainment grey-haired folly renders in attempting the characteriſtics of juvenility. The doctor one day was to pay a viſit in form to the goddeſs of his idolatry; on this occaſion he was determined to be as Adonis-like in habiliments as poſſible. It is requiſite to be known, that the doctor was a man who ſcorned to be thought of the ſect of Peripatetics; when he appeared, it was in the ſtyle Equeſtrian; and his ſteed, in lack of fleſh, and ſhew of oſſification, paced in ſingularity: on this automaton of bones, he was to be carried to the houſe of the lady in queſtion; and forward he ſet for the interview. The doctor was never re-

marked for a frequent mutation in linen, he had particular attachment for a ſhirt when once it met in contact with his ſkin, and before they were ſeparated the natural blanche of the one was ſomewhat improved by its intimacy with the other; on ſuch an important event as the preſent, he was guilty of deviation, and reſolving to be profuſe, he took an immaculate ſhirt, and put it, not on, but in his pocket, prudently conſidering, that in the action of riding its honours might be tarniſhed, and its appearance not ſo white; to prevent this, he reſolved to put it on when he ſhould arrive at a ſmall diſtance of the ſcene of his wiſhes. Arrived at this ſettled diſtance, the doctor proceeded to diſrobe his upper garments; ſtill ſitting on his horſe, his hat, his wig, his coat, and his waiſtcoat, were taken off, and laid on the pummel of the ſaddle; his hands were employed in ſtripping his ſaffron-hued ſkin-caſe over his head:—in this critical moment malignant fate reigning, his viſual ray precluded by the covering of his ſhirt, his faithful Pegaſus received affright from ſomewhat in the road, ſet off with the doctor in demi-nudity, and ran with him in *ſtatu quo* (inſtinctively knowing, from frequency in going, his maſter's deſtination) to the

the door of the very houſe he had hoped to enter, with every minutiæ of dreſs adjuſted. His Quixote-like appearance threw the family into ſuch paroxyſms of laughter, as precluded the operations of ſpeech, or the means of aſſiſting the diſtreſſed doctor: the lady, in the doctor's diſgrace, received he extremeſt entertainment, and though ſhe liked human nature in its primitive ſtate, gave the doctor to underſtand his period in it was not her choice.——*Related, with exquiſite humour, by that excellent companion Lord Viſcount T——d.*

While I was taking a walk in my garden one morning, in company with General A——, he told me the following anecdote, which may prove an uſeful leſſon to all officers:—At the ſiege of Liſle, in Queen Ann's time, upon an attack of ſome of the outworks, the grenadiers of the 15th regiment of foot were obliged to retire, by the ſpringing of a mine, or by the ſuperiority of the defendants' fire. In this retreat the Lieutenant of theſe grenadiers, remarkable for his ill-treatment of them, was wounded, and fell. The grenadiers were paſſing on, nor heeded his entreaties to help him off. At laſt he laid hold of a pair of ſhoes that were

ned to the waiſt-belt of one of them; the grenadier, regardleſs of his ſituation, and in reſentment of his former ill-uſage, took out a knife from his pocket, with which he cut the ſtring, and left them with him, with this remarkable expreſſion: "There! there is a new pair of ſhoes for you, to carry you to hell!"——Had this unhappy man, by his good behaviour, gained the love of his men, every one of them would have, perhaps, riſked his own life to have ſaved that of his officer.

On the thirtieth of January, (the martyrdom of King Charles the Firſt) Quin uſed to ſay, "Every king in Europe would riſe with a crick in his neck."—*This I had from himſelf.*

A country couſin of the late celebrated ſatiriſt Mr. Churchill, coming to town in the ſummer time, he took her to Weſtminſter abbey, to ſhew her the tombs, and from thence to both houſes of Parliament; and when they were in the Houſe of Commons, he ſaid to her, "This is St. Stephen's chapel." "Lard! couſin," ſaid ſhe, "it is not like a chapel." "Not much," replied Churchill, "but it is very like the temple

temple at Jeruſalem in our Saviour's time." "Ay," ſaid ſhe, "was the temple built in this manner?" "No," replied he, "the ſimilitude is not in the building, but in the ſervice performed in it; for this chapel, like the Jews' temple, is not ſo much an houſe of prayer, as a place of marketing, jobbing, cheating, buying, ſelling, and money-changing." "Lard bleſs me," ſaid ſhe, "what! do they buy and ſell in it?" "Yes," ſaid he, "they buy places and penſions, and ſell their conſciences and their country."—*Related by the celebrated Lord Holland.*

One of the King's ſoldiers in the civil wars, being full of zeal and liquor, ſtaggered againſt a church, and clapping the wall of it repeatedly with his hand, hiccupped out, "D—n you, you b—h, never fear—I'll ſtand by you to the laſt."——*Related by the late Biſhop of Glouceſter.*

The preſent Lord O——— being under the correction of his ſchool-maſter, received the following reproachful accompanyment with the rod:—"One of your anceſtors invented an Orrery, and another of them gave to the world a tranſlation of Pliny,—but you, I fear, will never invent any thing but miſ-

chief, nor tranſlate any thing but an idle boy into a fooliſh man: ſo that, inſtead of myrtle, you ſhall be honoured with birch." —*Related by Earl N.*

An Italian Biſhop ſtruggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much oppoſition in diſcharge of his epiſcopal function without ever betraying the leaſt impatience.——An intimate friend of his, who admired thoſe virtues which he thought it impoſſible to imitate, one day aſked the Prelate if he could communicate the ſecret of being always eaſy? "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my ſecret, and with great facility; it conſiſts in nothing more than making a right uſe of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himſelf. "Moſt willingly," returned the Biſhop: "In whatever ſtate I am, I firſt of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal buſineſs here is to prepare for my journey there: I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how ſmall a ſpace I ſhall occupy in it when I come to be interred: I then look abroad into the world, and obſerve what multitudes there are, who, in all reſpects, are more unhappy than myſelf. Thus I learn where true happineſs is placed, where

all

all our cares muſt end, and how very little reaſon I have to repine or complain."—*Related by the amiable Lord Lyttelton.*

The late Duke of Ancaſter, when Lord Lindſay, went into Lincolnſhire to raiſe men for the ſervice in America. During his ſtay in that county, he ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his generoſity, and affability, that he gained the good-will not only of all the gentry, but of every individual in the neighbourhood: ſo captivating was his manner among the lower rank of people, that every day he made a freſh acquiſition of recruits; among the reſt, a country fellow, the only ſon of an old widow-woman, from whoſe induſtry ſhe derived her ſupport, in imitation of the example of ſome of his companions, in the hour of gaiety inliſted into the ſervice: the report of it ſoon reached the ears of his mother, who next morning waited on his Lordſhip, requeſting a diſcharge for her ſon, repreſenting to him her ſituation in the moſt lively colours, whilſt the tears ran down her aged and furrowed cheeks. His Lordſhip, with that tenderneſs peculiar to himſelf, turned upon his heel to conceal his emotion: when he had recovered himſelf, he turned, took the poor woman by the

the hand, and taking five guineas from his pocket, gave them to her, saying, "Good woman, you are poor—take this—from this moment your son is discharged—for the King, my master, never wishes to recruit his forces by oppressing the widow or the helpless."—*Related by the Duchess of H———n.*

A dragoon was shot in Dublin for desertion, and taking away his horse and accoutrements at the same time. When on his trial, an officer asked him what could induce him to take his horse away? To which he replied, "he ran away with him."—"What," said the officer, "did you do with the money you sold him for?"—"That, please your honour," said the fellow, with the utmost indifference, "ran away too."———*Related by Lord Viscount T——d.*

The glorious answer of the Viscount d'Ortez to Charles the Ninth, is never to be forgotten. It was to this effect:——"Sire, I have read the letter, enjoining a massacre of the Hugonots, to the inhabitants of Bayonne. Your majesty has many faithful devoted subjects in this city, but not one executioner."——*Related by my father.*

Two

Two ſoldiers went to ſee Marſhal Saxe's tomb: after ſtanding ſome time in all the ſilence of awe and grief, each drew his ſabre, and paſſed it over the ſtone which covers that great man's remains; then went away without ſpeaking a word. Let any one try to expreſs more energetically the confidence and regard of thoſe two men towards him—*Related by General Monckton.*

A poor woman, who had ſeen better days, underſtanding from ſome of her acquaintance that Dr. Goldſmith had ſtudied phyſic, and hearing of his great humanity, ſolicited him in a letter to ſend her ſomething for her huſband, who had loſt his appetite, and was reduced to a moſt melancholy ſtate by continual anguiſh. The good-natured poet waited on her inſtantly, and after ſome diſcourſe with his patient, found him ſinking faſt into that worſt of ſickneſs, poverty. The doctor told them they ſhould hear from him in an hour, when he ſhould ſend ſome pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label:—"Theſe muſt be uſed as your neceſſities require: be patient, and of good heart."—He ſent his ſervant with

with this preſcription to the comfortleſs mourner, who found it contained a remedy ſuperior to any thing Galen or his tribe of pupils could adminiſter for his relief.——
Related by the Marquis of Rockingham.

Meeting the Duke of M—— at the levee at St. James's one day, for want of other chat, I told him the following ſtory, which I had from George S— -n:—Two friends, who had not ſeen each other for a long while, met one day by accident.—How do you do, ſays one? "So ſo," replies the other; "and yet I was married ſince you and I were together."—That is good news.—"Not very good—for it was my lot to chooſe a termagant."—It is a pity—"I hardly think it ſo—for ſhe brought me two thouſand pounds."——Well, there is comfort!—"Not ſo much—for with her fortune I purchaſed a quantity of ſheep, and they are all dead of the rot."—That is indeed diſtreſſing!——"Not ſo diſtreſſing as you may imagine—for by the ſale of their ſkins I got more than the ſheep coſt me." In that caſe you are indemnified.—"By no means—for my houſe and all my money have been deſtroyed by fire."—Alas, this was a dreadful misfortune!—"Faith not ſo dreadful—for my termagant

gant wife and my houſe were burned together."

The Khalif Haron Arriſhed was accoſted one day by a poor woman, who complained that his ſoldiers had pillaged her houſe, and laid waſte her grounds. The Khalif deſired her to recollect the words of the Alcoran, "That when princes go forth to battle, the people, through whoſe fields they paſs, muſt ſuffer."—"Yes," ſays the woman, "but it is alſo written in the ſame book, that the habitations of thoſe princes, who authorize injuſtice, ſhall be made deſolate."—This bold and juſt reply had a powerful effect upon the Khalif, who ordered immediate reparation to be made.—*Related by Lord Le Deſpencer.*

Mr. L——, after a battle, found a grenadier ſitting at the foot of a tree, wrapped up in a cloak, who very compoſedly ſaid to him—"Noble General, order theſe wounded men to be taken care of, as their lives may be ſtill ſaved." "Well, but friend," ſaid the officer, "you have no thought about yourſelf?"—The grenadier anſwered, with drawing up his cloak, and ſhewing both his thighs carried off in the middle.—*Related by the late Lord Howe.*

When

When Caſimir the Second, King of Poland, was Prince of Sandomir, he won at play all the money of one of his nobility, who (incenſed at his ill-fortune) ſtruck the Prince a blow on the ear in the heat of his paſſion. He fled immediately from juſtice; but being purſued and overtaken, he was condemned to loſe his head;—yet the generous Caſimir determined otherwiſe: "I am not ſurpriſed," ſaid he, "at the gentleman's conduct; for not having it in his power to revenge himſelf on fortune, no wonder he ſhould attack her favourite." After which he revoked the ſentence, returned the nobleman his money, and declared that himſelf alone was faulty; as he had encouraged, by his example, a pernicious practice, that might terminate in the ruin of hundreds of his people.—*Related by the Earl of S—e.*

Dr. Sheridan, the celebrated friend of Swift, had a cuſtom of ringing his ſcholars to prayers, in the ſchool-room, at a certain hour every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was ſtifling a laugh as well as he could, which aroſe from ſeeing a rat deſcending from the bell-rope into the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burſt into

into an immoderate fit of laughter, which ſet the others a-going, when he pointed to the cauſe. Sheridan was ſo provoked, that he declared he would whip them all if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him; which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was immediately hoiſted, and his poſteriors laid bare to the rod; when the witty ſchool-maſter told him, if he ſaid any thing tolerable on the occaſion, as he looked on him as the greateſt dunce in his ſchool, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit, with very little heſitatioa, addreſſed his maſter with the following beautiful diſtich:

There was a rat—for want of ſtairs,
Came down a rope—to go to pray'rs.

Sheridan inſtantly dropped the rod, and inſtead of a whipping, gave him half-a-crown.—*Related by the late Earl Bathurſt, who had it from Swift.*

It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being aſked where her huſband was? when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in the conſpiracy; reſolutely anſwered, "She had hid him." This confeſſion drew her before the King, who

told her, nothing but her diſcovering where her lord was concealed, could ſave her from the torture. "And will that do," ſays the lady? "Yes," ſays the King, "I give you my word for it." "Then," ſays ſhe, "I have hid him in my heart, where you'll find him." Which ſurpriſing anſwer charmed her enemies.—*This I had from Lady Courtenay.*

The wife of a farmer on my eſtate near Richmond was taken in labour: the farmer wiſhed for a ſon, and waited in the next room for the intelligence: it proved a boy, and the man jumped from his chair, and clapped his hands with ecſtaſy. A few minutes after the maid ſervant came in, and ſaid her miſtreſs was delivered of another child, a fine girl: "A girl," ſaid the farmer with aſtoniſhment, "well, well, we muſt endeavour to give it a bit of bread." A ſhort while after the girl appeared again, and told him her miſtreſs was delivered of a lovely boy! "what, another child!" ſaid the farmer, almoſt frantic with ſurpriſe, "d—n it, Nanny, is your miſtreſs pigging?"

When the ſplendid folio edition of Cæſar's Commentaries, by Clarke, publiſhed on

on purpoſe to be preſented to the great Duke of Marlborough, was lately ſold at the ſale of Mr. Topham Beauclerk's library for forty-four pounds; it was accompanied with an anecdote reſpecting that gentleman's mode of acquiring that copy, which deſerves to be made public. Upon the death of an officer, who had the book in his poſſeſſion, his mother being informed it was of ſome value, wiſhed to diſpoſe of it; and being told Mr. Topham Beauclerk was a proper perſon to offer it to, ſhe waited upon him for that purpoſe. He aſked what ſhe required for it? and being anſwered four guineas, took it without heſitation, though unacquainted with the real value of the book. Being deſirous, however, of ſome information with reſpect to the nature of the purchaſe he had made, he went to an eminent bookſeller, and inquired of him what he would give for ſuch a book; the bookſeller replied, ſeventeen guineas. Mr. Beauclerk actuated by principles of ſtrict juſtice and benevolence, went immediately to the perſon who ſold him the book, and telling her ſhe had been miſtaken in the value of the book, not only gave her the additional thirteen guineas, but alſo generouſly beſtowed a farther gratuity upon her. This

anecdote

anecdote is recorded with the greateſt ſatisfaction, as it does juſtice to the memory of a character lately conſpicuous amongſt us for erudition and talents.——*Related by Edmund Burke.*

While a ſailor's ſentence was pronouncing, who committed a robbery on the highway, he raiſed a piece of rolled tobacco to his mouth, and held it between his teeth. When the ſentence was finiſhed, he bit off a piece of the tobacco, and began to chew it with great unconcern.—"Sirrah!" ſaid the judge, piqued at the man's indifference, "do you know that you are to be hanged ſhortly?" "So I hear," ſaid the ſailor, and ſquirting a little tobacco juice from his mouth at the ſame time.—"Do you know," rejoined the judge, "where you ſhall go when you die?"—"I cannot tell, indeed, an't pleaſe your honour," ſaid the ſailor.—"Why then," cried the judge, with a tremendous voice, "I will tell you—you will go to hell!"—"Then, my lord, I hope I ſhall have the pleaſure of your company there."—*Related by Judge Blackſtone.*

The late Marchioneſs of Taviſtock, mother to the preſent Duke of Bedford, a ſhort

a ſhort time previous to her death, when ſhe was preparing to go to Liſbon for the recovery of her health, a conſultation of phyſicians was held at Bedford-houſe; and one of the gentlemen preſent deſired, whilſt he felt her pulſe, that ſhe would open her hand. Her frequent refuſals occaſioned him to take the liberty of forcing the fingers gently aſunder, when he perceived ſhe had ſhut them to conceal the miniature picture of the Marquis. "O, Madam!" obſerved the phyſician, "my preſcriptions muſt be uſeleſs, if your Ladyſhip is determined to keep before your eyes the repreſentation of an object, which, though deſervedly dear to you, ſerves only to confirm the violence of your illneſs." "I have kept the picture," anſwered the Marchioneſs, "either in my boſom or in my hand, ever ſince the death of my dear Lord; and thus I am determined to preſerve it, till I fortunately drop after him into the grave."—*Related by the Ducheſs of B———.*

The following whimſical accident happened the firſt ſeaſon of the repreſentation of the Fair Penitent:—Lothario, after he is killed by Altamont in the fourth act, lies dead by proxy in the fifth, raiſed on a bier covered

covered with black by the property-man, and the face whitened by the barber, the coat and perriwig * generally filled by one of the dreſſers. Moſt of the capital actors in the eſtabliſhed theatres have generally a dreſſer to themſelves, though they are paid by the manager, to be ready on all occaſions, for ſtage-guards, attendants, &c. Mr. Powell played Lothario; and one Warren, his dreſſer, claimed a right of lying for his maſter, and performing the dead part of Lothario, which he propoſed to act to the beſt advantage; though Powell was ignorant of the matter. The fifth act began and went on as uſual, with applauſe; but about the middle of the diſtreſsful ſcene, Powell called for his man Warren; who as loudly replied from the bier on the ſtage, Here, Sir!—Powell, (who, as I ſaid before, was ignorant of the part this man was doing) repeated without loſs of time, Come here this moment, you ſon of a whore! or I'll break all the bones in your ſkin. Warren knew his haſty temper; therefore, without any reply, jumped off with all his ſables about him, which unfortunately were tied faſt to the handles of the bier, and dragged after him. But this was

* The Players appeared in perriwigs in thoſe days.

not

not all; the laugh and roar began in the audience, till it frightened poor Warren ſo much, that with the bier at his tail, he threw down Caliſta (Mrs. Barry), and overwhelmed her with the table, lamps, books, bones, together with all the lumber of the charnel-houſe. He tugged till he broke off his trammels, and made his eſcape; and the play at once ended with immoderate fits of laughter: even the grave Mr. Betterton

Smil'd in the tumult, and enjoy'd the ſtorm.

But he would not let the Fair Penitent be played any more that ſeaſon, till poor Warren's conduct was ſomething forgot —— *Related to me when a boy, by Mrs. Woffington.*

The following is a ſtriking anecdote of the reputation Mr. Cunningham, the celebrated paſtoral poet, had acquired in Edinburgh previous to his final departure in 1763. Mr. Digges (the celebrated Roſcius of the North), for the firſt time in his life undertook the character of Bayes, in the Rehearſal; and the part of Johnſon was allotted to Mr. J. Aickin, now of Drury-lane theatre, as was that of Smith to Mr. Cunningham. The reader may remember the liberty which Smith, (who is ſuppoſed

to be a gentleman of taſte, juſt arrived from the country, and an utter ſtranger to the ridiculous innovations which had been made by the wits of the age upon the rules of the drama) repeatedly talkes of objecting to the plot, characters, &c. of Mr. Bayes's piece. In the comedy in queſtion, occaſional interpolations by the actors have been long allowed. Prompted by a ſudden impulſe of friendſhip, Mr. Aickin accordingly, while the crack-brained Bayes was venting forth to Smith the contempt he entertained for his criticiſms, pulled aſide the former, and thus, in character, addreſſed himſelf to him; "Take care, Mr. Bayes," ſaid he, "how you talk to my friend Mr. Smith; he is himſelf a favourite of the Muſes, and has already produced ſeveral pieces which are univerſally admired." A numerous and a polite audience acknowledged the truth of the compliment with three burſts of applauſe; poor Cunningham, at the ſame time, overpowered with aſtoniſhment, with gratitude, and with joy, remained upon the ſtage, trembling, confounded, and almoſt diſabled from going on with his part; while Mr. Aickin enjoyed the heart-felt ſatisfaction of having paid a tribute

bute of juſtice to the man he eſteemed ——
Related by the Dutcheſs of Northumberland.

Philips, the noted Harlequin, was taken up in London for ſuſpicion of debt, and dealt with the honeſt officer in the following manner:—He firſt called for liquor in abundance, and treated all about him, to the no ſmall joy of the bailiff, who rejoiced in having a calf that bled ſo well, (as they term it). Harlequin made the honeſt bailiff believe that he had ſix dozen of wine ready pack'd up, which he would ſend for to drink while in cuſtody, and likewiſe allow ſixpence a bottle for drinking it in his own chamber. Shoulder-dab liſtened to the propoſal with pleaſure. The bailiff went to the place, as directed, and returned with joy, to hear that it ſhould be ſent in the morning early. Accordingly it came by a porter, ſweating under his load: the turnkey called to his maſter, and told him the porter and hamper were come in: "Very well." ſays he, "then let nothing but the porter and hamper out." The porter performed his part very well; came heavily in with an empty hamper, and ſeemed to go lightly out with Philips on his back. He was diſ-hampered at an ale-houſe near the water-ſide,

croſſed the Thames, and ſoon after embarked for Ireland. He was very fond of this trick, and would take pride in his project, which was contrived long before he was taken, to be ready on ſuch an emergency.—*Related by Garrick.*

Mr. T——, the celebrated Tour-writer, was aſked by a lady, on his return from Ireland, What ſort of dramatic exhibitions he had ſeen in that kingdom? "Thoſe in Dublin, he ſaid, came nearer to the repreſentations in London than what he had ſeen in any other city there: "the people of that city, Madam," ſaid he, "have more money, and leſs pride, and conſequently better manners." When I was in Limerick, that ſink of the kingdom for pride and beggary, for inſolence and ignorance, I attended the repreſentation of two of Shakeſpeare's beſt tragedies, Romeo and Juliet, and Hamlet, when, to my aſtoniſhment, the inſtant the funeral of Juliet appeared, and the band of ſingers began the dirge, the major part of the audience ſet up the Iriſh howl, taking it for a real funeral; and when the grave-digger in Hamlet began the firſt ſtave of his ſong, a number of fellows from the gallery pelted him with apples, pronouncing

nouncing him the moſt unfeeling raſcal in the world, nor would they ſuffer him to proceed, but called out for another grave-digger; whom their ſpokeſman queſtioned thus, "Can you ſing, Mr. WHATCH'O'CUM?" "Not I, faith and troth," ſaid the fellow, "don't you remember hiſſing me, my jewel, in old Jenkins, laſt night?" "Very true," ſaid the gallery hero, "then you may dig away as faſt as you can." *—*Related with infinite humour by Captain J——n.*

Miſs Hambleton, a maid of honour to the Empreſs Catherine, wife of Peter the Great, had an amour, which, at different times, produced three children. She had always pleaded ſickneſs, but Peter being ſuſpicious,

* In relating this anecdote to Lord M-----y, he informed me the people of Corke were little better civilized in repreſenting dramatic exhibitions; for they ſo far miſtook excellence, that they hiſſed the celebrated Mr. Smith of Drury lane theatre in one of his beſt comic characters, when he viſited that city a few years ago, in company with the beautiful Mrs. Hartley. The people of Corke, about half a century ago, had the pleaſure of ſeeing at one time on their ſtage, the beſt performers in the three kingdoms, and their ſons, and ſons' ſons to make uſe of an Iriſh blunder, muſt be competent judges of acting to the end of time.

ordered his phyſician to attend her, who ſoon made the diſcovery. It alſo appeared, that a ſenſe of ſhame had triumphed over humanity, and that the children had been put to death as ſoon as born. Peter inquired if the father of them was privy to the murder; the lady inſiſted that he was innocent, for ſhe had always deceived him, by pretending they were ſent to nurſe.—— Juſtice now called upon the Emperor to puniſh the offence. The lady was much beloved by the Empreſs, who pleaded for her: the amour was pardonable, but not the murder. Peter ſent her to the caſtle, and went himſelf to viſit her; and the fact being confeſſed, he pronounced her ſentence with tears; telling her that his duty, as a prince, and God's vicegerent, called on him for that juſtice which her crime had rendered indiſpenſibly neceſſary, and that ſhe muſt therefore, prepare for death. He attended her alſo to the ſcaffold, where he embraced her with the utmoſt tenderneſs, mixed with ſorrow; and ſome ſay, that when the head was ſtruck off, he took it up by the ear, whilſt the lips were ſtill trembling, and kiſſed them: a circumſtance of an extraordinary nature, and yet not incredible,

credible, conſidering the peculiarities of his character.—*Related by my father.*

One evening, at the Counteſs of Walſtein's, the preſent Emperor of Germany enumerated ſome remarkable and ludicrous inſtances of the inconveniences of etiquette which had occurred at a certain court. One perſon preſent hinted at the effectual means his Majeſty had uſed to baniſh every inconvenience of that kind from the court of Vienna. To which he replied, "It would be hard indeed, if, becauſe I have the ill-fortune to be an Emperor, I ſhould be deprived of the pleaſures of ſocial life, which are ſo much to my taſte. All the grimace and parade to which people in my ſituation are accuſtomed from their cradle, have not made me ſo vain as to imagine, that I am in any eſſential quality ſuperior to other men; and, if I had any tendency to ſuch an opinion, the ſureſt way to get rid of it, is the method I take of mixing in ſociety, where I have daily occaſions of finding myſelf inferior in talents to thoſe I meet with. Conſcious of this, it would afford me no enjoyment to aſſume airs of a ſuperiority which I feel does not exiſt. I endeavour, therefore, to pleaſe and be pleaſed; and as

much as the inconvenience of my ſituation will permit, to enjoy the bleſſings of ſociety like other men; convinced that the man who is ſecluded from thoſe, and raiſes himſelf above friendſhip, is alſo raiſed above happineſs, and deprived of the means of acquiring knowledge."—*Communicated to my eldeſt ſon by Lord S——.*

Dr. Hugh Latimer, one of the primitive reformers, was raiſed to the biſhopric of Worceſter in the reign of Henry VIII. It was the cuſtom of thoſe times for each of the biſhops to make preſents to the King of a purſe of gold on a New-year's Day. Biſhop Latimer went with the reſt of his brethren to make the uſual offering; but inſtead of a purſe of gold, preſented the king with a New Teſtament, in which was a leaf doubled down to this paſſage, "Whoremongers and adulterers GOD will judge." Such characters as this in the preſent age would be valuable.—*Related by Dr. Newton, Biſhop of Briſtol.*

The late David Hume, Eſq. lived in the new town of Edinburgh; between which and the old town, there is a communication by means of an elegant bridge over a ſwamp.

ſwamp. Deſirous one day to cut his way ſhorter, Mr. Hume took it in his head to paſs over a temporary one, which had been erected for general accommodation, till the new one could be compleated. Unfortunately, part of the temporary bridge gave way, and our illuſtrious philoſopher found himſelf ſtuck in the mud. On hearing him call aloud for aſſiſtance, an old woman haſtened to the ſpot, whence the ſound ſeemed to iſſue; but perceiving who he was, refuſed giving him any help. "What," cried ſhe, "are you not Hume the Atheiſt?" "Oh! no! no! no!" returned the philoſopher, "I am no Atheiſt; indeed you miſtake, good woman, you do indeed!" "Let me hear then," returned the other, "if you can ſay your belief."—Mr. Hume accordingly began the words, "I believe in God, &c." and finiſhed them with ſo much propriety, that the old woman, convinced of his Chriſtian education, charitably afforded him that relief which otherwiſe ſhe would have thought it a duty of religion to deny him.——*Related by the Earl of B.*

The moſt wonderful anecdote, perhaps, in the world of letters, is the following:—Milton, that glory of Britiſh literature, re-

ceived not above ten pounds, at two different payments, for the copy of Paradiſe Loſt; yet Mr. Hoyle, author of the Treatiſe on the Game of Whiſt, after having diſpoſed of all the firſt impreſſion, ſold the copy to the bookſeller for two hundred guineas!——*Related by Dr. Newton, Biſhop of Briſtol.*

The new 90 gun ſhip, the Atlas, lately launched at Chatham, had at her head the figure of Atlas ſupporting the globe. By an error, the globe was placed ſo high, that part of it was obliged to be cut away before the bowſprit could be fitted in. This part happened to be no other than all North America, and the carpenter who cut it away was an American.——*Related by Admiral B.*

Some years ago, a ſtranger, dreſſed in a plain citizen's attire, took his ſeat at the Pharo-table, at Aix la Chapelle, when the bank was proclaimed more than commonly rich. After having ſome little time engaged in the common play of the table, he challenged the bank, and toſſed his pocket-book to the banker, that he might not queſtion his faculties of payment in caſe he loſt.

The

The banker, ſurpriſed at the boldneſs of the adventurer, and no leſs ſo at his ordinary appearance, at firſt heſitated to accept the challenge; but, on opening the book, and ſeeing bills to a prodigious amount, and on the ſtranger ſternly and repeatedly inſiſting on his compliance with the laws of the game, with much reluctance he prepared the cards for the great event. The ſurpriſe was naturally great, and all eyes attentive on the affrighted banker, who, while the ſtranger ſat unruffled and unconcerned, turned up the card which decided his ruin, and the other's ſucceſs. The table of courſe was immediately broken up, and the ſtranger in triumph, with perfect coolneſs and ſerenity of features, turned to a perſon who ſtood at his elbow, to whom he gave orders for the charge of the money. "Heavens!" exclaimed an old infirm officer in the Auſtrian ſervice, and who had ſat next to him at the table, "if I had the twentieth part of your ſucceſs this night, I ſhould be the happieſt man in the univerſe." "If thou wouldſt be this happy man," replied the ſtranger briſkly, "then thou ſhalt have it." And, without waiting his reply, diſappeared from the room. Some little time afterwards, the entrance of a ſervant aſtoniſhed the company, as much with the

extraordinary generoſity of the ſtranger, as with his peculiar good fortunes, by preſenting the Auſtrian officer with the twentieth part of the bank: "Take this, Sir," ſays the ſervant, "my maſter requires no anſwer." And he ſuddenly left him, without exchanging any other words. The next morning it was rumoured at Aix la Chapelle, that the King of Pruſſia had entered the town in diſguiſe; and on the recollection of his perſon, the town ſoon recognized him to be the ſucceſsful ſtranger at the Pharo-table.—*Taken from Travelling Anecdotes.*

Lord Townſhend, when viceroy of Ireland, knighted Alderman King, then ſheriff of Dublin, * for his eminent ſervice in quelling a dangerous mob. Sir John Haſler, then gentleman-uſher at the Caſtle, ſent the uſual bill of accuſtomary fees, and a ſword, which is alſo preſented on the occaſion to the new-made knight. Sir Anthony was ſeated behind his counter, in a little tin-ſhop:—his lady on the oppoſite ſide, ſelling a hard bargain of a ſave-all to an

* Better known to the inhabitants and frequenters of Dublin, by the appellation of Sir Anthony Tinker.

apple-

apple-woman, when the meſſenger with the bill and the ſword arrived. The demand was 126l.—"One hundred and twenty-ſix devils!" ſaid Sir Anthony:—"Go home and tell your maſter that I am a Knight, and that Iſabella is a Lady without paying any fees; and that, as d'you ſee me, I ſhall never be ſheriff again—I won't want a ſword; and harkee—let me ſee—by J—s, that gingerbread thing you have there is not worth ſix-pence—and as I could make a better out of tin, I won't have it; and I won't pay the bill—and ſo that's all, Mr. meſſenger. I can't be poſſeſt for the fees—and ſo, Sir, if you pleaſe, I am Sir Anthony King, without fees." Iſabella, her new-made ladyſhip, had caſt a longing eye on the ribbon, which was tied in a faſhionable knot to the ſword—and turning to the Knight, ſhe ſaid, "Sir Anthony, you may want the ſword, you know, when you are Lord Mayor.—"Pogh! you fool," replied the Knight, "there is a large gold ſword belongs to the Lord Mayor, which is ſo heavy, that the city pays a man for carrying it; beſides, my dear, if ever I have a formal ſword, it ſhall be a large couteau-de-chaſſe." The bill was returned, and the

fees

fees have never ſince been paid.—*Related by Lord C———e.*

Dean Swift was invited to a gentleman's houſe, where at dinner he obſerved ſome beautiful children of his friend's; and on his eagerly looking round, as if he wanted ſomething, was aſked what he would have? to which he, with too much ill-nature, if not inſolence, replied, "I am looking to ſee which is the handſomeſt footman here;" for the gentleman was remarkably deformed, and ordinary, both in perſon and features. I heard a gentleman obſerve, on this ſtory being told, that he deſerved to be kicked down ſtairs, had he been the archbiſhop of Canterbury; and indeed it is ſurpriſing the gentleman had not ſpirit enough to do it.———*Related by the Biſhop of Glouceſter.*

An Iriſhman at an aſſize in Corke, was arraigned for felony, before Judge Monteney. He was aſked who he would be tried by?—"By no one, by J—s," ſays he. The jailor deſired him to ſay, by God and his country.—"G-d d—n my own ſ— if I do!" ſays Paddy, "for I don't like it at all at all, my dear!" "What's that you ſay, honeſt man?" ſays

ſays the judge.—" See there now," ſays the criminal, " his lordſhip, long life to him, calls me an honeſt man, and why ſhould I plead guilty?" " What do you ſay?" ſays the judge in an authoritative voice. " I ſay, my lord, I won't be tried by God at all at all, for he knows all about the matter, but I will be tried by your lordſhip and my country.—*Related in an admirable manner by Lord V. T.*

I was riding one day on Richmond-hill, when I obſerved a houſe delightfully ſituated; I aſked a gentleman who rode beſide me, whoſe houſe it was? who informed me it belonged to a card-maker. " Upon my life," ſaid I, " one would imagine all this man's cards turned up trumps." My companion laughed heartily, and declared it was the beſt *bon mot* he ever heard in his life.

Miſs S——, one of the famous Miſs H—'s filles-de-joy, in dancing at a maſquerade at Carliſle-houſe happened to trip, and fall flat on her back;—Foote, who was in a domino, and near her, ſtooping to pick her up, ſaid, " never mind it, my pretty

pretty dear,—practice makes perfect."—*Related by Earl N.*

When I was a boy, I was very fond of my bed; my father came into my bed-chamber one morning, and ſeemed angry with my ſleeping ſo long, ſaying, the ſun had been up above three hours. "That's no great wonder, Sir," ſaid I; "if I had as many miles to travel to-day as the ſun has, I would have riſen as ſoon as him." My father left me with a ſmile, and ſeemed highly delighted with the reply.

Dr. Thompſon was a peculiar ſloven, and, in the practice of a phyſician, an utter and declared enemy to muffins, which he always forbade his patients. Being one day upon a viſit to Lord Melcombe, at Hammerſmith, with Mr. Garrick, Mr. P. Whitehead, &c. the company were aſſembled at breakfaſt, long before the doctor appeared: juſt as he entered the room, in an uncouth habit, Lord Melcombe uncovered a plate of muffins, which Thompſon fixing his eyes upon, with ſome indignation, ſaid, "My Lord, did not I beſeech your Lordſhip before, never to ſuffer a muffin in your houſe?" To which his lordſhip archly replied,

plied, " Doctor, I've an utter averſion to muffins and raggamuffins." The pleaſantry of the turn, at the Doctor's expence, ſet the table in a roar.—*Related by the late Lord le Deſpencer.*

A certain new-created lord, ſtanding at a well-known bookſeller's ſhop, at the weſt end of the town, a diſſipated young nobleman drove by in a remarkably high phaeton, and ſix as remarkable horſes. Struck with the *tout enſemble* of ſuch a groupe, his Lordſhip aſked, " What ſtrange figure that was?"—" Oh, my Lord," ſays Type, in the true family pronunciation, " that is the celebrated Lord ———, who hath long figured away in the walks of faſhion and extravagance."—" Ah," replied the peer, " we have got ſtrange kind of lords now-a-days."—" Indeed, my Lord," replied Type, without ever meaning to be pointed, " you may ſay that."—*Related by General Amherſt.*

Colonel G———, coming to Foote in Suffolk-ſtreet, in an elegant new phaeton, at parting deſired Foote would come to the door, juſt to look at it:——" 'Tis a pretty thing," ſaid the Colonel, " and I have it on a new plan."—" Before I ſet my eyes on it,"

it," ſaid Foote, "my dear Colonel, I'm damnably afraid you have it on the old plan—never to pay for it."—*Related by the Duke of N.*

Edmund Burke, and the Hon. Charles Fox, ſupping one evening at the Thatched Houſe, were ſerved with diſhes more elegant than uſeful.——Charles's appetite happening to be rather keen, he by no means reliſhed the kickſhaws before him, and addreſſing the orator, "By G—d, Burke," ſaid he, "theſe diſhes are admirably calculated for your palate, they are both *ſublime* and *beautiful!*"—*This was communicated to me by the facetious Lord T.*

In the war in Flanders, when the Earl of Stair was commander in chief, after a ſevere battle, which laſted from morning till evening, and terminated in favour of the Britiſh troops, a veteran ſoldier, exceſſively fatigued, was reſting on his arms, and looking very grave; Lord Stair coming by, aſked him why he looked ſo dull?—"Dull! your Honour, I am not dull; I am only thinking what a damned hard day's work I have done for a groat!"—*Communicated to me by ſome General, I forget who.*

The

The late Earl of Chatham, who bore no good-will to a certain phyſician, was rallying him one day about the inefficacy of his preſcriptions. To which the doctor replied, "He defied any of his patients to find fault with him."——"I believe you," replied the witty Earl,——"for they are all dead!" —*Related by the late Earl Temple.*

The late Lord Hawke, when a young man, was preſſed very much by a taylor to diſcharge a debt which he was at that time unable to pay. "You know," ſaid Mr. Buckram, "my bill is very long, and frightful to think of." "D—n it," replies the blunt tar, "don't threaten me with your *bill;* my *talons* will prove a match for your *bill* any hour!"—*Related by Admiral R.*

C——F—, who has for ſome time ſtyled himſelf the Man of the People, and who is now ſo much attached to Mrs. R——, the celebrated demirep, was obſerved in her carriage by Mr. S——, who wittily obſerved to ſome gentlemen at Arthur's, "The connection was perfectly right; the Man of the people, and no other, ſhould be Ciciſbeo to the Woman of the people."—*Related by Sir J. W.*

Sir

Sir Charles S——, who, after contracting an intimate acquaintance with a late Swediſh ambaſſador at the court of England, was ſtrongly urged, and at length prevailed with, to accompany him to Sweden on a viſit. Thither they accordingly ſet off ſoon after together. On their arrival at Stockholm, Sir Charles made a tour through the kingdom, and at length returned to court. On his firſt appearance there, one of the firſt queſtions of the ambaſſador to him was, "Well, Sir Charles, how do you like poor Sweden?"—"Ay, poor Sweden, indeed, Sir," returned our countryman bluntly enough, "By heavens, if the whole country were mine, I would ſell every inch of it, and buy a farm in Old England." *Related by C. F.*

Mr. Macklin, along with many others, accompanying the remains of the late Mr. Barry to the grave, when they got to the ſpot of interment, which was about the center of the left quadrangle of the Cloiſters, Weſtminſter-Abbey, ſpoke to a gentleman who was with him to get up on ſome rubbiſh, for the better view; when the gentleman telling him, that if they ſtaid where they were, they could very well ſee the interment, which was all they wanted.

"Not

"Not at all, Sir," ſay this ſtage veteran, "I want to ſee an exact repreſentation of the whole, for I don't know how ſoon I may be called upon myſelf to be a principal performer in the ſame tragedy."—*Related by the Earl of B.*

A certain gentleman, famous for ill-natured remarks, and ſarcaſtical expreſſions, and who had an offenſive breath, was very deſirous of being introduced to the celebrated Mr. Gray; who, knowing his character, was equally ſolicitous to avoid his company. By chance they happened to meet at ſome public aſſembly, and the gentleman embraced the occaſion of accoſting Mr. Gray, "Sir, it is a very cold day!" "It is ſo," replied Mr. Gray. "Upon my word," rejoined the other, "I rode out this morning, and the north wind was ſo keen that it cut me in ſuch a manner, that it was quite intolerable." "Sir," replied the poet, "from what I have heard of you, I ſhould ſuppoſe that the wind had the worſt of it."—*Related by the Duke of G.*

The celebrated Michael Angelo having received ſome inſult from one of the Cardinals of Rome, in revenge, painted a moſt ſtriking

ſtriking likeneſs of his enemy, and placed him among the damned, ſuffering the torments of hell. The ſatire had its effect. It was the topic of general admiration and merriment. The Cardinal, ſtung with the bitterneſs of the caricature, complained to his Holineſs. Pope Leo was too much a lover of the fine arts to gratify the Cardinal's deſire, and therefore told him, that he had it not in his power to puniſh the offender. "If," ſaid he, "the inſult had been laid in heaven, or the earth, or even in purgatory, I could perhaps have redreſſed you, for I have ſomething to ſay in all thoſe places; but I have no intereſt in hell."—*Related by the late agreeable Biſhop of K——.*

The Marchioneſs of C——, on being detected in her amour with Mr. B———, requeſted her maid would keep it a ſecret, and if the other ſervants knew it, ſhe begged ſhe would bribe them into ſecreſy, for which ſhe gave her four guineas, ſaying at the ſame time, if her mamma heard of it, ſhe was an undone woman! To which the girl ſmartly replied, "That could not be, for her ladyſhip was an undone woman already!"——*Related by Lady C———.*

Garrick

Garrick was ſo vain a creature, that if he handed you a tea-cup or glaſs, you muſt take it as a great condeſcenſion. He had a trick of calling, in a loud voice, to a friend at ſome diſtance in the ſtreet, and telling him with great pompoſity, he would do him the honour of a viſit: a wag happening to paſs when he made uſe of one of theſe ſalutations, called it a viſit in perſpective! *Related by Foote.*

Mr. Pitt (afterwards Earl of Chatham), in a debate with Lord Holland, took occaſion, with great aſperity, to ſay, that nature had painted in his countenance the ſigns of a black and treacherous ſoul, and noticed the pent-houſe of his ſullen eyebrows, his hard unſocial front, and dark unblufhing cheeks. On this Lord Holland aroſe, and complained bitterly of the perſonal abuſe; alledged that he could not help his looks, as he had not made himſelf; and, turning round to Mr. Pitt, the honourable gentleman finds fault with my features, but how would he have me look?——Mr. Pitt ſtarting up, replied, "The honourable gentleman aſks me how I would have him look? I would have him look as he ought, if he could; I would have him look as he cannot,

not, if he would; I would have him look like an honeſt man."——This ſevere retort threw his antagoniſt into ſilent and unconquerable confuſion.—*Related by the great Earl of Cheſterfield.*

Judge Burnet, ſon of the famous Biſhop of Saliſbury, when young, is ſaid to have been of a wild and diſſipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very ſerious humour, "What is the matter with you, Tom?" ſaid the biſhop, "What are you ruminating on?" "A greater work than your Lordſhip's Hiſtory of the Reformation," anſwered the ſon. "Ay! what is that?" ſaid the father. "The reformation of myſelf, my Lord," replied the ſon.—*Related to me when a boy, by the celebrated Thompſon.*

When the Ducheſs of Kingſton, ſome years ſince, wiſhed to be received in the court of Berlin, ſhe got the Ruſſian Miniſter there to mention her intentions to his Pruſſian Majeſty, and to tell him at the ſame time, "That her fortune was at Rome, her bark at Venice, but that her heart was at Berlin." Immediately on hearing which, the King ſarcaſtically replied, "I beg, Sir, you will make my compliments

ments to her grace, and inform her, that I am ſorry we are only intruſted with the very worſt part of her property."—*Related by the Pruſſian Ambaſſador.*

The Earl of Dorſet having a great deſire to ſpend an evening with Butler, the celebrated author of Hudibras, ſpoke to Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him. The three wits, ſome time after, accordingly met at a tavern, when, upon the firſt bottle, Butler was rather flat; on the ſecond, he broke out the man of wit and reading: but on the third, relapſed into a tameneſs of converſation—very inferior to the author of Hudibras. Next morning Mr. Shepherd aſked his lordſhip how he liked his friend Butler? "I do not know any thing better to compare him to," ſays his lordſhip, "than a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle."——*Related by Dr. Goldſmith to Earl N——, who gave it to me.*

When the Speaker of the Iriſh Houſe of Commons was in London laſt ſummer, an Iriſh lad, the ſon of one of his tenants, whom he had juſt taken from the plow-tail, accompanied him in the character of an

under footman; his maſter, who lodged at the bottom of Norfolk Street, ſent him one day to call a hackney coach; in a few minutes he appeared with the carriage, having taken one of the horſes by the reins, and led them to the door. The Speaker naturally expreſſed his ſurpriſe at the abſence of the coachman; to which the fellow ſimply replied, "The devil a word your honour ſaid to me about a coachman, you only told me to bring a coach, and ſure I found an ocean of them at the top of the ſtreet."* However Paddy went back to look for the man, who had juſt miſſed his carriage, and ſeemed almoſt diſtracted at the circumſtance; on obſerving his whip in his hand, he went up to him, and ſeized him by the collar, ſaying, "Sure enough, I believe you are the man my maſter ſent me for—now, bad manners to you!—who do you think will ride in your coach, without ſomebody to drive the horſes?" and immediately brough him to his maſter, where it is hardly neceſſary to add, the man was

* At the top of Norfolk-ſtreet in the Strand, there is a large ſtand for coaches; at this time the ſons of the whip were all at dinner in a neighbouring public houſe.

made

made very happy in the recovery of his loſt goods.

The ſame lad was ſent a few days after to buy a piece of cheeſe; his fellow-ſervants did not like the taſte of it; he was deſired to change it—it was one half of a Glouceſter cheeſe. He went back, and brought the other half; he was told, upon taſting it, it was the ſame. "I'll take my Bible oath of that," ſaid he, "for it is the other half, I ſaw the man change it with my own eyes; —you may buy your cheeſe yourſelves for me."

The poetical Lord Lyttelton's Dialogues of the Dead being the ſubject of converſation one evening; the Ducheſs of Northumberland aſked my opinion of them? to which I replied, I thought them excellent likeneſſes *after* life.

Milton was aſked by a friend, whether he would inſtruct his daughters in the different languages? to which he replied, "No, Sir, one tongue is ſufficient for a woman."—*Related by Dr. Newton.*

When Mr. Love firſt appeared on Drury-

lane theatre, in the character of Falſtaff, being a man of ſome genius, he uſed to puff conſtantly in the newſpapers, upon his excellency in the part; all which, however, availed but little, as he could never bring a full houſe. One Bignell, ſitting with a few of the players at the Black Lion, had taken up and filled a pipe, the funnel of which was ſtopt, and after ſeveral attempts to light it, he threw it down in a paſſion, ſaying, "By G—d, gentlemen, I'm like your new Falſtaff; I have been puffing, and puffing, this long while paſt, but all to no purpoſe, for I'll be damn'd if I can draw!"—*Related by Quin.*

Trick upon Trick, a pleaſant Anecdote.
October 16, 1788.

The following ludicrous, though true circumſtance, happened laſt week: Mr. C——n, of Chigwell in Eſſex, ſent a fine hare to his friend in London; the man by whom it was ſent, having occaſion, ſtopped at an alehouſe near Stratford, called for a pint of beer, and went backwards; in the mean time the landlord cruelly killed his cat, and put it into the baſket in lieu of the hare,

hare, which he concealed; the man purſued his journey, ſent in the baſket; was called in himſelf, and aſked if he had ſtopped on the road? He anſwered in the affirmative, and the myſtery was cleared up. He received a reward, with thanks to his maſter for the intended preſent. He marched back with the cat, called again at the pot-houſe, where he found only the ſervant girl, and a pot boiling; he called for another pint, and ſent the girl for a penny-worth of tobacco; in the mean time he took a fine piece of beef out of the pot, and put in the cat.

I cut this out of a newſpaper, and have been aſſured by Mr. H. member for the county of E—x, it is a fact.

When Lord Townſhend was Viceroy of Ireland, his butler, in preparing the cloth for a choice feſtival, was unlucky enough to break a dozen of china plates, of a rare and beautiful pattern. "You blockhead," cries his Lordſhip, meeting him preſently after, with another dozen in his hand, "how did you do it?" "Upon my ſoul, my Lord, they happened to fall juſt ſo," replied the fellow, and inſtantly daſhed them alſo upon the marble hearth into a thouſand pieces.—*Related by Lady T.*

In the courſe of the publication of the Spectator in folio, the paper, as it came out, was commonly hung up within the bars of the coffee-houſes of Oxford and Cambridge. The motto of the 154th paper is *Nemo repente fuit turpiſſimus.* A wag at the Univerſity, who ſtole in to read this number at a prohibited time, wrote the following tranſlation under the motto—"It is a long while ere one becomes a *ſenior* fellow.

The late Duke of Newcaſtle, applying to an old fellow for a vote at an election in the country, "I will give it you," ſaid the man, "if your Grace will give my ſon a place in the Exciſe." "That I will," replied the Duke with his accuſtomed good humour, "that I aſſuredly will; hand me a pen and ink, and you ſhall ſee the letter I will write, and put it in the poſt-office yourſelf." He wrote to his agent in London, requeſting the young man might immediately have the place which was requeſted; adding, that he was highly worthy of the ſituation, and the ſon of his friend. When the old man read the letter, he thanked his Grace for his good opinion, but begged him to make one little alteration in the ſignature; which

which, ſays he, I happen to know muſt be in red ink, or no attention will be paid to it; for your Grace has ordered all letters which have not that colour at the corner, to be thrown aſide. "O ho! have I ſo?" ſaid the Duke, "and pray how came you to be in the ſecret? —give me the red ink however—I ſuppoſe if there was none, you would be ſatisfied if I ſigned it with my own blood, and that would give my biographers an opportunity of ſaying, that I had once bled for my country."

A French gentleman aſked the celebrated Mr. Sterne, when in Paris, if he had found in France no original characters that he could make uſe of in his Life and Opinions of Triſtram Shandy; "No," replied he, "the French reſemble old pieces of coin, whoſe impreſſion is worn out by rubbing."——*Related by the late Earl Bathurſt.*

Mr. Garrick paſſing through a town in Yorkſhire, ſeeing the Conſtant Couple, or a Trip to the Jubilee, adverti ſed in the town, waited that night to ſee the play. The theatre happened to be a barn, and Sir Harry Wildair, the hero of the piece, a recruiting ſerjeant, who wanted his left hand. At the

opening, Mr. Garrick attended, as he thought, quite diſguiſed; but it was not the caſe; a man who had been a candle-ſnuffer to Drury Lane, being one of the company, knew him, and communicated this knowledge to the reſt of his brethren. A council was inſtantly called in the green-room; the reſult of which was, to return him his entrance-money. The man who found out the ſecret was deputed for that purpoſe; who accordingly came round where Mr. Garrick was ſitting, and (after delivering the compliments of the gentlemen of the buſkin, in very polite terms) begged the acceptance of his eighteen-pence, as they never took any thing from a brother.—*Related by Foote.*

A gentleman who happened to ſit in company with Foote at the Smyrna coffee-houſe, took up a newſpaper, ſaying, "He wanted to ſee what the miniſtry were about:" Foote, with a ſmile, ſaid, "look among the robberies."———*Related by the Hon. Haus Stanley.*

Lord S—— vexed me very much ſome time ago, when I could not help breaking out in the following manner: At the court of the Khalif Arraſhid, there was a fool named

named Bahalul; ſome of whoſe ſayings have been preſerved. He appears to have poſſeſſed vivacity, wit, and obſervation; and he was permitted to take every kind of licence with the Khalif and his courtiers: "I wiſh," ſays Arraſhid to him one day, "you could procure me a liſt of all the fools in Bagdad."—"That would be difficult, Commander of the Faithful; but if you deſire to know the wiſe men, that catalogue may ſoon be compleated."

The Counteſs of H— was railing one day at Lord C—, who never paid his debts, and ſhe was certain of his being ſo unprincipled never to pay one. "That I can contradict, my lady," ſaid I, "for he muſt undoubtedly pay the full debt of nature."

One Collins was ſtopt in Red-Lion Street, Clerkenwell, with four hogs that he ſtole. He attempted to make his eſcape, but running into a court, through which there was no paſſage, he was taken and lodged in Clerkenwell Bridewell. "Damn it," ſaid he as he entered, "I have brought my hogs to a fine market!"——*Related by Sir Charles Hardy.*

The late General Carpenter, at a review on Blackheath, rode a charger that ſeemed crippled; upon which I rode up to him and acquainted him with the circumſtance. "Sir," ſaid he, "I have tried every way to cure him, and have been diſappointed in all."—Indeed!" ſaid I, "then the only thing I can recommend, General, is to ſend him to the College of Phyſicians in Warwick Lane.

When the amiable Ducheſs of Northumberland was ſome years ago on the Continent, ſhe ſtopped at an Inn in French Flanders, at the Golden Gooſe; but arriving late, and being ſomewhat fatigued with her journey, ſhe ordered but a ſlight repaſt for her and her ſuite, which conſiſted only of five ſervants. In the morning, when the landlord preſented his bill, her ſecretary was much ſurpriſed at one general item of "Expences for the night fourteen Louis d'ors." In vain did he remonſtrate; the artful Fleming knew the generous character of the Ducheſs, and was poſitive. The money was accordingly paid. When ſhe was preparing to depart, the landlord, as uſual, attended her to the carriage; and after making many congees, and expreſſing much thanks, hoped

he

he ſhould have the honour of her Grace's company on her return. "Why, I don't know but I may," ſaid the Ducheſs, with her uſual good humour; "but it muſt be upon one condition, that you do not miſtake me for your ſign."—*Related by the late Counteſs of Harcourt.*

A gentleman who called to pay a morning viſit to Foote, took notice of a buſt of Garrick on a bureau.—"Do you know my reaſons," ſays Foote, "for making Garrick ſtand ſentry there?" "No," replied his friend. "I placed him there," reſumed the wit, "to take care of my money, for by G—d I can't take care of it myſelf."

Shortly after the firſt appearance of Venice Preſerv'd in the dramatic world, the Ducheſs of Portſmouth (the then favourite of Charles the Second) inquired of Lord Rocheſter after Otway, ſaying, ſhe had not ſeen him for ſome time. His Lordſhip, with a ſneer, ſaid, he ſuppoſed he could not make as reſpectable an appearance as his play; and was therefore reſolved, like many other ragged bards, to amuſe himſelf with dreſſing his muſe with all the finery of Parnaſſus. "That may be the caſe," ſaid the Ducheſs,

" and your Lordſhip muſt acknowledge Mr. Otway dreſſes his muſe in much more elegant attire than all the dramatic poets now living can poſſibly do theirs. As a proof of my eſteem for his genius, will your Lordſhip be ſo kind to convey this fifty-pound note to him?—'Tis a debt I owe him; and (if he is as you ſay) this is the beſt opportunity of diſcharging it."—*Related by the firſt Ld Lyttelton.*

Foote, whoſe talent lay in lampooning and mimickry, even in his early days, had once got the knack of imitating a late general officer in the ſhrug of his ſhoulders, the liſping of his ſpeech, and ſome other things, for which the general was remarkable, ſo that it grew a common topic among his acquaintance; who uſed to ſay, " Come, Sam, let us have the general's company." A friend at length acquainted the officer of it, who ſent for Foote: " Sir," ſays the general, " I hear you have an excellent talent at mimicking characters; and among the reſt, I find I have been the ſubject of your ridicule." " Oh, Sir," ſaid Foote, with great pleaſantry, " I take all my acquaintance off at times; and what is more particular, I often take myſelf off." " Od ſo!" ſays the other, " pray let us have a ſpecimen."

men." Foote on this puts on his hat and gloves, takes hold of his cane, and making a ſhort bow, left the room. The officer waited ſome minutes for his return; but at length, on inquiry, found he had really taken himſelf off, by leaving the houſe. The officer was general Blakeney, with whom he was afterwards in the ſtricteſt friendſhip. —*Related by Sir J. W.*

When the diſtinguiſhed Major Rogers took up his abode in a ſpunging houſe, in Southampton Buildings, Holborn, like a true philoſopher, he endeavoured to make his ſituation as agreeable as poſſible; he therefore one day, out of a whim, ſent cards of invitation to all the bailiffs who frequented the houſe, to come and dine with him. They accordingly came, and being in high ſpirits, after dinner, one of them being called upon for a toaſt, gave, "The d—l ride roughſhod over the raſcally part of the creation." When every body was going to drink the toaſt, the Major (who was at the bottom of the table) cried out, "Stop, gentleman, every man fill a bumper."—"Oh, there's no occaſion for that," ſays one of the company: "Yes, but there is," ſays the Major, "conſider it is a family toaſt,

toaſt, and ought to be done juſtice to."——
Related by General B.

Lady W—— is celebrated in Scotland for wit and beauty. Happening to be at an aſſembly in Edinburgh, a young gentleman, the ſon of his majeſty's printer, who had the patent for publiſhing Bibles, made his appearance, dreſſed in green and gold. Being a new face, and extremely elegant, he attracted the attention of the whole company. A general murmur prevailed in the room, to learn who he was; Lady W—— inſtantly made anſwer, loud enough to be heard,—"Oh! don't you know him? it is young Bible, bound in calf and gilt—but not letter'd."—*Related by the Ducheſs of A.*

A diſtinguiſhed performer at one of the theatres, complaining to Foote that his wife's drunkenneſs and ill conduct had almoſt ruined him; concluded, as many uſually do, "and for goodneſs ſake, what is to be ſaid for it?" "Nothing that I know," ſays Foote, "can be ſaid for it, but much againſt it."—*Related by Garrick.*

A brave tar, with a wooden leg, who was on board Admiral Parker's fleet in the

late engagement with the Dutch, having the misfortune to have the other ſhot off, as his comrades were conveying him to the ſurgeon, notwithſtanding the poignancy of his agonies, being a man of humour, he could not ſuppreſs his joke, ſaying, "It was high time for him to leave off play when his laſt pin was bowled down.——*Related by Commodore J.*

Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together at the time of the firſt regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purſe to pay the reckoning, aſked the latter, "What he ſhould do with a light guinea he had?" "'Pſhaw, it's worth nothing," ſays Garrick, "fling it to the Devil." "Well, David," ſays the other, "you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man,"—*Related by the Biſhop of R.*

As General Paoli was one evening walking down the Haymarket, he was accoſted by an itinerant daughter of unlicenſed pleaſure, who happened to know his face. As ſhe was a pretty girl, he ſuffered her to hold his arm till he got to Spring Gardens, when he thought to diſengage himſelf from her ladyſhip;

ladyſhip; but ſhe ſtill held him, and finding all former rhetoric loſt, told him, if he would leave her, he ought to make her a handſome preſent at leaſt, as they were very nearly connected. The veteran ſtared, and demanded how? "Why, Sir," ſaid the girl, "you have been driven from home, and loſt your inheritance in defence of liberty; by being attached too much to the ſame cauſe I am reduced to the like extremity.——We are both children of liberty, and therefore ought to have a fellow-feeling for each other." The wit of the girl ſo much pleaſed the old ſon of Mars, that he took out his purſe, and gave her a guinea.—*Related by the Duke of R.*

Foote being told that a man in an high office, which gave him an opportunity of handling much caſh, had married his kept miſtreſs. "Good God!" ſaid he, "that fellow is always robbing the public."—*Related by the Counteſs of H.*

Mrs. Macaulay having publiſhed her Looſe Thoughts, Mr. Garrick was aſked if he did not think it a ſtrange title for a lady to chooſe?—"By no means," replied he, "the ſooner a wo-

a woman gets rid of ſuch thoughts the better."——*Related by Garrick.*

Foote was never remarkable for economy; ſo long as economy continued the favourite paſs-word at court, ſo long did it continue the favourite mock-work of the Engliſh Ariſtophanes.——Every body who remembers Mr. Foote, muſt remember the beautiful ſet of dun horſes with which he uſed to drive his carriage.—On being complimented reſpecting their limbs, their fine ſhapes and colour one day——"Yes," replied the wag, "I am never without a ſet of duns in my retinue; but with this difference, that in the ſummer I drive the duns, and in the winter the duns drive me."——*Related by Foote's crony, Lord T.*

Charles F—, when a boy, delighted in arch tricks. In his walks one Eaſter Monday, meeting a blind woman, who was crying puddings and pies, he took her by the arm and ſaid, "Come along with me, dame, I am going to Moorfields, where this holiday time you may chance to meet with good cuſtom."—"Thank'e kindly, Sir," ſays ſhe.—Whereupon he conducted her to Cripplegate church, and placed her in the middle aiſle.

aiſle. Now, ſays he, you are in Moorfields; which ſhe believing to be true, immediately cried out, "Hot puddings and pies! hot puddings and pies!—come, they are all hot," &c. which cauſed the congregation to burſt into a loud fit of laughter, and the clerk came and told her ſhe was in church. "You are a lying ſon of a whore," ſays ſhe. Which ſo enraged the clerk, that he dragged her out of the church: ſhe curſing and damning him all the while; nor would ſhe believe him till ſhe heard the organ play.—*Related by the firſt Lord Holland.*

Foote being ſome time ſince at a nobleman's houſe, his Lordſhip, as ſoon as dinner was over, ordered a bottle of Cape to be ſet on the table, when, after magnifying its good qualities, and particularly its age, he ſent it round the table in glaſſes that ſcarcely held a thimble-full. "Fine wine, upon my ſoul," ſays the wit, taſting and ſmacking his lips. "Is it not very curious?" ſays his Lordſhip. "Perfectly ſo indeed," ſays the other, "I do not remember to have ſeen any thing ſo little of its age in my life before."—*Related by Sir Francis Blake Delaval.*

One

One day ſeveral ladies and gentlemen, among whom was Charles F—, went, in different boats, on a party of pleaſure on the Thames. By accident one of the boats overturning, all who were in it were ſouſed into the water; but in particular, a pretty young girl, who being in imminent danger, a gentleman leaped out of another boat to ſave her. The girl, as ſoon as he ſwam to her, laid hold of him by the waiſtband of his breeches, which, with her pulling, ſoon gave way; and ſcarce knowing what ſhe did, ſhe laid hold of him by a place which ſhall be nameleſs; however, he brought her aſhore. Afterwards, having got themſelves dried, and being at dinner at a nobleman's houſe, the cloth removed, and the ladies withdrawn, the gentlemen began to laugh and joke with him who ſaved the girl, on account of the odd part ſhe had ſeized him by. "Faith," ſays Charles F—, "I think ſhe did quite right: ſhe was afraid of being drowned, and, to ſecure herſelf, laid hold of what never goes to the bottom."—*Related by Lord N.*

Dryden's Tranſlation of Virgil being commended by a Right Rev. Biſhop, a witty Earl ſaid, "The original is indeed excellent;

excellent: but every thing ſuffers by a tranſlation, except a Biſhop."——*Related by Mr. Macpherſon.*

A lady being ill, ſent for a phyſician, and on his leaving the room, gave a fee of two guineas. This ſhe repeated ſeveral times, and one day ſhe gave him a ſingle guinea. This by ſome accident fell upon the floor, when the doctor picked it up, and turning to the lady, with a ſignificant look, ſaid, "Madam, I believe I have dropt a guinea." "No, Doctor," replied the lady, ſmartly, "'twas I who dropt the guinea."—*Related by the divorced Lady P.*

When Mr. Dibdin was engaged to compoſe the muſic for an opera that was to appear at Drury Lane, the nature of this employment became the ſubject of converſation one night in the green-room. It was obſerved by one, that the muſician was deeply indebted to the author. "Then," retorted Mr. Banniſter, "he is likely to be rid of that incumbrance, for he is at preſent preparing to diſcharge it, by giving him *his notes.*"—*Related by Garrick.*

When

When Mrs. Kennedy's Macheath had a great run, ſhe happened to be pretty far advanced in her pregnancy: I obſerved to a nobleman who ſat near to me, "if the managers did not ſuſpend the performance for ſome time, the audience would find Mrs. Kennedy *labour* in the performance very ſoon."

Doctor Johnſon being aſked his opinion of a certain Nabob, better known by his riches than by his learning, "A mere ſheep, Sir, with a golden fleece," obſerved the Cynic.—*Related by the late Marchioneſs of Lothian.*

A lady on the wrong ſide of fifty, having loſt both her money and temper at a rout with very little grace, had the additional misfortune, in ſtooping, to loſe her entire head-dreſs, to the diſcovery of a bald pate; whereupon I obſerved in her hearing, "I could not but commend the hair for leaving ſo weak a head.

Sir Charles W——— was obſerving to me one day, that Lord B—— was very proud: "Then," ſaid I, "he is not ſo reſpectable as that bitch before us, for ſhe will ſoon

ſoon be full of ſomething valuable; but he, in all likelihood, will remain for ever empty."

The well-known Dagger Marr, Tommy Clough, and Harry Vaughan, all of Drury-lane theatre, met one morning at rehearſal; Clough kept his hand in his coat-pocket a long time: which Dagger taking notice of, aſked him what he had got there? "I have got a partridge," ſays Clough, "which I intend to preſent to the little man," meaning Mr. Garrick. "Tut!" ſays Vaughan, "he won't accept of it." "Won't he," ſays Dagger, who was well acquainted with the penurious ſpirit of Garrick, "yes, by G—d, he'll take it, or a roll and treacle if you offer it to him."

Dagger Marr, who was ever wrangling with the managers of Drury-lane theatre, was very fond of taking bread in his pocket, and feeding the ducks in St. James's Park: one day, while he thought himſelf unnoticed, he obſerved one of the ducks ſwim about as ſwift as any three of them, and gobble up ſo much of the bread, that Dagger roared out loud enough to be heard by Garrick, who was not far behind him, "Get

out

out of that you gobbling raſcal, I ſee you are a manager, by G—d!"—*Both related by Foote.*

Mr. Palmer of Drury-lane theatre (I mean the ladies' Mr. Palmer) appeared at a rehearſal in a violent perturbation of mind, on ſome intelligence he had juſt heard. Mr. Banniſter requeſted to know what made him ſo uneaſy? "Monarchs, my dear Sir," ſays Palmer, with a tragedy ſtrut, "monarchs have met with afflictions, then why ſhould I grieve? my puppy of a brother, a cub, Sir, has made as bad a match as he poſſibly could make; he was married yeſterday, and the girl is as pennyleſs as a third-rate actreſs's dreſſing woman." "What is the lady's name?" ſays Banniſter: "Sharp, I think they call her," ſays Palmer. "My dear friend," ſays Banniſter, "I don't ſee why you ſhould fret ſo, it was a muſical wedding, there was a * flat and a ſharp!" —*Related by Lord T.*

The Queen of Hungary, in a converſation with General Count O'Donnel, a na-

* A flat, in cant or ſlang language, ſignifies a man eaſily taken in.

tive

tive of Ireland, was pleaſed to ſay ſome very polite things in favour of the officers of that country, who had been engaged in her ſervice, during the late war: among others, "My Lord," ſays ſhe, "I really wonder that I am not able to give laws to all Europe, when I have ſo many gallant countrymen of yours in my ſervice." To which his lordſhip, with a very low bow, replied, "I ſhould wonder equally, Madam, if your Majeſty had not contended with a Prince, who can ſpare a great number to fight the battles of his enemies."—*Related by Adm. Kempenfelt.*

The Prince of Condé, coming to congratulate his maſter, Louis XIV. on the battle of Seniff, in which his highneſs had commanded and gained great honour; the King ſtood on the top of the ſtairs to receive him. The Prince being lame of the gout, mounted very ſlowly, and ſtopping midway, begged his Majeſty's pardon, if he made him wait. "Couſin," ſaid the King, "do not hurry yourſelf; a perſon loaded with laurels, as you are, cannot move very ſwiftly."—*Related by the Duke of G.*

The beautiful Ducheſs of D—— complaining

plaining one day in a mixed company, that Sir Joſhua Reynolds, in his picture of her, threw her into a very ſtrange poſition:--"Your Grace ſurpriſes me very much," replied I, "for Sir Joſhua ſeems to underſtand *natural* poſitions very well, any one of which might have given your grace infinite pleaſure!"

When Macklin was rehearſing Macbeth, and, from want of memory, detained the performers uncommonly long at the theatre, one of them aſked Shuter, if he did not think it very extraordinary, that a man ſo old, and infirm in intellects, ſhould attempt ſuch a character? Ned replied drily, from Macbeth,

——The time has been,
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now——

Related by Garrick.

Foote dined one day at the Caſtle at Salthill. When the landlord produced the bill, Foote thought it very exorbitant, and aſked him his name?—"Partridge, an't pleaſe you," replied the hoſt.—"Partridge," reſumed Foote; "it ſhould be Woodcock, by G—, by the length of your *bill*.—*Related by the late Lord Cheſterfield.*

I was aſked one day by Lord N—, at a levee at St. James's, when I had ſeen the Ducheſs of B—? who is well known to uſe an uncommon quantity of paint. To which I replied, "I had not ſeen her face, nor had any other perſon, I believe, theſe twenty years."

One day, Earl Temple, in the courſe of converſation with a lady at court, complained that ſome of her Ladyſhip's relations had ſpoken diſreſpectfully of him. "Indeed, my Lord," replied the lady, patting him upon the forehead, "there is nothing in it." —*Related by Lord C———.*

At the laſt coronation, a gentleman paid ſix guineas for a ſeat in Weſtminſter-abbey; the inſtant the king entered, he turned to a gentleman beſide him, and proteſted he was the greateſt fool in Britain. "Indeed!" ſaid the gentleman, "how ſo, Sir?" "Why, Sir, I have paid ſix guineas for a ſeat here; when his Majeſty, who can much better afford it, comes in for a *crown!*"—*Related by Sir W. W. W.*

A third-rate actor, of one of the London theatres, who is remarked for keeping his hand

hand in his breeches, was ordered on for one of the ſentinels in the tragedy of Hamlet; as ſoon as it came to this gentleman's turn to ſpeak, he walked, in the above ſituation, up to Bernardo, and aſked him with a very audible voice, "Has *this* thing appeared again to-night?" which threw the audience into ſuch a fit of laughter, that the entertainment was interrupted for a conſiderable time.——*Communicated to me by Lady H—n, with that humour peculiar to herſelf.*

A young lady of Chicheſter was playing at What is it Like, in company where was preſent an old lady of venerable character, named Boucher: ſhe likened the thing thought on to Mrs. Boucher's ſtick. It proved to be the Hiſtory of Pamela. "The Hiſtory of Pamela," ſaid ſhe, "is like Mrs. Boucher's ſtick, becauſe it is the ſupport of virtue."——*Related by the Dowager Counteſs Cowper.*

I was walking, ſome years ago, with the lovely Lady Sarah B—, who finding herſelf teazed by an old beggar-man, haſtily turned round and told him, ſhe had got nothing; 'I am ſorry for that, my ſweet young lady," ſaid the old man, "old as I am, I have

got a little!" Her ladyſhip ſmiled, turned about, and gave him a crown.

A nobleman, of the thick blood of the Iriſh nation, paid his addreſſes to the daughter of a friend of mine, who valued money more than anceſtry: the old gentleman hinted to his Lordſhip, that he ſuppoſed his fortune was equivalent to his daughter's? "Why, no, Sir," replied his Lordſhip, I cannot ſay 'tis altogether ſo conſiderable; but then you know, Sir, there is my blood."—"O, damn your blood!" returns the gentleman, without heſitation, "if you ſquander my daughter's fortune away, ſhe muſt not depend on your blood for a ſubſiſtence; a hog's blood would be of more ſervice then, and would make much better puddings."—*Related by Lord T.*

The day before Dr. Dodd's trial, I was mentioning my doubts about his criminality to Lord M—, who told me every circumſtance he had heard would criminate him before any jury; and he would ſuffer himſelf to be hanged at the top of the Monument, if he was not found guilty: to which I could not help obſerving, "Then, my Lord, your enemies, if the culprit ſhould be acquitted, would

would have the ſatisfaction of literally ſeeing you Lord Chief Juſtice in *Air*.

Old Charles Macklin being aſked his opinion of Charles F—, and the other diſtinguiſhed characters who reſigned lately; replied, "I am no aſtronomer, Sir, but they ſeem to me to be wandering planets; though it would be much better for the people of this diſtracted country, if they were fixed ſtars at Tyburn or Temple-Bar!"—*Related by Lord N.*

"I ſuppoſe," ſays Lady Bridget T—, looking over the Beauties of Sterne one evening, at the Duke of G——'s, we may ſoon expect to ſee the Beauties of the prolific Lady C—— publiſhed." "Good God! my Lady," cried I, "can you be ſuch a novice? what is become of your brilliancy of wit, that you ſhould make that remark? don't you know Lady C's Beauties have been long publiſhed, and that a certain gentleman of our acquaintance was ſo impatient, that he taſted the delicious treaſure in ſheets?"

My wife was obſerving at a concert one evening, that Handel was, without doubt,

the greateſt muſical compoſer that ever lived; for all his notes were notes of admiration.—"True, my dear," cried I; "and you ſee Colman, the theatrical manager, is ſo fond of him, that he ſteps at his heels very faſt; there's his Suicide!! his Dead Alive!! his Agreeable Surpriſe!! and as to his expected Execution!! 'tis confeſſed by his friends to be ſuperior to any thing Handel ever dreamt of!"

A farmer near my country ſeat having married a woman who weighed twenty-five ſtone; I could not help remarking to Lady Betty T——, "That he married a woman of great ſubſtance."

When Louis the Fourteenth came to the throne, he was remarkably obſtinate, and it could not be known whether he took advice of any one. He had no public council, nor any private counſellor. One day being hunting on a very ſmall Britanny Bidet, Cardinal Mazarin frequently repeated, "What a very ſtrong horſe that muſt be!" "Why ſo, my good Cardinal?" replied the King. "Why, Sire," anſwered his Eminence, "it not only carries your majeſty, but the whole body of your council." From that moment the King took the hint, and of

courſe, advice, and became one of the greateſt monarchs in the world.——*Related by my father.*

When Mr. Wilkes was perſecuted in the year 1769, and confined in the King's-Bench, General C—— informed me of many preſents being ſent to him by his numerous admirers; among the reſt, a gentleman ſent him forty-five hampers of different wines; I could not help obſerving to the General, "Though his friends may complain of oppreſſion towards him hitherto, yet now they had no reaſon to complain, for they muſt allow their oracle was finely *hampered*."

That literary phænomenon, Lady C——, obſerving a fine milk-white feather in the Ducheſs of D——'s riding hat, ſtepped up and obſerved to her, with a ſmile, "That is a very beautiful feather indeed, your Grace exhibits to-day!" "True," replied the Ducheſs, "and if you obſerve, Madam, there is no taint in it."—I was preſent when this happened.

Archbiſhop King was remarkably fond of a leg of mutton and capers, the laſt of which he always prepared himſelf. A gen-

tleman coming to dine with him, laughed immoderately on his entering the apartment where his Grace was ſitting at his favourite amuſement. "What's the matter?" ſaid the Biſhop. "I cannot help laughing," replied the gentleman, "for this is the firſt inſtance I have ever ſeen of a Biſhop's cutting capers!"—*Related by the late Biſhop of Glouceſter.*

Chatting one morning with Ld. N****, he told me Lord L——, who made one unfortunate match, was married a few hours before to Lady Mary H——; "Then, my Lord," ſaid I, "his Lordſhip is in a fair way to DOUBLE CAPE HORN!"

The late Lord Cheſterfield happened to be at a route in France, where Voltaire was one of the gueſts. Cheſterfield ſeemed gazing about the brilliant circle of the ladies; Voltaire accoſted him, "My Lord, I know you are a judge, which are more beautiful, the Engliſh or the French ladies?"—"Upon my word," replied his Lordſhip, with his uſual preſence of mind, "I am no connoiſſeur of paintings." Some time after this, Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's route with Lord Cheſterfield; a lady in company, prodigi-

ouſly painted, directed her whole diſcourſe to Voltaire, and entirely engroſſed his converſation; Cheſterfield came up, tapped him on the ſhoulder, ſaying, "Sir, take care you are not captivated." "My Lord," replied the wit, "I ſcorn to be taken by an Engliſh bottom under French colours."—*Related to me, when a boy, by my mother.*

Lord C— was obſerving to me, a few days ago, that the Iriſh ſhould be called Lunatic Volunteers! for though they had every thing granted them that their champion (Mr. Grattan) ſought for; yet now, nothing was heard throughout the kingdom but "a Bill of Rights! a Bill of Rights!" "Truly, my Lord," ſaid I, "I think this does ſavour of madneſs ſure enough, for it now clearly appears their parliament have voted fifty-thouſand-pounds to their demi-god for procuring a Bill of Wrongs!"

The Biſhop of L. and C. declared one day, that the puniſhment uſed in ſchools did not make boys a whit better, or more tractable: I inſiſted that whipping was of the utmoſt ſervice, for every one muſt allow it made a boy *ſmart.*

The Biſhop of Toledo, an old wag ſo called, who is ſeen every day at Sam's coffee-houſe, on reading the names of the Smock-alley performers in the play bills; ſaid, "that though the SPARKS of genius ſhone in Smock-alley, and the manager had brought GRIST to his mill, and had called the talents of a YOUNG, a PRIOR, and a MELMOUTH to his aſſiſtance, he feared the DALY receipts would not fill his pocket, nor were the performers much better off in the money way, though they had CASH-IN among them; ſo that in all appearance, before the concluſion of the ſeaſon, both manager and actors would be obliged to SWINDLE.

Counſellor D—— met Lord S—— ſome few years ago, at the Hague; his Lordſhip was on a journey to Berlin, to viſit his Pruſſian Majeſty, to which place he prevailed on D—— to accompany him. The counſellor, ambitious of being introduced to the Pruſſian Monarch, accompanied his Lordſhip with alacrity. The morning after the Britiſh orator's arrival, Frederick ſent an aid-de-camp, and a charger for his viſitant, requeſting his preſence at a review. The counſellor not knowing the *charger*, and the

the *charger* not knowing his rider, ſet off amicably upon the grand-pas together; but juſt as the horſes got into the field, the trumpet ſounded; the charger ſet off like lightning; the counſellor's hat and wig fell off, and, like an affectionate horſeman, he threw his arms round the charger's neck, and in this manner he was brought up to the front of the lines. His Pruſſian Majeſty obſerving the diſaſter, rode up to Lord S——, and told him, General D—— was the worſt horſeman he had ever ſeen of his Britannic Majeſty's ſtaff-officers, and he was certain he could keep a ſeat with more dignity on a *wool-ſack.—Related by Lord S——e.*

Voltaire's ſtage heroes and heroines, at his theatre at Ferney, were made up of the Butler, Coachman, Groom, Dairy-maid, Cook, &c. When any paſſage went wrong, he never failed to proclaim it; and would croſs the ſtage in his night-cap and gown, to ſcold at an Empreſs, or pull the cap of a Queen. His coachman not entering time enough to lay him down gently in the hour of death, in the character of a Turkiſh ſlave, he changed his tragedy part into comic reaſoning; and whimſically aſked him for a receipt in full of all demands; "For I am

ſure," ſaid Voltaire, " I muſt be in your debt, or you would not have uſed me ſo, as to let me die thus like a beggar."—*Related by G. K———e, Eſq.*

Foote, who could never keep any very valuable article long out of a pawnbroker's hands, was made a preſent of a very handſome ſervice of plate, which he exhibited a few days after to a ſplendid company who dined with him at North-End. One of the noblemen was particularly ſmitten with the faſhion of it, and begged to know what it coſt him.—" Upon my word," replied the wit, " I cannot anſwer that queſtion; but if your Lordſhip will favour me with a viſit in a few days, I can tell you pretty near what it is *worth*."——*Related by Garrick.*

Voltaire, when he grew very old, would talk daily of what writers would ſay after his death. " The Converſion of Monſieur de Voltaire on his Death-bed," he would ſay, cooked up by ſome Jeſuit, will be a moſt delicious morſel for the Paris booksellers; and the raſcals will pick up many a good meal from off my bones, bare as I am." —*Related by G. K——e, Eſq.*

A re-

A report having prevailed, with what ſhew of truth I will not pretend to ſay, that the body of the immortal Sterne, who was buried in the cemetry of St. George's Row, Tyburn, was taken up, and purchaſed from the ſexton, by an eminent ſurgeon of Oxford, who has it now among his collection of ſkeletons; my wife expreſſed great uneaſineſs to Lady C. F. at the circumſtance, declaring it the greateſt diſgrace to this country within her recollection: "If it be ſo," replied I, it muſt be allowed he had the moſt *whimſical ſubject* to lecture on in the world, and as Sterne parted with his *feelings* before he died to thouſands of the tender and humane part of mankind, he was conſequently inſenſible to any terrors in the ſacrilegious villain's butchery."

When Dr. Johnſon was firſt patronized by Lord Cheſterfield, which was at his Lordſhip's own particular requeſt, the Doctor called on him one morning, and being ſhewn into an antichamber, either from the miſtake of the footman, or his Lordſhip's paying a preference to other company, the Doctor was left waiting there for two hours, without his Lordſhip's appearance. Johnſon growing piqued at this neglect, abruptly left the

the houſe, and from that hour reſolved to break off all acquaintance with him. Some time after this, Lord Cheſterfield endeavoured all he could to regain Johnſon's friendſhip, by writing two eſſays in favor of his Dictionary, in a periodical paper then publiſhing, called, "The World," as well as by other indirect ſolicitations; but all in vain. Johnſon was not only reſolved, but wrote his Lordſhip word ſo, in a very remarkable letter; wherein, with great dignity and philoſophic pride, he begged leave to be diſmiſſed his patronage and acquaintance. Some time after this, a noble Lord met the Doctor in Dodſley's ſhop, who beginning the converſation, aſked him how he could deſert a man who had been ſo *ſerviceable* to him, in the public encouragement he gave his Dictionary, as Lord Cheſterfield was? "Serviceable to me, my Lord!" ſays the Doctor, "in no reſpect whatſoever: I had been for years ſailing round the World of Literature, and juſt as I was getting into the Chops of the Channel, his Lordſhip ſends out two *little cock-boats*, more to partake of my triumphs, than to pilot me into harbour. No, no, my Lord, Cheſterfield may be a *wit amongſt lords*, but I fancy he is no more

more than a *lord amongſt wits* *."—*Related by the unfortunate Dr. Dodd.*

The King of Pruſſia, when Voltaire and he were very intimate, wrote Odes intitled Philoſophe ſans Soucie; theſe he gave to Voltaire to correct and tranſcribe. Theſe two great perſonages happening to quarrel afterwards, Voltaire expreſſed himſelf to a friend in the following bitter words: "I was his old waſherwoman, and was ſent for only to clean his dirty *ſheets!*"—*Related by the Earl of S——.*

A handſome young woman, who was a witneſs in a trial of *crim. con.* before Lord Mansfield, was interrogated by Counſellor D———, who thinking to confuſe the woman, made her take off her bonnet, that he might have a view of her countenance, and ſee (for all counſellors are complete judges of phyſiognomy) whether the *truth* came from her lips. After he had put many ridiculous queſtions to her, he aſked her whether

* This retort his Lordſhip could never forgive, and in all probability it occaſioned the caricature he afterwards gave of Dr. Johnſon, in one of his Letters to his Son.

ther her miſtreſs had ever communicated the important ſecret to her? "No, Sir," ſaid the woman' "ſhe never did."—And how can you ſwear to her infidelity? "Becauſe I ſaw another gentleman beſides my maſter in bed with her." Indeed! ſaid the Counſellor. "Yes, indeed, Sir." "And pray, my good woman," ſaid the modeſt Counſellor, thinking to ſilence her at once, "did your maſter, (for I ſee you are very handſome,) in return for his wife's infidelity, go to bed with *you?*" "*That trial*, ſays the ſpirited woman, *does not come on to-day, Mr. Slabberchops.*"—Lord M. was tickled to the ſoul: he thruſt his hand into the waiſtband of his breeches, (his cuſtom when highly delighted) and aſked D——— if he had any more interrogatories to put? "No, my Lord, I have done," ſaid the chop-fallen orator, ſettling his wig and ſitting down.—*Related by Lord M———.*

A certain Biſhop being at court, and obſerving a lady, who was very corpulent, talking to the late Priuceſs Dowager of Wales; and at the other end of the room, a very genteel youth, both of whom were utter ſtrangers to him; he addreſſed himſelf to the young gentleman with a very inſinuating air; after ſome

ſome compliments, aſked him if he knew who that *fat ſow* was, who was in diſcourſe with her Royal Highneſs? "*Yes, my Lord,*" replied the youth with great modeſty, "*that fat ſow is the Ambaſſadreſs of Sweden, and mother of the little pig who has the honour to ſpeak to your Lordſhip.*"—*Related by my father*

An Engliſh gentleman who ſlept one night at Voltaire's, begged a book of him, to amuſe him when he roſe in the morning: on which Voltaire gave him his *Pucelle d'Orleans*; adding, "A virgin in my houſe is no ſmall rarity."—*Related by the Earl of S.*

A French writer, ſome ſay Voltaire, having lampooned a nobleman, was caned by him for his licentious wit; when on applying to the Duke of Orleans, then Regent, and begging him to do him juſtice, the Duke replied, with a ſmile, "Sir, it has been done already."———*Related by the Hon. Topham Beauclerk.*

Some time after Lord Townſhend had given up his commiſſion in the Guards, on account of the late Duke of Cumberland's refuſing him leave of abſence for three days, he went one morning to the parade, where Colonel

Colonel F—— (who was remarkable for being *a tale-bearer* to his Royal Highneſs) was looking over the exerciſe, in order, if any thing was wrong, to report it. Upon ſeeing Lord Townſhend come up, "What, Townſhend" ſaid he, "though you have left us, I ſee you ſtill come as a *Spectator?*" "Ay," replied his Lordſhip, "and, between us both, I think, we muſt *improve* the men, as you come here as a *Tatler*."—*Related by the Marquis of Granby.*

An Engliſh gentleman taking leave of Voltaire, to go to London; Voltaire ſaid, "Well, Sir! I will come and ſee you when you are got home—but this is after I am dead; there are above twenty ghoſts in the tragedy of Macbeth, why ſhould not I be one among them?"—*Related by Sterne.*

When Mr. S. the late Attorney G—— of Ireland, was ſtudying the law in the Temple, his circumſtances were not the beſt in the world; he often tranſlated and ſcribbled for the bookſellers, to ſupport a gentleman-like appearance; but, like *Charles Surface*, *Juſtice could not keep pace with his generoſity*, and he was conſequently expoſed to the inſults and preſſure of many creditors. Among the reſt

reſt appeared a very devil, who watched his motions in ſuch a manner, that our good-hearted debtor was obliged to keep his room. As he had many companions, to whom he would not refuſe admittance, he had a ſquare hole cut in the door, with a ſlider, and oppoſite to it he placed a looking-glaſs, in ſuch a ſituation, that on his ſervant's removing the ſlider, he could, from a corner of the room, ſee who called on him, and gave his directions accordingly. A gentleman aſked our orator what was his reaſon for placing the glaſs in that ſituation? he archly replied, "That, Sir is my *dun*-ometer." —*Related by the Lord C. of I——d.*

A celebrated orator and gambler being ia company with the Ducheſs of Northumberland, he ſaid he had juſt purchaſed a beautiful copy of Paradiſe Loſt, which he would ſhew her: after trying both his pockets, he found it had been picked out in his way to Northumberland-houſe, and he inſtantly exclaimed, with a ſignificant look at the Ducheſs, "Bleſs me, I have loſt *Paradiſe!*" "I have ſome reaſon to think you have," ſaid the Ducheſs; "but I have a ſtronger reaſon to think (inſtead of Milton's Poem) your

your loſs is a pair *o'dice.*"——*Related to my wife by Lady A. P.*

The Archbiſhop of Troyes dining at Ferney one day, Voltaire, as uſual, played off all his artillery againſt the prelate, who was alſo a Cardinal. The good divine immediately became the gentleman, and ſaid, "The world have ſuch obligations to men of genius, that a particular allowance is ever made to them, in return for their productions: though I don't doubt but Monſieur de Voltaire will be a good convert to us before he dies." Voltaire immediately anſwered, "My Lord, if ever I am made a convert of, it muſt be, like St. Paul, on horſeback."———*Related by the late Earl Bathurſt.*

At the rehearſal of one of Voltaire's tragedies, at his ſeat at Ferney, Mr. Cramer, bookſeller at Geneva (Voltaire's own immediate publiſher) was finiſhing his part, which was to end in ſome dying ſentences; when Voltaire, all deſpotic over thoſe he thinks his dependants, cries out aloud, "Cramer, you lived like a prince for the four preceding acts, but at the fifth you die like a bookſeller! Dr. Tronchin, the Boerhaave of this

this age, being preſent, could not help, in kindneſs, interfering; adding withal, "Why, Monſieur de Voltaire, can you ever expect to have gentlemen to be at this expence of dreſſes, and fatigue of getting ſuch long parts, if you thus continue to upbraid them? on the contrary, I think they all deſerve the greateſt encouragement at your hands; and as to my friend Cramer, I declare, as far as I am able to judge, he dies with the ſame dignity he lived." Voltaire, who deteſted advice, or being informed by an inferior, (for an author is, in his eye, beyond even an Æſculapius, were he living) made this cool anſwer; "Pr'ythee, doctor, when you have got kings to kill, kill them your own way; let me kill mine as I pleaſe."——*Related by the late French Ambaſſador.*

Dean Bayley is much ſuch a character in Dublin, as Dr. Dodd was in London, the banker for other people's charity for the comfortleſs and heavy laden. When Nan Catley was in her meridian, ſhe was ſolicited in a letter, by the Dean, to give *him a night*; meaning thereby, a night for the Lying-in-Hoſpital; but good hearted Nan gave it another turn, and wrote him an anſwer; in which ſhe told him, "She could

not

not *give him a night*; as ſhe deteſted the *body* of the clergy, and had no great opinion of any one of its *members*."

Mr. F—— was ſo warmly attached to the beautiful Perdita, that his friends ſeldom ſaw his face. A gentleman meeting him in Piccadilly, aſked him the reaſon of his abſence from Brookes's, where his friends had the pleaſure of his company and engaging converſe almoſt every evening: to which our orator, with his happy preſence of mind, replied, "You know, Sir, I have pledged myſelf to the *public* to have a ſtrict eye on Lord S——e's * motions; that is my ſole motive for reſiding in Berkley-Square, and that you may tell my friends is the reaſon they have not ſeen me at Brookes's."—*Related by General C——.*

The celebrated Dr. Young invited old Jacob Tonſon, the bookſeller, to his country ſeat ſeveral times, but could never prevail on him to undertake the journey. The laſt time the Doctor was in London, before Tonſon's death, he aſked the bookſeller

* Mrs. ——'s houſe in Berkley-Square commands a view of Lord S——'s.

ſeller his reaſon for not viſiting him? "Why, really," replied Jacob, "the truth of the matter is, I do not like the country:" "I believe you are right," replied the wit, "*a cucumber thrives beſt upon a dunghill.*"—*Related by Dr. Johnſon.*

Lord S—— meeting an intimate a few days after Mr. Fox and his friends reſigned, wondered very much that his Grace of R———— did not go out with the reſt. "There is nothing at all ſurpriſing in that, my Lord," ſaid the gentleman, "for you know his Grace will not * *go out* with any body."—*Related by Lady C. F.*

General Otway led ſo diſſipated a life, that he often drank Tokay of a guinea a quart, even when alone. Upon which his lady would often ſay, "My dear General, whatever you do for the honour of the crown, and in compliment to ſtate days, do not drink ſuch expenſive wine when by yourſelf; for what muſt your poor children do?" Oh!" ſays the General, "I am eaſy as to that, let them ſmell at the corks."

It

* Alluding, we ſuppoſe, to the fracas between his Grace and Lord Rawdon.

It being neceſſary to tap him ſome time after for the dropſy, he went through the operation like a ſoldier; but, aſking what the ſurgeons had found? and they replying water; he ſaid, "How can that be? I never drank a drop of water in my life. But how long will it be before I muſt be tapped again?" On being anſwered, in ſix months, he replied, "It is impoſſible! no veſſel in my houſe ever held above ſix weeks."

In ſhort, his life was ſo profligate, that his lady at laſt, ſaying, "Why! General, you will not leave a ſhilling to bury you;" he anſwered, "Oh! I'll ſtink them into good manners."—*Related by the late Marquis of Granby.*

When Pope Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) aſcended the papal chair, the ambaſſadors of the different ſtates waited on him with congratulations; when they were introduced, they bowed, and he returned the compliment by bowing likewiſe; the maſter of the ceremonies told his holineſs, he ſhould not have returned their ſalute; "O, I cry you mercy," ſaid the good pontiff, "I have not been Pope long enough to forget good manners."—*Related by Sir C. C.*

Lord

Lord Townſhend, when young, being at the battle of Dettingen, as he was marching down pretty cloſe to the enemy, was ſo very thoughtful (as uſual with moſt officers on their firſt battle) that he took no notice of a drummer's head that was ſhot off juſt before him, though he received ſome of the brains on his coat. A veteran officer obſerving this, went up to him, and endeavoured to rouze him, by telling him the beſt way in theſe caſes, was not to think at all. "Oh! dear Sir," ſays his Lordſhip, with great preſence of mind, "you entirely miſtake my reverie; I have been only thinking what the devil could bring this little drummer here, who ſeemed to poſſeſs ſuch a *quantity of brains.*——*Related by the late Duke of Cumberland.*

Baron B———, a celebrated gambler, well known by the name of the *left-handed* Baron, being detected ſome years ago at Bath, ſecreting a card; the company, in the warmth of their reſentment, threw him out of the window of a *one pair of ſtairs room*, where they had been playing. The Baron meeting Foote ſome time after, was loudly complaining of this uſuage, and aſked what he ſhould do? "Do," ſays the wit, "why

it is a plain caſe, never play ſo *high* again as long as you live."—*Related by C. F.*

As Lady B—L—, now Lady T—, was preſiding one evening at a tea-table, one of her ruffles caught the flame of the tea-lamp, and burned before it could be extinguiſhed. Lord M—, who was of the party, and thought to be witty on the accident, remarked, "He did not think her Ladyſhip ſo apt to *take fire*."——"Nor am I, my Lord," ſays ſhe, with great readineſs, "from *ſuch ſparks* as you."——*Related by General Fitzroy.*

The death of Mr. Holland, of Drury-lane theatre, who was the ſon of a *baker* at Chiſwick, had a very great effect upon the ſpirits of Foote, who had a very warm friendſhip for him: being a legatee, as well as appointed by the will of the deceaſed one of his bearers; he attended the corpſe to the family vault at Chiſwick, and there very ſincerely paid a plentiful tribute of tears to his memory. On his return to town, by way of alleviating his grief, he called in at the Bedford coffee-houſe; when Harry Woodward coming up to him, aſked him if he had not been paying the laſt compliment

to

to his friend Holland? "Yes, poor fellow," ſays Foote, almoſt weeping at the ſame time, "I have juſt ſeen him *ſhoved* into the *family oven*."—*Related by Garrick.*

Counſellor Howard, a late celebrated Iriſh lawyer, as remarkable for his *brogue*, as for his *bon-mots*, being counſel againſt a young officer, who was indicted for a very indecent aſſault, opened the court in the following manner: "My Lord, I am counſel in this cauſe for the crown, and I am firſt to acquaint your Lordſhip that this *ſoldier* here ——," "Stop, Sir," ſays the ignorant military hero, (who thought he uſed the word *ſoldier* as a term of reproach) "I would have you know, Sir, I am *an officer*." "Oh, Sir! I beg your pardon," ſays the counſellor, very drily; "why then, my Lord, to ſpeak more correctly, this officer here, who is no *ſoldier*——."—*Related more than once, by Lord M.*

Foote being engaged to a route of Lady Harrington's, found the ladies all ſo thickly ſeated, that on his entering the drawing-room, he could not get a place to ſit down in. "Come, Foote," ſays her Ladyſhip, "*you* muſt not be kept ſtanding—take a

chair." "You are very obliging, my Lady," says the wit, "but there appears to be more *bottoms* than *chairs* at present about the room."—*Related by the Duchess of Northumberland.*

General B—— being at a country play last summer, the entertainment happened to be the *Stage Coach*, which was acted so wretchedly, that it was impossible to make head or tail of it?—as soon as the curtain closed, and one of the performers came to give out the next play, the General begged leave to ask the name of the entertainment just finished. "The *stage coach*, Sir," says Buskin, bowing very respectfully. "O then, Sir," says the General, "will you be so good to let me know when you perform this again, that I might be an *outside passenger*."—*Related by my eldest son.*

When Foote heard that Dr. Kenrick was going to give a public criticism on his comedy of the Cozeners, at Marybone; "Well," says he, "let the Doctor take care of the fate of our first parents—*a fall in the garden.*"—*Related by Earl T.*

Colonel Bond, who had been one of king Charles

Charles the Firſt's judges, died a day or two before Cromwell; and it was ſtrongly reported every where, that the Protector was dead; "No," ſaid a gentleman, who knew better, "he has only given *Bond* to the Devil for his further appearance.——*Related by the Marquis of Rockingham.*

A few years ago, Foote went to ſpend his Chriſtmas with the late C—— B——n, Eſq. when the weather being very cold, and but bad fires, occaſioned by a ſcarcity of wood in the houſe, Foote was determined to make his viſit as ſhort as poſſible; accordingly, on the third day after he went there, he ordered his chaiſe, and was preparing to ſet out for town. Mr. B——n ſeeing him with his boots on in the morning, aſked him what hurry he was in? and preſſed him to ſtay. "No, no," ſays Foote, "was I to ſtay any longer, you would not let me *have a leg to ſtand on.*" "Why, ſure," ſays Mr. B——n, "we do not drink ſo hard." "No," ſays the Wit, "but there is ſo *little* wood in your houſe, that I am afraid one of your ſervants may light the fires ſome morning with *my right leg.*"——*Related by Lord V. T.*

Lord Cheſterfield and another gentleman, paying a morning viſit together, juſt as the latter ſtept out of the carriage, a great lamp, which hung in the center of an iron arch before the door, fell, and miſſed the gentleman only by about half an inch. "Good God! my Lord," ſays he, much ſurpriſed, "I was near being *gone*." "Why, yes," ſays his Lordſhip, very coolly, "but there would have been one comfort attending ſuch an accident, that you would have had *extreme unction* before you *went*."——*Related by Dr. Dodd.*

Pope Sixtus V. while he was Cardinal, feigned himſelf broken with age and infirmities, and ſtooped to exceſs; looking upon this as one probable means of his exaltation to the Papal chair. It being obſerved to him ſoon after his election, that he carried himſelf much more erect than he had lately done. "I was looking for the keys of St. Peter," ſaid he, "but having found them, I have no longer any occaſion to ſtoop."—*Related by the firſt Lord Lyttleton.*

When Charles F— firſt heard of his ſiſter-in-law, Lady Mary F—, being brought to bed of a ſon and heir, which cut Charles out

out of the eſtate and title, he was called out of what he calls the Jeruſalem Chamber, where he had as uſual a large levee, to be informed of the circumſtance. On his return, ſeeing ſome little kind of diſappointment perhaps in his face, the whole tribe of Levi almoſt unanimouſly cried out, "Vat is de matter! vat is de matter, Maſter F—?" —"Bad enough, indeed," ſays C——s, "here is a *ſecond Meſſiah* come to plague you all."—*Related by Admiral B.*

A wench coming to confeſſion, confeſſed abundance of ſins, but the chief was lying with men. "Well," ſays the friar, "whoredom is a thing does much diſpleaſe God." "I am ſorry for that," ſays ſhe, "for I am ſure it *pleaſeth* me."

The Hon. Mr. F—, upon ſeeing hung at a lady's watch the picture of her deceaſed huſband, who, it was believed, had haſtened his end by intemperance in connubial joys, ſaid, "It was barbarous in her to hang him in chains ſo near the place of execution."

Lord H—n aſſured a young lady that he would do any thing to ſerve her. "If I was

poor and neceſſitous," ſaid the lady, "I make no doubt but you would expreſs yourſelf in a different manner." "Indeed, Madam, I would not," replied his Lordſhip, "for if you was *naked* I would *cover you*." —*Related by his Lordſhip.*

During the time of General Belliſle's confinement in Windſor Caſtle, as a party of ſoldiers were marching there, to be ſet as guards over him; a gentleman meeting them on the road, aſked where they were going, and upon what buſineſs? when one of the officers, fond of punning, replied, "We are going to Windſor to keep a *General faſt*."—*Related by Lord H—.*

Lord Mansfield being willing to ſave a man that had ſtole a watch, deſired the jury to value it at *ten-pence*; upon which, the proſecutors cries out, "*Ten-pence*, my Lord! why the very *faſhion* of it coſt me *five pounds*." "Oh," ſays his Lordſhip, "we muſt not hang a man for *faſhion's ſake*.—*Related by Counſellor E—.*

During the American war, Captain Fanſhaw's ſhip, in company with the frigate commanded by Sir Andrew Snape Hammond,

mond, was ordered to throw in ſome additional forces to our poſts on the North River; to effect which ſervice, they would be obliged to ſail within point-blank ſhot of two of the enemy's moſt powerful batteries; it was the general opinion of the officers, that they would be blown out of the water in attempting it; to which Captain Fanſhaw replied, "Look you, gentlemen, we are poſitively ordered to convey the troops to their deſtination; and if that order had been to land them in hell, by G—d I would have had a thunder at the gate!" This ſpeech had its proper effect, and the ſervice was fully accompliſhed.

An ambaſſador from France, to the Papal ſee, at a time when the court of Rome aſſumed a tone and conſequence that no longer exiſt, had ſought in vain for an audience to obtain ſome point, which the temper of the times required his majeſty to ſupplicate; at length an opportunity afforded, and the miniſter urged the ſuit of his prince with ſubmiſſive earneſtneſs. The haughty pontiff, turning to ſome of his courtiers, ſneeringly obſerved, "*Gallus cantat.*" The irritated ambaſſador exclaimed, "*Utinam ut ad Gallicantum Petrus reſpiceret.*" This

happy ſtroke effected what he had before urged in vain."

Dr. Johnſon being aſked his opinion of the title of a very ſmall volume, remarkable for its copiouſneſs and pompoſity, replied, "That it was ſimilar to placing an eight-and-forty pounder at the door of a pigſty.

Lord F—— having diſcovered the infidelity of his wife, whoſe ruling paſſion was avarice, appeared for ſome time to take no notice of it; at length he ſent for her into his chamber, and after producing undeniable proofs of her guilt, coolly requeſted to know what ſum of money ſhe had received as the price of her virtue; ſhe confeſſed ſhe had yielded to the temptation of a 50l. bank note. He immediately compelled her to ſend for the adulterer (the ſon of an eminent merchant), who being arrived, the huſband, in the preſence of his wife, paid him back 49l. 19s. and the remaining 1s. with cool contempt, he gave to his wife: ſaying, "That was enough for any wh—e in the kingdom;" after which he ordered his porter to turn them both out of doors.—*Related by the Duke of Y—.*

A lady

A lady ſeeing the ſheriff of a county, who was a very handſome young gentleman, attending the judge, who was an old man; a gentleman ſtanding by, aſked her which ſhe liked beſt, the judge or the ſheriff? the lady told him, the ſheriff: "Why ſo?" ſaid the gentleman. "Becauſe," anſwered ſhe, "though I love *judgement* well, I love *execution* better.—*Related by Sir H—y M——.*

A young fellow confeſſed himſelf to a prieſt, and told him, that, ſince his laſt confeſſion, he had committed fornication ſix times. For this the prieſt enjoined him to repeat a roſary, which is a certain number of prayers. Shortly after comes another, who had been nine times guilty; for which he was ordered a roſary and an half. In a few days comes a third, who confeſſed to eleven times. "Eleven!" ſaid the prieſt, eleven! that is a puzzling ſort of a number; a number I am not uſed to; therefore, my friend, e'en go and do it once more, and then ſay two roſaries.

Mr. D—, who is celebrated for punning, was, when at college, taken to taſk by one of the heads of the univerſity; who told him that his puns were a ſcandal to him,

though ever ſo much *in tempore*. "Sir," replied Mr. D—, "my puns are all *extempore*."

A French gentleman preſenting, familiarly, a young marquis, named De Tierceville, to a lady of his acquaintance: "Madam," ſaid he, "this is the Marquis de Tierceville, and he is not ſo great a fool as he looks to be." "Madam," anſwered Tierceville, "there lies the difference between him and me."

As the late King of Pruſſia was one day reviewing his troops, he obſerved a ſoldier who had his face much disfigured with ſcars; he walked up to him, and aſked him at what public houſe he got thoſe ſcars? To which the ſoldier replied, "Pleaſe your Majeſty, it was at a place near *Mackſen*,* where your Majeſty paid the reckoning."

A countryman going into the office of the Commons where the wills are kept, and gazing on the huge volumes on the ſhelves, aſked if thoſe were all *bibles*? "No, Sir," anſwered

* A town in Sileſia, near which the king loſt a great battle.

anſwered one of the clerks, "they are *teſtaments!*"

A gentleman at dinner one day, expreſſed his partiality for all kinds of internals; when the lady of the houſe, who had known him for a ſeries of years, very ſhrewdly obſerved, "That he was miſtaken, as he neither liked cow-heel nor calf's foot."—*Related by Mrs. K———, well known among her friends for her partiality to Iriſh blunders.*

A girl was debauched by a man who had promiſed to marry her; but afterwards laughed at his promiſe. She was at a ſermon, where the preacher ſpoke bitterly againſt thoſe men who debauch girls by pretending promiſe of marriage; and ſaid, that all the future crimes of thoſe unhappy women were to be laid to the charge of their debauchers; and that they ſhould anſwer for them to God. The girl upon this, wiſpered to a companion: "I am happy to have it in my power to take vengeance on the wretch—If he is charged with all the ſins I ſhall commit, he will certainly be damned.—*Related by the P— of W—.*

Some words in French have no correſpondent

pondent rhyme. A lady aſking a poet a rhyme for *coiffe* (a lady's head-dreſs,) was anſwered; "Madam, there is none; for what belongs to a lady's head has neither rhyme nor reaſon."

Lady H— one day ſaid to her Lord, who is much attached to reading, "I wiſh I was a book, that I might always have your company." "Then," anſwered he, I ſhould wiſh you an almanack, that I might change once a year."—*Related by himſelf.*

A certain clergyman in the weſt of England being at the point of death, a neighbouring brother, who had ſome intereſt with his patron, applied to him for the next preſentation; upon which the former, who ſoon after recovered, upbraided him with the breach of friendſhip, and ſaid, "He wanted his death." "No, no, doctor," ſays the other, "you quite miſtake; it was your *living* I wanted."

Gaſton, of Orleans, after engaging many lords to rebel againſt Louis XIII. ungeneroufly abandoned them to their fate. One night the Prince of Guimené leaping from the ſtage into the pit; Gaſton held out his hand

to

to him; "My Lord, I am infinitely obliged to you," ſaid Guimené, "for I am the firſt whom you have aſſiſted to deſcend from the ſcaffold."

A gentleman having ſent a porter on a meſſage, which he executed much to his ſatisfaction, had the curioſity to aſk his name? being informed it was *Ruſſel*: "Pray," ſays the gentleman, "is *your coat of arms* the ſame as the Duke of Bedford's?" "As to our *arms*, your honour," ſays the porter, "I believe they are pretty much alike; but there is a damned deal of difference between *our coats*."——*Related by the Earl of Inchiquin.*

The Duke of Newcaſtle, when prime miniſter, told the Rev. Mr. Sterne one day in converſation, "That men of wit were not fit to be employed, being incapable of buſineſs." The wit replied, "They are not incapable, my Lord, but above it; a ſprightly, generous horſe is able to carry a pack-ſaddle as well as an *aſs*; but he is too good to be put to the drudgery."—*Related by the illuſtrious Mr. Pelham.*

One objecting to Ariſtippus his luxu-

rious feeding; he ſhewed him ſome dear-bought diſh, and ſaid, "Would not you buy this, if it were ſold for a penny?" "Surely," ſaid the other. "Then," ſaid Ariſtippus, "I only give to luxury what you give to avarice."

Some time after Madame Barré lived publicly with the French king, her ambition ſuggeſted to her to aſk for the honour of the guards. His majeſty, who could refuſe her nothing, immediately conſented; but the Duke de Choiſeul, hearing ſuch a thing was in agitation, took every opportunity to diſſuade him from it, but in vain; the king was inflexible, and often diverted his fair Statira with the Duke's importunities. Some time after this affair was given up, the King, Madame Barré, the Princeſs of Conti, and the Duke de Choiſeul, were at a party of whiſt together. The Duke de Choiſeul and the Counteſs were partners; who, in the courſe of their play, happened to be eight; a number well known to entitle the party to call honours. The Counteſs de Barré, who held three in her own hand, aſked her partner, the Duke, as is uſual in ſuch caſes, "Can you one?" "No, Madam, replied the Duke, ſhaking his head. "Why then,"

then," replied the Counteſs, giving him a very inſignificant look, and laying down her cards at the ſame time, "*I have got the honours without you.*"

When General Coote was a young man, his eldeſt brother had a ſmall living in Kilruſh, a mean village, ſituated in the moſt deſolate and barren part of Ireland. One day the divine was reading the account from the Bible, of the formation of the world; and when he came to that part, which ſays, "*and God ſaw all was good,*" Mr. Coote ſtopped him, proteſting, if it was ſo, the Almighty muſt have had his thumb upon the part of the globe where they were then ſituated, and did not conſequently ſee it, elſe he would not have made ſuch an aſſertion.—*Related by Archbiſhop Craddock.*

Mr. Moore, the author of many ingenious pieces, being a long time under an expenſive proſecution in Doctors Commons, for marrying two ſiſters, was called upon one morning by his Proctor, as he was writing his excellent tragedy of the Gameſter: the Proctor having a leiſure hour, Mr. Moore read him four acts of his piece, which were all at that time finiſhed; which the Proctor found

found himſelf ſo affected by, that he exclaimed, "Good God! how can you poſſibly add to this couple's diſtreſs in the laſt act?" "Oh! very eaſily," ſays the poet; there I intend to put them both into the *Spiritual Court.*"——*Related by the Earl of Cheſterfield.*

Lord N— exulting over C. F. on the news in an Extraordinary Gazette, of New-York being conquered; the patriotic wit replied, "It is a miſtake, Sir; New-York is not conquered; it is only, like the Miniſtry—*abondoned.*"—*Related by the Earl of C——.*

Lord Mansfield examining a man, who was a witneſs in the Court of King's Bench, aſked him what he knew of the defendant? "O, my Lord, I knew him; *I was up to him!*" "Up to him!" ſays his Lordſhip, "what do you mean by being up to him?" "Mean, my Lord; why, I *was down upon him!*" "Up to him, and down upon him," ſays his Lordſhip, turning to Counſellor Dunning, "what does the fellow mean?" "Why, I mean, my Lord, as deep as he thought himſelf, I *flagg'd him!*" "I cannot conceive, friend," ſays his Lordſhip, "what you mean by this ſort of language,

I do

I do not underſtand it:" "Not underſtand it!" rejoined the fellow, with ſurpriſe," "*Lord, what a* FLAT *you muſt be!*"——*Related by Sergeant Davy.*

A witneſs on a trial being interrogated by *Judge Wills* in a manner not pleaſing to him, turned to an acquaintance, and told him in a half-wiſper, "He did not come there to be *queer'd* by the *old one.*" *Wills* heard him, and inſtantly replied, in his own *cant*, "I am old, 'tis true,—and I'm *rum* ſometimes—and for once I'll be *queer*—and I'll ſend you to *quad.**"—*Related by Counſellor D.*

Lord B——e aſked Dr. Johnſon, why he hated the Scotch ſo much? The cynic replied, "You are miſtaken, my Lord, I do not hate the Scotch; neither do I hate frogs, provided they keep in their *native element*; but I do not like to have them hopping about my bed-chamber."——*Related by the Counteſs of B——e.*

Seageant Davy being concerned in a cauſe which he wanted to put off a few days,

* Priſon.

days, asked Lord M———, the late chief justice of the King's-Bench, when he would bring it on? "Friday next," says his Lordship. "Will you consider, my Lord, Friday next will be Good-Friday." "I do not care for that," says his Lordship, "I shall sit for all that." "Well, my Lord, to be sure you may do as you please; but if you do, I believe you will be the first judge who did business on a Good-Friday since Pontius Pilate's time."—*Related by Lord M——.*

When Wilkinson, the celebrated comedian, first appeared on the stage, he applied himself principally to mimickry, which he succeeded in so well, as to meet with almost universal applause. Amongst the various characters he took off was Luke Sparkes, the player, who felt it so powerfully, that he made a formal complaint to Mr. Garrick. Garrick, who himself smarted under the lash of the mimick, laughed it off, and said, "Come, come, Luke, you had better take no notice of it: consider, if you are mimicked, it is in *good company*." "Very true, Sir," says Luke, very gravely; "but I have known many a man *ruined* by keeping *good company*."——*Related by Garrick.*

The

The first night that Mr. *Diamond* made his appearance at Drury-lane theatre, Lady Spencer was observing to Sir G. W——n, who sat near her, what a number of *Jews* were in the house. "O Lord! Madam," says Sir George, "I do not wonder at that; consider, they are assembled *to try the value of a Diamond.*"—*Related by General B——e.*

A witty divine receiving an invitation to dinner, wrote on the *ten of hearts*, by a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune. This the gentleman thought a good opportunity to give the lady a distant hint of his hopes; he wrote therefore the following lines on the same card, and returned it by her own servant:

Your compliments, lady, I pray now forbear,
For old English service is much more sincere;
You've sent me *ten hearts*, but the tythe's only mine,
So give me *one heart*, and take back *t'other nine.*

Related by my mother.

In a Christmas party at Euston, consisting of the Duke of G————n, Lord B———b———e, George Selwyn, and a country 'Squire, whose wife had lately eloped; the latter was one day, after dinner, extolling for a long time the fine fair for

horned

horned cattle he had on his eſtate; when Selwyn, heartily tired of ſuch converſation, propoſed cards. "Stop a-while," ſays the Duke, "I expect Sir Charles Bunbury here preſently." "Do you ſo," ſays Selwyn, ſlapping the 'Squire, who ſat next to him, upon the back, "why then, my friend, we ſhall have a *horned fair* of our own.—*Related by the Duke of G——n.*

James the Second, when he was Duke of York, took it into his head to viſit Milton, merely out of curioſity. In the courſe of their converſation, the Duke aſked Milton, "Whether he did not think the loſs of his ſight was a judgment upon him for what he had writ againſt his father, Charles I.?" Our immortal bard made the following reply: "If your Highneſs thinks that the calamities which befal us here, are indications of the wrath of Heaven, in what manner are we to account for the fate of the king, your father? the diſpleaſure of Heaven muſt, upon this ſuppoſition, have been much greater againſt *him* than *me*, for I have only loſt my *eyes*, but he loſt his *head*."——*Related by my father, who had it from Mr. Mallet.*

Some time after the late Lord Waldegrave abjured

abjured the Catholic religion, he was ſent ambaſſador to France, where he reſided ſeveral years. Being one day at an entertainment where his couſin, the Duke of Berwick, and many other noblemen were preſent; the Duke wanting to mortify him on the ſcore of religion, aſked his Lordſhip "Whether the *miniſters of ſtate*, or the *miniſters of the goſpel* had the greateſt ſhare in his converſion?" "Good God! my Lord Duke, how can you aſk me ſuch a queſtion? do not you know, that when I quitted the Roman Catholic religion, I *left off confeſſion!*"—*Related by the late Lord Cheſterfield.*

Dr. P—, an Iriſh parſon, and a remarkable ordinary man in his perſon, having a neat parſonage houſe, very curiouſly furniſhed, was one day ſhewing it to Dr. Berkely, the celebrated Biſhop of Cloyne. "Well, my Lord," ſays the Doctor, after they had returned to the dining-parlour, "you ſee what a nice *marriage trap* I have got here." "Why, yes, Doctor," ſays the Biſhop, looking him full in the face, "I ſee you have; but I am afraid you will not find a lady that will reliſh the *bait*."—*Related by my mother.*

When

When Madame Barré became the miſtreſs of Louis XV. ſuch an elevation of one in her mean circumſtances, neceſſarily became the topic of converſation. Some young fellows talking this matter over one night at the Engliſh coffee-houſe, in Paris; a gentleman preſent ſaid, "He remembered her when ſhe was to be had for a *ſix livre piece.*" "Very true, Sir," ſays another, "but ſhe is now riſen *to a Louis.*"—*Related by the Dutcheſs of Northumberland.*

At Mr. Fordyce's ſale, at Roehampton, Foote, who attended almoſt every day, bought nothing but a pillow; on which a gentleman aſked him, "What particular uſe he could have for a ſingle pillow?" "Why, ſays Foote, "to tell you the truth, I do not ſleep very well at night, and I am ſure this muſt give me many a good nap, when the proprietor of it (though he *owed ſo much)* could ſleep upon it.—*Related by the Dutcheſs of Queenſbury.*

The late excellent wit, Counſellor Crips of Cork; who, from a very fine beau, dwindled to a mere ſloven as he advanced in years, was invited by Lady Doneraile to dinner, at her country houſe. Her Lady-

ſhip,

ſhip, knowing his inattention to his dreſs, told him in the card, that the firſt perſonages in the neighbourhood of Doneraile were to dine with her, and requeſted he would be very ſpruce upon the occaſion; but the requeſt had no effect upon the Counſellor: he appeared before her Ladyſhip in an old ruſty black coat and waiſtcoat, with a pair of greaſy *velvet breeches*; which ſo diſguſted her, that ſhe lectured him pretty ſmartly: "If I had not told you," ſays her Ladyſhip, "in my card, that I expected a brilliant company to dinner, I ſhould not be angry; but I remember I made it a particular requeſt to ſee you decently dreſſed; inſtead of which, this old coat (taking hold of it) is not fit for a beggar; and the front of your waiſtcoat begrimed with ſnuff, with the naſtieſt greaſy *velvet breeches* I ever beheld; —for ſhame Counſellor!"—"Stop," ſays the wit; "my coat and waiſtcoat are old to be ſure, and ſhould be thrown aſide; but my *velvet breeches* I have the utmoſt veneration for,—they are an *old pall* I carry to cover a *dead friend.*"——*This is by much the beſt ſtroke of wit I ever heard, and was communicated to me in an admirable manner, by the late Earl of Inchiquin.*

Marſhal Turenne happening one hot day to be looking out of the window of his anti-chamber, in a white waiſtcoat and night-cap, a ſervant entering the room, deceived by his dreſs, miſtakes him for one of the under-cooks. He comes ſoftly behind him, and with a hand, which was not one of the lighteſt, gives him a violent ſlap on the breech. The Marſhal inſtantly turns about; and the fellow, frightened out of his wits, beholds the face of his maſter. Down he drops upon his knees—*Oh! my Lord! I thought it was George.*—*And ſuppoſe it had been George*, replied the Marſhal, cubbing his backſide, *you ought not to ſtrike quite ſo hard.*

Monſ. de Voltaire, as he was writing his tragedy of Merope, one day called his footman at three o'clock in the morning, and gave him ſome verſes to carry immediately to the Sieur Paulin, who played the part of the *tyrant* in that play. The ſervant excuſing himſelf, under a pretence that it was the hour of ſleep. "Go, I ſay," continued Voltaire, tyrants never ſleep."—*Related by the intelligent Lord M——d.*

The preſent Prince of Orange was lately converſing

converſing with one of his officers; the officer, from a ſcruple of politeneſs, declined enforcing what he ſaid with ſuch arguments as the ſubject would have admitted; which the prince obſerving, deſired the officer *never to give up his opinion whenever he ſpoke to him upon any buſineſs, as from experience it muſt be ſuperior.*—This is a noble inſtance of a great mind.——*Related by the Prince of M. S.*

That admired ſon of the comic muſe, Mr. Quick, belonging to the Liverpool company of comedians, at the time the celebrated *Naval Review of Portſmouth* made ſo much noiſe in the world. One of the gentlemen of the theatre, after ſaluting Mr. Quick one morning in the GREEN ROOM, whipt open his waiſtcoat; the ladies ſet up a loud laugh; which the wag heightened, by obſerving, *the ladies had an opportunity of ſeeing a* Naval *Review, without going to Portſmouth!*

The ſame excellent companion happened to be in company with a gentleman, whoſe father was a *footman*, when heraldry became the topic of converſation: the gentleman obſerved, " he had ſeen his arms on a Ba-

ronet's carriage of his name, and they muſt be related." "No doubt," ſaid the wit, "your family, Sir, is pretty extenſive: your father's *arms* muſt have been upon many carriages."

Lord Shelburne, paſſing through one of the ſtreets at the weſt end of the town in a coach, with two friends; one of them cried, "There goes Charles Fox." "And in *boots*," ſays the other. "Tut, man," replied his Lordſhip, with his uſual vivacity, "how could he be otherwiſe, when you know *Townſhend is in his ſhoes?*"——*Related by Lord T*———.

Lady C——, walking in St. James's Park with a young lady, a novice in affairs of love; the young lady, on ſeeing Lord C—— coming up, dreſſed *à la mode de Paris*, and diſplaying a number of fantaſtical airs, exclaimed, "Lord! Lady C——, what a charming angelic man." "Never," ſays the literary wit, "never, my dear girl, judge of the *piece* by the *drapery*.—*Related by Miſs K*———.

It is well known that the celebrated monarch, Charles the Fifth, who, from the

the extenſiveneſs of his dominions, and the rapidity of his conqueſts, projected nothing leſs than an univerſal monarchy, at laſt grew ſick, not only of this vain purſuit, but relinquiſhed his crown, and with it all earthly grandeur, to retire to the monaſtery of St. Juſt, where he ended his days in the moſt exemplary line of mortification. The day when he went in his turn to wake the novices, at the hour of matins; one of them, who did not chooſe to be ſo early diſturbed out of a ſound ſleep, pretended not to hear him. The devotion of Charles, however, would take no excuſe: he continued ſhaking him, till the novice found it was impoſſible to feign any longer; then bouncing out of his bed, he exclaimed, "What the devil! have you not troubled the repoſe of the world long enough already, without coming here to diſturb that of a peaceable man who has *forſaken it?*"———*Related by General C*———.

George S——n being in a bookſeller's ſhop at the weſt end of the town, a ſhort while ago, was aſked by a nobleman, what he thought of the *conſtitution* of Great B——n? the wit replied, "The *conſti-*

tution of E———d, my Lord, and that of your humble ſervant, are alike—in a rotten condition; though I muſt own I have the advantage—for I have the aſſiſtance of an *able ſurgeon*; but our poor country is committed to the care of a *parcel of quacks!*"—*Related by General C*——.

The Earl of B. who is well known to be a lover of virtù, called at a broker's ſhop in one of his morning walks, where he had bought many pictures. The broker died the day before, and lay in his coffin in a back room; and the wife of the deceaſed was out about ſome buſineſs. It ſo happened that ſhe left a woman to mind the ſhop, who made light of ſacrificing modeſty to a ſtroke of humour; and who, we muſt ſuppoſe, had an intrigue of ſome ſtanding with the deceaſed: for when his Lordſhip aſked if ſhe had any *dead game*, (meaning thereby *pictures)* ſhe replied, "The beſt ſhe had ever met with," and inſtantly led his Lordſhip to take a view of the *corpſe*.—*Related by General C.*

There was a grand maſquerade ball held at Paris, in the reign of Lewis XIII. who was a weak prince. His Majeſty, notwithſtanding

withſtanding his dreſs, was diſcovered by two young gentlemen, walking in the ball-room, with his arm round the waiſt of one of his miſtreſſes; one gentleman complained of the heat of the room, and made a motion to the other for them to adjourn to the *King's Arms*. "No," replied he, "that will not do; *the King's Arms is full*; but if you think proper, we will retire to the *King's Head, for that is quite empty*."——*Related by my eldeſt ſon.*

The King of Naples interferes ſo much in the amuſements of the Neapolitan court, that he ſuperintends the management of the *opera* himſelf.—His Majeſty invited ſome Engliſh gentlemen to be preſent at the rehearſal; when he took occaſion to inquire of one of them how the King of England employed his mornings?—"Sire," replies the gentleman, "in arranging plans for the conduct of his navy, and reviewing his army."—"Very well, Sir," ſays his Majeſty, "ſo do I: this is my *navy*, and this is my *army*," pointing to different groupes of dancers.—"And who are theſe?" adds the gentleman, noticing ſome *gigantic caſtratos*.—"O," replies his Majeſty, "thoſe are the *neutral powers!*"——*Related by the N. Ambaſſador.*

At the conteſted election for the city of Weſtminſter, between Lord Trentham (now Earl Gower) and Sir George Vandeput, John Glynn, Eſq. (father to the late Serjeant Glynn) went in a plain dreſs to the huſtings in Covent-Garden, to poll, and was interrogated by one of the clerks with all the inſolence of office, with, "Well, Sir, who are you? what is your name?" "John Glynn." "Where do you live?" "In ——— ſtreet, Weſtminſter." "What trade are you?" "A very poor trade indeed, Sir," replied Mr. Glynn, "for an honeſt man to get a living by; I am a *member of parliament*.

I am very fond of rural excurſions, which I often make, in company with my eldeſt ſon, General C———, and other friends. It happened not long ſince to rain, while I was amuſing myſelf in this manner; when my companions and I entered a cottage, where a woman was very buſy waſhing linen. The woman left her work, and preſſed us to ſit down; ſeeing us in a *blue uniform*, ſhe riveted her eyes on us, till I told her to go on with her work; this ſhe declined, alledging, ſhe would be time enough, as ſhe had but two or three ſhirts

to

to waſh for her ſon, who was in ſervice in London. I aſked her how many ſons ſhe had? to which ſhe, with much gravity, anſwered, (ſurveying my cloaths at the ſame time) *I won't tell you how many ſons I have!* I begged the poor woman's pardon for being ſo inquiſitive; and on leaving her, gave her a guinea: ſhe looked at me very earneſtly, thanked me; and hearing General C. ſay we were unacquainted with the ſhort cut to Windſor; ſhe, with much good-nature in her countenance, ſaid, ſhe would ſhew us; which ſhe inſtantly did. After parting, ſhe met a friend, to whom ſhe communicated her fears; with, "*What do you think, neighbour, them ſoldiers you ſee go along, were in my houſe a few minutes ago, and one of them aſked me how many ſons I had got? but I was too cunning for them; I ſaw, the moment they came in, they were a party of the* OXFORD BLUES, *who wanted to liſt my poor boys. You know, neighbour, I had a ſon preſt not long ago, and it was as much as my poor huſband and I could do to get him off.—The talleſt of them is a good-natured fellow for all that; for though I anſwered him in a very ſurly manner, he gave me a guinea—long life to him.*

The Counteſs of B——— informed me

a few days ago, Colonel C——— paid his addreſſes to Miſs Hudſon, a great coquette, and met with a repulſe, which hurt him ſeverely: "I am not at all ſurpriſed at that, Madam," replied I, "for he is not the only warrior who has been foiled endeavouring to *enter Hudſon's Bay*."

Dr. Johnſon being one night at Drury-lane theatre, to ſee Mr. Garrick play Macbeth; in one of the moſt intereſting ſcenes of the play, he and the whole company in the box where he ſat were interrupted by the impertinence of a young man of faſhion, who inſiſted on having a *place*, though none was kept for him: the diſturbance continued untill the end of the act; when the Doctor, turning about with great contempt, cried, "Pſhaw, Sir, how can you be ſo miſtaken? *Your place* is in the *ſhilling gallery*."——*Related by Garrick.*

An American lady, who arrived in Corke a few weeks ago, and whoſe paſſage to Ireland was accompanied with ſtorms and tempeſts, was called on after dinner at the Earl of Inchiquin's (whoſe delightful ſeat is near the *cove* of Corke) for a toaſt, upon which ſhe inſtantly gave the *ſpit* in the *harbour's*

bour's mouth,* which threw the company into the utmoſt good humour.—— *Related by Admiral R.*

Lord Northington being much afflicted with the gout during his chancellorſhip, it happened on a birth-day, ſoon after his Majeſty's acceſſion, that he was taken ſo ill, as to ſend Lady N——— (who, by the bye, was no Solomon) to court in his ſtead. On her return, ſhe was telling that the king had aſked her, who built Grange? (the ſeat of the Lord Chancellor.) "And who did you ſay?" replied my Lord. "Why, I told him it was *Indigo* Jones." "Well, and what did the k—g ſay?" continued he. "Why, he ſaid, he thought as how it was *Indigo* Jones, by the ſtyle." Upon this his Lordſhip ſet up a hearty laugh, which his lady interpreting to be from ſome miſtake of her's, begged to know whether ſhe had not informed his Majeſty right?" "O," ſays the other, in his uſual blunt way, "perfectly ſo, Kate; I was only laughing to think which of you was the greateſt f—l."—— *Related by the late Lord Ligonier.*

* A ſtake ſo called, which is placed in the Cove as a guide to pilots,

Anecdote of William Collins the poet.—This unfortunate ſon of Apollo having once ſome intelligent friends drinking tea with him at his apartments at Magdalen College, Oxford; a member of another college, as remarkable for his brutal behaviour as for his good ſcholarſhip, came in, and without the leaſt provocation, kicked the tea-table, with all its furniture, to the other ſide of the room. Our poet, though naturally of a warm temper, took no notice of the aggreſſor; but calmly riſing from his chair, picked up the ſlices of bread and butter, and the fragments of the crockery-ware, repeating mildly,

"Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ."

—*Related by Doctor J*——.

Doctor Cheney once, when Naſh was ill, drew up a preſcription for him, which was ſent in accordingly. The next day the Doctor coming to ſee his patient, found him up and well: upon which he aſked if he had followed his preſcription? "*Followed* your preſcription?" cried Naſh, "No.—Egad, if I had, I ſhould have broke my neck; for I flung it out of a two pair of ſtairs window."

—*Related by the Ducheſs of Northumberland.*

A porter

A porter going to Mr. Blaſt's houſe one day with a load upon his back, ſaid to a gentleman that he met in the Haymarket: "Pray, your honour, can you tell me where Mr. Blaſt lives?" "Mr. Blaſt? Blaſt did you ſay?" replied the gentleman. "Yes, *Blaſt*, your honour," ſaid the porter. This odd connection of words, though not intended to give any offence, ſo irritated the gentleman, that he not only refuſed to give the porter information, but in a rage, gave him a hearty drubbing with his cane.—*Related by Lord T——.*

Mr. T—— T————d being in company ſome weeks ago with the Weſtminſter orator, and ſome other parliamentary friends, was talking of the debates laſt winter in the Houſe of Commons, and obſerved that Mr. F—x had never been oftener *on his legs* in any one ſeſſion. "True," replied Charles, who loves to joke on his own misfortunes, "*for the Jews left me not a chair to ſit on.*"——*Related by the Earl of S———e.*

A Mr. Hare breakfaſted with the celebrated Mr. Fox ſome time ago, whoſe dealings with the Jews were pretty extenſive. Looking

Looking out of the window, he perceived a number of the money-hunting tribe about the door, upon which he called out, "Pray, gentlemen, are ye *fox*-hunting or *hare*-hunting this morning?"—— *Related by Sir James W——.*

The late Doctor Glover, well known for being one of the beſt companions in the world, was returning from a tavern one morning early, acroſs Covent-Garden, when a chairman cried out, "A chair! your honour, a chair!" Glover took no notice, but called his dog, who was a good way behind, "Scrub, Scrub, Scrub." "Och, by J s?" ſays the chairman, "there goes *a pair of ye!*" The facetious Doctor gave his countryman half-a-crown for the ſaucy witticiſm.—*Related by Lord V. T——d.*

Counſellor Crips being on a party at Caſtle Martyr, the ſeat of the Earl of Shannon, in Ireland, one of the company, who was a phyſician, ſtrolled out before dinner into the church-yard. Dinner being ſerved up, and the Doctor not returned, ſome of the company were expreſſing their ſurpriſe where he could be gone to. "Oh," ſays the Counſellor, "he is but juſt ſtept out to

pay

pay a viſit to ſome of *his old patients.*"——*Related by the Earl of Shannon.*

Dr. Johnſon being in company with Foote ſome years ago, the Emigration of the Scotch to London became the ſubject of converſation. Foote inſiſted that the emigrants were as numerous in the former as in the preſent reign; the Doctor the contrary: this diſpute continued with a friendly warmth for ſome time, when Johnſon called out, "You are certainly wrong, Sam; but I ſee how you are deceived; you cannot diſtinguiſh them now as formerly; for the fellows all come *breeched* to the capital of late years."——*Related by Garrick.*

It is confidently aſſerted of Lady H—, that her Lord having ſome very ſtrong ſuſpicions of her Ladyſhip's infidelity, and even the juſt right his daughters had to call him father, her Ladyſhip made this very ſatisfactory declaration: "I ſolemnly declare, "my Lord, that you have not the leaſt reaſon "to doubt of your being their father; for I "proteſt, before Heaven, that I never in-"jured your bed, till *after* I was pregnant."——*Related by Lady C*——.

A certain author had a child born one morning, and publiſhed a volume of his writings the next; which gave an opportunity to his wife to obſerve, that his attention, no doubt, would be devoted to the firſt born, though leaſt meritorious; "You, my dear, have introduced into the world a child of letters, and I have introduced a blockhead, that takes more pleaſure in eating and drinking, than all the ſciences put together can convey to his imagination; what your child will earn through his knowledge of letters, mine will ſpend laviſhly in the nurſery of ignorance."———*Related by Dr. J——.*

The late Biſhop Herring, not more remarkable for his learning than his benevolence, having been applied to by a curate of the pariſh, on the death of a clergyman to whom he had himſelf given the living, (but who had diſcovered a diſpo ſition quite oppoſite to his own) for his continuance under the new rector, behaved to him in a manner which exceedingly ſurpriſed him.—The good Biſhop, being as well acquainted with the man, as with the hardſhips he had ſuffered, and with the poorneſs of his pay, conceiving a high regard

regard for his underſtanding and character, and pitying the diſtreſſes to which he had been driven, by the demands of a numerous family, told him he ſhould have the living himſelf.—" Shall I, by God!" ſaid he, in a tranſport.—The Biſhop, inſtead of being ſhocked at an exclamation, which evidently proceeded from the fulneſs of his heart, and not from a ſwearing habit, replied, with his uſual mildneſs, but with a very ſerious air, laying his hands with ſolemnity upon his breaſt, " By the living God you ſhall!"

The ſummer that George the Second did not ſpend at Hanover, was paſſed away at Kenſington; during his reſidence there, all well-dreſſed perſons were admitted to walk in the gardens, which the king frequented very much. It is ſuppoſed, that in his perambulations, he had met with ſome people he did not like, and had ſaid ſomething, in hearing of his ſervants, about it; for a report was ſpread in the palace, that his Majeſty could wiſh not to be met with in his walks by any body. One morning as a page and his wife were taking the air, they ſaw the king coming towards them, and were afraid to meet him,

he

he being at a great diſtance, and no turning between them, he put his wife through the hedge, and walked gently on to meet his Majeſty; when he came near, the king called to him that he ſhould approach, and then aſked him, why he put the woman through the hedge, and alſo wiſhed to avoid him? the page anſwered, "That he heard there was an order from his Majeſty, that no perſon ſhould be in the ſame walks with him, and therefore was afraid of offending him: the king immediately replied, "why ſhould *one honeſt man be afraid to meet another?—Related by my mother.*

A few days after the late Lord L——— married the buxom Miſs H. he found it neceſſary to withdraw from the buſineſs of love for a little while; but not caring to let his wife into the ſecret, he procured a ſubpœna to be ſent him to attend as an evidence at one of the courts in London; which, ſhewing her, he took leave with ſeeming regret, and ſet forward on his journey, and was abſent about a month. A few days after his return home, the ſaid nobleman and his lady were looking out at a window, at their cows grazing in a field adjoining: "My dear," ſaid he, "what

is

is become of the bull which uſed to be ſo briſk among the cows here?" "Oh! child," ſays ſhe, "he's *ſubpœna'd*, I ſuppoſe, *to the other end of the field.*"——*Related by Lord C*———.

Mr. Gray, the celebrated author of *The Elegy in a Country Church Yard*, being in London before his promotion to the profeſſorſhip of Modern Hiſtory in the univerſity of Cambridge; and when his circumſtances were ſo crampt, that he could indulge himſelf in very few gratifications, went with a friend to a private ſale of books, in which the lots were very large: among the reſt, there was a very elegant book-caſe, filled with a well-choſen collection of the beſt French claſſics, handſomely bound, the price 100 guineas. Mr. Gray had a great longing for this lot, but could not afford to buy it. The converſation between him and his friend was overheard by the amiable Ducheſs of Northumberland, who knowing the other gentleman, took an opportunity to aſk who his friend was? She was told it was the celebrated *Gray*. Upon their retiring, ſhe bought the book-caſe and its contents, and ſent it to Mr. *Gray's* lodgings, with a note, importing, that ſhe was aſhamed of ſending ſo

ſmall

ſmall an acknowledgement for the infinite pleaſure ſhe had received in reading *The Elegy in a Country Church Yard.—Related by the Earl of C———.*

A Highwayman and Chimney Sweeper; or No Diſtinction at the Gallows.

A highwayman and a chimney-ſweeper were condemned to be hanged the ſame day at Tyburn, the firſt for an exploit on the highway, the latter for a more ignoble robbery. The highwayman was dreſſed in ſcarlet, and mounted the cart with alacrity; the chimney-ſweeper followed him ſlowly. While the clergyman was praying with fervour, the gay robber was attentive; and the other approached near to his fellow-ſufferer to partake of the ſame benefit, but met with a repulſive look from his companion, which kept him at ſome diſtance. But forgetting this angry warning, he preſumed ſtill to come nearer; when the highwayman, with ſome diſdain, ſaid, "Keep farther off, can't you?"——"Sir," replied ſweep, "I won't keep off; and let me tell you, I have as much *right* to be *here* as you."—*Related by Garrick.*

Few

Few men would ſucceed in their gallantries if the women were always to conduct themſelves with the prudence of the lady, who being urged by her lover to conſent to his happineſs; anſwered him as follows: "When I was about to be married, I took the advice of my parents;—Now that I am married, I obey my huſband's:—Go, therefore, to him; make your propoſal, and if he conſent, be aſſured that I ſhall have no objection."——*Related by my wife.*

Sir E. W———, father to her Royal Highneſs the Ducheſs of Glouceſter, who has been labouring threeſcore years with unremitting ardour at his violoncello. It has been his miſtreſs, his rage, his foible, his caprice! It has entirely engroſſed his mind, and given him that abſence of manner, which has been imputed to Euclid, Newton, and other abſtruſe philoſophers. One proof he gave the day his eldeſt daughter was married to Mr. K. afterwards Biſhop of E. The *form* was, that when the bride had retired, Lady A. the bridegroom's mother, ſhould acquaint Sir E— that ſhe was in her chamber: and the Knight was to carry the meſſage to his ſon-in-law. The Dowager performed the taſk a little after eleven.

eleven. "Very well, Madam," ſaid the father, who had juſt then turned over a leaf in a new ſolo. In a moment he had forgot the important buſineſs, and actually kept on *ſtrum-ſtrum*, till paſt two in the morning; whilſt poor K. who was the very child of form, kept pacing it in the paſſage before the parlour door, waiting for the information, without which he could not ſtir. The lady, in the mean time, was entertained by her maid, who ſat above two hours by her bed ſide, keeping her awake.——*Related by the Duke of M.*

A lady in an advanced age, and declining ſtate of health, went lately, by the advice of her phyſician, to take lodgings at Iſlington. She agreed for a ſuite of rooms, and coming down ſtairs, obſerved, the banniſters were much out of repair: theſe ſhe ſaid, muſt be mended before ſhe could think of coming to live there. "Madam," replied the landlady, "that will anſwer no purpoſe, as the undertaker's men, in bringing down the coffins, are continually breaking the banniſters." The old lady was ſo ſhocked at this funeral intelligence, that ſhe immediately declined all thoughts of occupying

cupying the apartments.——*Related by Doctor H——.*

Sir Francis Blake Delaval, having married an extreme ugly lady, though very rich, was aſked by his friends, how he could think of marrying ſo ordinary a woman? "Look ye," ſaid he, "I bought her by *weight*, and paid nothing for *faſhion*."—— *Related by Foote.*

In one of the late exhibitions of the Royal Academy, there was a fine whole length painting of Mr. Garrick in Richard the Third, which was univerſally allowed to be the beſt likeneſs of that incomparable actor yet done. One morning as Mr. Garrick was going down ſtairs from the exhibition room, he was met by a nobleman of his acquaintance, who aſked him how he did? "Why, faith, my Lord," replied Garrick, "but *ſo-ſo* this morning; but if your Lordſhip will walk up ſtairs, you will ſee me as *well* as ever I was in my life."——*Related by Lord T——.*

Menecrates, a phyſician, having performed ſome wonderful cures, was ſo intoxicated with the public applauſe, that he ſeriouſly adopted

adopted the name of Jupiter, given him by the idolization of his countrymen. Writing to Ageſilaus, he began his letter, "Menecrates Jupiter to King Ageſilaus, health." Ageſilaus returned him this laconic anſwer, "King Ageſilaus to Menecrates, health of mind."

Ageſilaus being very fond of his children, he would ſometimes ride about on a cane among them. A friend catching him at this ſport; he ſaid, "Tell nobody till you are yourſelf a father."

Some Athenian called the Spartans unlearned: "True," ſaid Antalcidas, "we alone of all the Greeks have learned nothing bad from you Athenians.

A ſoldier ſaying, at Thermopylæ, that the arrows of the Barbarians were ſo numerous as to hide the ſun: "Then," ſaid Leonidas, "we ſhall have the great advantage of fighting in the ſhade.

When Xerxes wrote to Leonidas to ſurrender his arms; he only returned, "Come and take them."

A dancer ſaying to a Spartan, "You cannot ſtand ſo long on one leg as I can." *True*, anſwered the Spartan, *but any gooſe can.*

Ariſtippus being in a ſtorm, ſhewed great fear. Upon being reproached for this by an officer preſent, he anſwered, *Our lives are of very different value.*

Anacharſis the Scythian ſage being aſked "In what reſpect learned men differed from unlearned?" anſwered, *As the living from the dead.*

Zeno thus addreſſed a garrulous youth, *Nature gave us two ears, and one mouth;—that we might hear much, and talk little.*

When Themiſtocles went to Andrus to demand a levy of money, he ſaid, *I bring two Gods with me, Force and Perſuaſion.* He was anſwered, *And we have too ſtronger, Want and Impoſſibility.*

An Athenian who wanted eloquence, but was very brave, when another had, in a long and brilliant ſpeech, promiſed great

affairs, got up and ſaid, " Men of Athens, all that he has *ſaid*, I will *do*."

Zeuxis entered into a conteſt of art with Parrhaſius. The former painted grapes ſo truly that birds came and pecked at them. The latter delineated a curtain ſo exactly, that Zeuxis coming in, ſaid " Take away the curtain that we may ſee this piece."— And finding his error, ſaid, " Parrhaſius, thou haſt conquered. I only deceived birds, thou an artiſt."

Zeuxis painted a boy carrying grapes; the birds came again and pecked. Some applauding, Zeuxis flew to the picture in a paſſion, ſaying, " My boy muſt be very ill painted."

Leo, the Byzantine ſophiſt, came to Athens to perſuade the people to concord. Being a little fat perſonage, with a portly belly, he no ſooner mounted the roſtrum than a loud and univerſal laugh enſued. But he, nothing moved, taking advantage of the incident, ſaid, " Why do you laugh, men of Athens? My wife is yet fatter than me." A louder laugh aroſe. But he proceeded,

ceeded, "Now, fat as we are, and large, one bed eaſily hold us when at concord; but when varience ariſes, the whole houſe cannot contain us."

Antimachus the poet, reading his verſes, was left by all his hearers ſave Plato, to whom he ſaid, "I ſhall proceed nevertheleſs; Plato is himſelf an audience."

A ſcholar, a bald man, and a barber, travelling together, agreed each to watch four hours at night, in turn, for the ſake of ſecurity. The barber's lot came firſt, who ſhaved the ſcholar's head when aſleep, then waked him when his turn came. The ſcholar ſcratching his head, and feeling it bald, exclaimed, "You wretch of a barber, you have waked the bald man inſtead of me."

The people of Terracona, in Spain, ſending to inform Auguſtus, as an happy omen, that a laurel had grown out of an altar they had erected to him; he anſwered, "Ay, it appears how often you ſacrifice.

At Dyrrachium the great Cæſar waited for ſome forces from Brundiſium. When their arrival was retarded, he ſecretly, and

unknown, entered a little boat, to paſs the ſea. A ſtorm ariſing, the maſter wiſhed to return, but Julius encouraged him with the famous expreſſion, "Know, you carry Cæſar, and all his fortunes."

When Cæſar conquered Pharnaces at the firſt onſet, he ſent this laconic letter to a friend; I came, I ſaw, I conquered."

Fabia Dollabella ſaying, ſhe was thirty years of age; Cicero anſwered, "It muſt be true, for I have heard it theſe twenty years."

Marcus Livius, after Fabius Maximus had retaken Tarentum, boaſted, that Fabius could not have retaken it but for his aſſiſtance, who commanded the citadel.—"True," ſaid Fabius, "if you had not loſt it, I could never have retaken it."

Domitian uſed to ſhut himſelf up, in order to hunt flies, his favourite diverſion. One aſking, if any body was with Cæſar, Vibius Criſpus anſwered, "Not even a fly."

Servilius Geminus, ſupping with Lucius Mellius, a famous painter at Rome, and ſeeing

ſeeing his children deformed, ſaid, "Mellius, you do not make as you paint."—"No," anſwered he, "I make by night, but paint by day."

The Emperor Nero ſaid of a thieving ſervant, "That he was ſo honeſt, nothing was under key to him."

Catullus ſaying to Philip the orator, "Dog, why do you bark?" was anſwered, "Becauſe I ſee a thief."

When a certain orator had made, as he thought, a moving harangue, he aſked Catullus, "Have I excited pity?" "Yes," ſaid Catullus, very great!"

Caius Lælius being reproached by a perſon of low birth, that he was unworthy of his race; anſwered, "By Hercules, you are worthy of yours!"

Of two brothers, one ſerved the King; the other toiled hard for his food. The former ſaying to the latter, "Why do you not ſerve the King, and get rid of your toil?" was anſwered, "Why do not you toil, and get rid of your ſlavery."

A king ſaying to a Derviſe, "Do you never think of me?" was anſwered, "Yes: but it is when I forget God."

A perſon came to beg the loan of fifty ducats from the ſchoolmaſter of Toledo, founder of the College of Saint Catharine, who ſent for a purſe of reals and gave them to him. The borrower took them, and put them in his pocket without counting them. The ſchoolmaſter obſerving this, aſked for the purſe, that he might ſee there was the ſum; but, returning it into his cheſt, ſaid, "A man who borrows without counting, can never mean to repay."

Brother Barnardino Palomo ſaid, that wine has two loſſes, "If you put it in water, you loſe your wine; and if not, you loſe yourſelf."

The King Don Ferdinand lodged one night in the caſtle of Montilla, which Don Alonſo de Aguilar had furniſhed with much magnificence. The king going up a ſtaircaſe too narrow for ſo grand a houſe, aſked, why he had ſo little a ſtaircaſe? "Sir," ſaid Don Alonſo, "I never expected to have ſo great a gueſt."

The

The Duke Philip of Borgona ſaid, "Of great lords ſpeak neither well nor ill; becauſe, if you ſpeak well, you lye; and if ill, you are in danger."

A gentleman who aſſiſted the Count de Cabra in putting on his armour before a battle, perceiving him tremble, aſked, what could cauſe this emotion in a man of ſuch known bravery? The Count anſwered, "My fleſh trembles at the dangers into which my ſoul will lead it."

A law-ſuit aroſe in an univerſity, upon the point, Whether the doctors in law, or the doctors in medicine, ſhould hold the precedence? The judge aſked the council Whether it was uſual for the thief or the hangman to walk firſt at an execution?—Being anſwered, That the thief always walked firſt. "Then," ſaid the judge, "let the doctors in law have the precedence; and let the doctors in medicine be next in rank."

A blackſmith of a village murdered a man, and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peaſants of the place joined together, and begged the Alcade that the

blackſmith might not ſuffer, becauſe he was neceſſary to the place, which could not do without a blackſmith, to ſhoe horſes, mend wheels, &c. But the Alcade ſaid, "How then can I fulfil juſtice?" A labourer anſwered, "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for ſo ſmall a place one is enough, hang the other."

A bad painter, who had never produced any thing of worth, went to another place, and commenced phyſician. A perſon who knew him, meeting him there, aſked the reaſon of his change. "Becauſe," ſaid he, "if I now commit faults, the earth covers them."

A certain biſhop had a Biſcayan manſervant, whom he ordered one feſtival to go to a butcher, who was called David, for a piece of meat, and then come to church, where the biſhop was to preach. The biſhop, in his ſermon, bringing authorities from the ſcripture in this manner:—*Iſaiah ſays thus*; *Jeremiah ſays thus:* at laſt happening to turn towards the door, as his ſervant came in, went on, *And what ſays David?* Upon which the Biſcayan roared out, "He ſwears to God, that if you do not

not pay your bill, you need never ſend to his ſhop again."

Some ladies walking in the fields, met a labourer with a little kid, which he was carrying to market. "See! ſee!" ſaid one of them, "what a pretty little goat, though it has no horns." The ruſtic cried, "Ladies, it is not married."

One ſaying to another, You ſpeak fooliſhly. He anſwered, "It is that you may underſtand me."

The Archbiſhop of Toledo ſtanding at a window, and ſeeing a clown beat his aſs moſt unmercifully, opened the caſement, and called out, "Have done, have done, you ſcoundrel, elſe I ſhall have you whipt." The clown anſwered, "Your pardon, good maſter; I did not koow my aſs had friends at court."

Andrea Marteneti, a celebrated painter, pourtrayed, by order of Innocent VII. the four cardinal virtues, with the oppoſite vices. The pope not rewarding him as he expected, he ſaid, "Holy Father, ſhall I paint one more vice, called Ingratitude?"

" Yes," anſwered the pope, " if you add another virtue, called Patience."

Two ſcholars being in a tavern, fell a talking, in preſence of their hoſt, of the great Platonic year; in which, they ſaid, after thirty thouſand years, every thing ſhall revert to its former ſtate. The hoſt ſeeming much pleaſed with the novelty of the idea, one of them ſaid to the landlord, that, ſeeing every thing was, in thirty thouſand years, to revert to its preſent condition, they hoped he would truſt them till then, and they would pay him moſt faithfully. The hoſt, who was a ſhrewd fellow, replied, " Gentlemen, I will truſt you with all my heart; but, as thirty thouſand years ago you muſt have been juſt this ſum in my debt, I muſt inſiſt on being paid that firſt."

A girl being deflowered, was bitterly reproached by her confeſſor, who ſaid ſhe had loſt a treaſure never to be regained. " Ah," ſaid ſhe, " how difficult it is to keep this treaſure, when every clown has a key to it!"

The celebrated Hugo Grotius, being ambaſſador

baſſador for the queen of Sweden, in France, had a chaplain who was very proud of his own ſacred character. One day, in his ſermon, enlarging on the prerogative of prieſthood, he repeatedly aſſumed the title of *ambaſſador of the King of kings*. When they went to dinner, Grotius, taking the chaplain by the hand, went to place him in his own armed chair, at the head of the table, ſaying, "I am only ambaſſador of a queen." The chaplain, much abaſhed, drew back; and Grotius ſaid, "Learn then, my friend, that an ambaſſador can only be ſent from one ſovereign to another. You are but a meſſenger.

One of the *puiſné* Judges of the Court of King's-Bench, who had not long ſince departed this life, did not acquire the reputation, nor was he poſſeſſed of the abilities of his father, who long preſided in the Court of Common Pleas with uncommon profeſſional dignity. Upon a witneſs making uſe of the words "*alſo*" and "*likewiſe*," and repeating them alternately, as being of one and the ſame ſignification; our *puiſné* Judge interrupted the witneſs, by peeviſhly obſerving, that the words he rung the change on, were of ſynonymous import: where-

upon the evidence archly replied—by no means; for inſtance, your father, my Lord, was a judge, ſo are you "*alſo*," but not "*like wiſe*."

A girl ſaid to her young lover, I ſhall grant you all you aſk, after you have given me what you have not; what you cannot have; and yet may give me—A huſband.

A courtier being ſuſpected of impotency, and always denying the charge, met Benſerade, who had often rallied him on it, and ſaid, "My good Sir, notwithſtanding your precious wit, my wife was yeſterday brought to bed." "What then?" ſaid Benſerade, "nobody accuſed your wife?"

A prince, rallying the fatneſs of a courtier, who had ſerved him in many embaſſies, ſaid, he looked like an ox. "I know not," ſaid the courtier, "what I am like: but I know that I have often had the honour to repreſent your majeſty."

A veſſel lately in the Guinea trade having arrived at Exeter, a Negro boy, the captain's ſervant, called Pompey, being on ſhore one Sunday about noon, obſerving ſeveral people

people reſorting to a baker's for different pies which had been left in the morning, and each perſon throwing an halfpenny upon the compter for the baking, which he conſidered as the purchaſe money.—He returned on board, exclaiming, "Maſſa, Maſſa, give me one halfpenny, and I will bring you one great big pie!" His maſter not underſtanding what he meant, but having a mind to humour his intentions, complied with his requeſt: he haſtened to the baker's, threw down his money, and the woman aſking which was his? eyeing the whole group, he pick'd out the largeſt, exclaiming "dis à my pie, dis à my pie:" the woman helping it on his head he repaired, with the prize, to his meſſmates, who were not a little gratified with an unexpected repaſt, procured by untutored ſimplicity, at the expence of ſome perſon's hunger.

Henry IV. being much enamoured of Madame d'Entragnes, aſked her, one day, which was the way to her chamber? *Through the church, Sir*, anſwered ſhe.

An ignorant judge, hearing a counſellor cite the Acts of the Apoſtles, aſked him, what theſe acts were? The counſellor anſwered,

ſwered, "They are acts that were paſſed in the parliament of Jeruſalem."

An Abbé, who was a celebrated preacher, but of no ſeverity of manners, being cenſured for making the morality of his ſermons too rigid, anſwered, "I uſe that plan in order that my auditors may have ſo much to blame in their own lives, that they ſhall have no leiſure to reflect on mine."

A biſhop was conſumed with the deſire of being a cardinal. He envied the good health of his treaſurer, and ſaid, "How do you manage to be always well, while I am always ill?" The treaſurer anſwered, "My Lord, the reaſon is that you have always a hat in your head; and I have always my head in a hat."

Monſieur de Vivonne, who was general of the expedition againſt Meſſina, writing from that place to the king, cloſed his letter in theſe words: *To finiſh the affair, we only want ten thouſand men.* He gave his letter to ſeal to Du Terron, commiſſioner for the army, who was bold enough to add, *and a general.*

A good

A good monk being charged with making a catalogue of a library, and meeting with a Hebrew book, put, *Item, a book which begins at the end.*

The Marquis de Grancé, returning from the army, all covered with duſt, and in a mean dreſs, went to the Louvre to pay his court to the prince. Two mareſhals of France, meeting him in the antichamber, ſaid to him, "Bleſs us! what a pickle you are in! You look like a waggoner." "Yes," anſwered he, "and ready to exerciſe my whip upon you, if you pleaſe."

A remarkable eater, who piqued himſelf upon devouring as much as ſix other men could manage, was brought before Henry IV. expecting that monarch would make him a preſent to keep his chops a going. The king, who had heard of this hero of the platter, aſked him, if it was true that he could eat as much as ſix; "Yes, Sir," anſwered he. "And do you work in proportion?" added the king. "Sire," replied he, I work as much as any other of my ſtrength and age." *Get along!* exclaimed the king, *had I ſix ſuch as*

as thee in my kingdom, I ſhould cauſe them all to be hanged, to prevent a famine.

Cardinal Richelieu procured a penſion of two thouſand livres to M. Vaugelas, who was employed in the Dictionary of the Academy. Vaugelas going to ſee him, the Cardinal ſaid, "Well, Sir, you will not at leaſt forget the word *Penſion* in your dictionary." "No," my Lord, ſaid Vaugelas, "nor that of *Gratitude*."

An idle Count and an idle Abbé being in company together, the Count hearing the word Abbé always bandying about, was piqued, and aſked the Abbé where his abbey lay? The Abbé replied, "Bleſs me, do you not know it? It is in your county."

A good friar preaching upon the power of God, ſaid he had created nothing but what was perfect in its kind. A hunch-back wag waiting for him at the door, ſaid, "Father, I thank you for your ſermon: but do you really think that I, for inſtance, am perfect in my kind?" "Yes," ſaid the father gravely, "a very perfect hunch-back, ſurely."

A gen-

A gentleman, of the name of Addiſon, after ſpending the evening with ſeveral good fellows, became at length ſo much intoxicated as to be unable to ſpeak, and, reclining his head on a table, fell into a ſound ſleep; on which one of the company, who ſat oppoſite, remarked, that their friend, Mr. Addiſon, was at preſent neither a TATLER nor a SPECTATOR, but might ſpeedily want a GUARDIAN.

A ſharper of the town, ſeeing a country gentleman ſit alone at an inn, and thinking ſomething might be made of him, went and ſat near him. Having thus introduced himſelf, he called for a paper of tobacco, and ſaid, "Do you ſmoke, Sir?" "Yes," ſaid the gentleman very gravely, "any one that has a deſign upon me."

A lieutenant-colonel in one of the Iriſh regiments in the French ſervice was diſpatched by the Duke of Berwick, from fort Kehl, to the king of France, with a complaint relating to ſome irregularities that had happened in the regiment. His majeſty, with ſome emotion of mind, told him that the Iriſh troops gave him more uneaſineſs than all his forces beſides. "Sir,"

ſays

ſays the officer, "all your majeſty's enemies make the ſame complaint."

A friar preaching a very dull ſermon on happineſs, a lady, who ſaw him next day, told him he had forgot one ſort of happineſs, *Happy are they who did not hear your ſermon.*

A Gaſcon officer, who had ſerved under Henry IV. without receiving any pay for a conſiderable time, came to the king and confidently ſaid to him, "Sir, three words with your Majeſty, Money or Diſcharge." "Four with you," anſwered his Majeſty, "Neither one nor t'other."

When Marſhal Villars was paſt fourſcore, he gave a ſignal inſtance of courage and vivacity, in attacking ſome ſquadrons of Imperial horſe, with the king of Sardinia's guards. That monarch telling him, that he loſt the experienced general in the ardour of a young officer; the Marſhal anſwered, "Lamps are apt to ſparkle when they are expiring."

King James I. mounting a horſe that was unruly, cried, "The deel tak my ſaul, ſirrah, an ye be na quiet, I'll ſend ye to the

Five

Five Hundred Kings in the Houſe o'Commons. They'll ſune tame ye."

Lord Hunſdon, in queen Elizabeth's time, ſaid, "To have the courage to obſerve an affront, is to be even with an adverſary. To have the patience to forgive it, is to be above him."

The late colonel Chartres, reflecting on his ill life and character, told a certain nobleman, "That if ſuch a thing as a good name was to be purchaſed, he would freely give ten thouſand pounds for one." The nobleman ſaid, "It would certainly be the worſt money you ever laid out in your life." "Why ſo?" ſaid the honeſt colonel. "Becauſe," anſwered the lord, "you would forfeit it again in leſs than a week."

The late Duke of Cumberland was a remarkably fine boy, but very ſullen. The late queen, his mother, being angry with him one day, ordered him to his chamber. Soon after he returned, and the queen aſked him, what he had been doing? "Reading the New Teſtament," anſwered he peeviſhly. "What part?" ſays the queen,

queen. He answered, "Where it is said," 'Woman, why troublest thou me?'

A young lady who was just come out of the country, and affected to dress in a very plain manner, was sitting on a bench at Bath, as Nash and some of his companions were passing by; upon which, turning to one of them, he said, "There is a smart country girl; I will have some discourse with her." Then going up to the lady, "So, Child," says he, "you are just come to Bath, I see?" "Yes, Sir," answered the lady. "And you have been a good girl in the country, and learned to read your book, I hope?" "Yes, Sir," "Pray now," says he, "let me examine you? I know you have read your Bible, and the history of Tobit and his Dog; now, can you tell me what was the dog's name?" "Yes, Sir," says she, "his name was *Nash*, and an impudent dog he was."

A mistress of a boarding-school at Chelsea, who was very red-faced, taxing one of her scholars with some faults, the young lady denied it, but coloured at the accusation; "Nay," says the mistress, "I am sure it must be true, for you blush." "Pardon me," said

ſaid ſhe, " it is only the reflection of your face."

Sandys, a gentleman of a bold ſpirit and wit, being examined before the Houſe of Commons, Lenthall, then ſpeaker, put ſome ridiculous and impertinent queſtions to him. At laſt he aſked, " What countryman he was?" " Of Kent," ſaid Sandys; adding, " and now, Sir, may I demand the ſame of you?" " I am out of the Weſt," ſays Lenthall. " By my troth," anſwered Sandys, " ſo I thought, for all the wiſe men come out of the Eaſt."

A gentleman diſputing about religion in Button's coffee-houſe, ſome of the company ſaid, " You talk of religion! I will hold you five guineas, you cannot repeat the Lord's prayer; Sir Richard Steele here ſhall hold ſtakes. The money being depoſited, the gentleman began, " I believe in God; and ſo went through his Creed. Well, ſaid the other, " I own I have loſt, but I did not think that you could have done it.

A gentleman having lent a guinea two or three days to a perſon whoſe pro-

miſes he had not much faith in, was very much ſurpriſed to find that he punctually paid him. The ſame perſon being ſoon after deſirous of borrowing a larger ſum, "No," ſaid the other, "you have deceived me once, and I am reſolved you ſhall not do it a ſecond time."

The late Dr. Monſey riding in Hyde-Park, with the celebrated defender of the Trinity, Dr. Horſley, Biſhop of St. David's, who was lamenting the deplorable ſtate of the times, concluded his remarks, with ſaying: "And, Doctor, I talk with people who believe there is no God;"—"And I, my lord, talk with people who believe there are three."—The frightened Athanaſian immediately put ſpurs to his horſe, and would never after ſpeak to the author of ſo ſevere a rebuke, and ſo profane a reply.—*Related by Dr. Prieſtly.*

Some gentlemen at Nando's, the other day, were converſing on the increaſing neglect in moſt writers of that neceſſary part of compoſition, *punctuation.* It was remarked, that the omiſſion began with the long robe, who never uſe any ſtops in their writings.—A third perſon added, that he would not ſay any thing to their uſing commas,

mas, ſemicolons, or colons; but he had ſufficient authority to ſay, there was no *period* to their works.

A certain member of parliament having heard many ſpeeches in the houſe, to the great applauſe of the ſpeaker, grew ambitious of riſing to rival glory by his oratory; and accordingly watched for a favourable opportunity to open. At length an occaſion preſented itſelf: it was on a motion being made in the houſe for enforcing the execution of ſome ſtatute; on which public-ſpirited motion, the orator in embryo roſe ſolemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, ſpoke as follows: "Mr. Speaker—have we laws, or have we not laws?—If we have laws, and they are not obſerved, to what end were thoſe laws made?"—So ſaying, he ſat himſelf down, his cheſt heaving high with conſcious conſequence; when another roſe up, and delivered his thoughts in theſe words: "Mr. Speaker—did the honourable gentleman who ſpoke laſt, ſpeak to the purpoſe, or not ſpeak to the purpoſe? If he did not ſpeak to the purpoſe, to what purpoſe did he ſpeak?"—Which à-propos reply ſet the houſe in ſuch a fit of laughter, as diſcouraged the young orator from ever attempting to ſpeak again.

A gen-

A gentleman calling for ſmall-beer at another gentleman's table, finding it very hard, gave it the ſervant again without drinking. "What," ſaid the maſter of the houſe, "do you not like the beer?" "It is not to be found fault with," anſwered the other, "for one ſhould never ſpeak ill of the dead."

When Oliver firſt coined his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inſcription on one ſide, *God with us:* on the other, *The Commonwealth of England.* "I ſee," ſaid he, "God and the Commonwealth are on different ſides."

Tom Burn happening to be at dinner at my Lord Mayor's, in the latter part of Queen Anne's reign; after two or three healths, the miniſtry were toaſted; but when it came to Tom's turn to drink, he diverted it for ſome time, by telling a ſtory to a perſon who ſat next him. The chief magiſtrate of the city, not ſeeing his toaſt go round, called out, "Gentlemen, where ſticks the miniſtry?" *At nothing*, ſays Tom, and ſo drank off his glaſs.

A profligate young nobleman, being in company

company with ſome ſober people, deſired leave to toaſt the Devil. The gentleman who ſat next to him, ſaid, "He had no objection to any of his lordſhip's friends."

Sir Thomas More, on the day that he was beheaded, had a barber ſent to him, becauſe his hair was long, which it was thought would make him more pitied by the people. The barber came to him, and aſked him, "Whether he would pleaſe to be trimmed?" "In good faith, honeſt fellow," ſaid Sir Thomas, "the king and I have a ſuit for my head; and till the title be cleared, I will do no coſt upon it."

A biſhop of Lincoln had FIAT LUX painted in all the windows of his houſe; and ſo thick in his hall as to make it very dark. A mad ſcholar coming thither, and obſerving the opacity of the light, becauſe of the motto, fell a breaking the windows with his ſtick. A ſervant carries him before his lord, who aſked him the cauſe of ſuch outrage. "To fulfil your wiſh, my Lord, FIAT LUX."

Pope was one evening at Button's coffee-houſe, where he and a ſet of literati had

got poring over a Latin manuſcript, in which they found a paſſage that none of them could comprehend. A young officer, who hearing their conference, begged that he might be permitted to look at the paſſage. "Oh," ſays Pope ſarcaſtically, "by all means, Pray let the young gentleman look at it." Upon which the officer took up the manuſcript, and, conſidering a while, ſaid there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible: which was really the caſe. "And pray, Maſter," ſays Pope, with a ſneer, "What is a note of interrogation?"—"A note of interrogation," replied the young fellow, with a look of great contempt, "is a little crooked thing that aſks queſtions."

King Charles the Second, after the Reſtoration, told Waller the poet, that he had made better verſes and ſaid finer things of Cromwell than of him. "That may very well be," replied Waller, "for poets generally ſucceed better in imaginary things than in real ones."

Captain Robert Bacon revelling at Sir William Paſton's, had his ſack ſerved him in a curious Venice glaſs, but very much under

under the ſize that he generally uſed. So, after a long contemplation of his meaſure, "Sir William," ſays he, "if you value this glaſs, as I believe you do, tie a good long ſtring to it, to draw it up again; for I am ſure I ſhall ſwallow it at one time or another."

Oliver Cromwell, while carrying on war in Scotland, was riding near Glaſgow, at the head of a body of horſe. A Scotch ſoldier, planted on an high wall, took the opportunity to fire at him, but miſſed him. Oliver, without ſlackening or drawing his rein, turned round and ſaid, "Fellow, if any trooper of mine had miſſed ſuch a mark, he ſhould have an hundred laſhes." He did not even order the man to be ſeized, and he made his eſcape. A rare example of true courage!

A very young officer ſtriking an old grenadier of his company for ſome ſuppoſed fault in performing his evolutions, was unable to reach any higher than his legs. The grenadier upon his infantine aſſault, gravely took off his cap, and holding it over the officer by the tip ſaid, "Sir, If you were not my officer, I would extinguiſh you."

Joannes Scotus, an Iriſhman, being in company with Charles the Bald, king of France, that monarch merrily ſaid, "What is the difference between a Scot and a Sot?" Scotus, who ſat oppoſite to the king, ſaid, "Only the breadth of the table."

A ſilly prieſt at Trumpington being to read that place, "Eli, Eli, Lamaſabacthani, began to conſider with himſelf, that it might be ridiculous and abſurd for him to read it as it ſtood, becauſe he was vicar of Trumpington, and not of Ely: and therefore he read it, "Trumpington, Trumpington, Lamaſabacthani."

King James I. once went out of his way to hear a noted preacher. The clergyman ſeeing the king enter, left his text to declaim againſt ſwearing, for which the king was notorious. When done, James thanked him for his ſermon, but aſked, what connection ſwearing had with it? He anſwered, "Since your Majeſty came out of your way, I could not do leſs than go out of mine to meet you."

Rocheſter, in King Charles the Second's time, was as famous for his frolic and humour, as he was infamous for his vices; one day as he was walking in the Park, with

with ſome of his gay companions, he ſaw Dr. Barrow, one of the greateſt divines, and the greateſt mathematician of his time, muſing along the Mall, in his uſual contemplative manner; and ſo he propoſed to make up to him, and have ſome drollery, as he termed it. His companions were ready enough to attend him; and upon meeting the doctor, Rocheſter, making a very low bow, with great vivacity ſaid, "Doctor, a good morning to you—I am exceeding glad to ſee you—I am yours to the very center of gravity." The doctor, who was not eaſy to be ſurpriſed, perceived his drift, and with all the compoſure in the world, returned the lowly bow, and ſaid, "My Lord, I am yours to the Antipodes." This put him to a ſhort pauſe; but as wit is ſeldom at a loſs—Doctor, ſays he, "I am yours to the loweſt pit of hell."—"There then," replied the doctor, "I will leave you."—And ſo purſued his walk.

A Weſtminſter Juſtice taking coach in the city, and being ſet down at Young Man's coffee-houſe, Charing-croſs, the driver demanded eighteen-pence as his fare. The Juſtice aſked him, "If he would ſwear that the ground came to the money?" The

man ſaid, "He would take his oath of it." The Juſtice replied, "Friend, I am a magiſtrate;" and pulling the book out of his pocket, adminiſtered the oath, and then gave the fellow his ſix-pence, ſaying, "He muſt reſerve the ſhilling to himſelf for the affidavit."

Two ſcholars being one day at table with Biſhop Eaton, a fat gooſe was ſet down; and the biſhop ordered it to be put before the ſcholars, "And be your own carvers, while I attend to the reſt of the company." The biſhop afterwards aſked if they had done with the gooſe yet? "Yes, my lord," cried one, "the gooſe is *Eaten*."

A gentleman, the firſt time of his coming to Bath, was very extravagantly charged for every thing by the perſons in whoſe houſe he lodged, as well as by others whom he had occaſion to deal with; of which, ſome time after, complaining to Beau Naſh, Sir replied the latter, "they have acted towards you on truly Chriſtian principles." "How ſo?" ſays the man. "Why, returned Naſh' "you was a ſtranger, and they took you in.'

An old bawd being carried before juſtice M——s,

M——s, for keeping a diſorderly houſe, ſtrongly denied all that was charged upon her. 'Houſewife! Houſewife!' ſaid the juſtice, "how have you the aſſurance to deny it; you do keep a bawdy-houſe, and I will maintain it." "Will you?" replied the old lady, "the Lord bleſs you, I always took you to be a kind-hearted gentleman."

It was obſerved that a certain covetous rich man never invited any one to dine with him. "I will lay a wager," ſays a wag, "I get an invitation from him." The wager being accepted he goes the next day, to this rich man's houſe, about the time that he was known to ſit down to dinner, and tells the ſervant that he muſt ſpeak with his maſter immediately; for that he can ſave him a thouſand pounds. "Sir," ſays the ſervant to his maſter, "here is a man in a great hurry to ſpeak with you, who ſays he can ſave you a thouſand pounds." Out comes his maſter. "What is that you ſay, Sir? That you can ſave me a thouſand pounds!" —"Yes, Sir, I can: but I ſee you are at dinner. I will go and dine myſelf, and call again.—"Oh, pray Sir, come in and take a dinner with me."—"Sir, I ſhall be troubleſome."—"Not at all." The invitation was

accepted. And dinner being over, and the family retired, "Well, Sir," ſays the man of the houſe, "now to our buſineſs. Pray let me know how I am to ſave this thouſand pounds." "Why, Sir," ſaid the other, "I hear you have a daughter to diſpoſe of in marriage.—"I have."—"And that you intend to portion her with ten thouſand pounds."—"I do ſo."—"Why then, Sir, let me have her, and I will take her with nine thouſand."

A ſchoolmaſter aſked one of his boys, in a ſharp wintery morning, what was the Latin for cold; the boy heſitated a little, "What, ſirrah," ſaid he, "can't you tell?" "Yes, yes," replied the boy, "I have it at my fingers ends."

A friend of the late Alderman Townſhend's meeting him after an abſence of ſome years, in addreſſing the alderman, ſaid, "he believed he had the honour to ſpeak to Alderman Townſhend." To which, with a great deal of politeneſs, the alderman replied, "his name was Townſhend; but the honours he muſt beg leave to divide."

When the late Dr. Whitfield arrived at America,

America, obſerving, during his voyage, the diſſolute manners of the crew, he invited them to one of his pious declamations, and took occaſion to reprehend them for their infamous manner of living, "You will certainly," ſays he, "go to hell.—God will never ſave your wicked ſouls.—Perhaps you may think I will be an advocate for you; but believe me, I will tell of all your wicked actions."—Upon which, one of the ſailors, knudging his brother meſſmate, obſerved, that "the greateſt rogue always turned king's evidence."

A gentleman talking to a fiſherman one day at Brighton, aſked him whether the Prince of Wales ever went to church? "Lord, pleaſe your honour, (ſaid the fiſherman) what ſhould he go to church for? we poor ſouls are obliged to pray for ourſelves, but there are enough to pray for him."

His Majeſty's preſent Chancellor of the Exchequer is ſufficiently notorious for the poſitiveneſs with which he delivers and ſupports his opinions. The Chancellor, once rebuked him in his own way. Mr. P— was diſputing, at a cabinet dinner, on

the energy and beauty of the Latin language. In ſupport of the ſuperiority which he affirmed it to have over the Engliſh, he aſſerted, that two negatives made a thing more poſitive than one affirmative poſſibly could.—" Then, ſaid the Lord Chancellor, " your father and mother muſt have been two *negatives* to have made ſuch a damned *poſitive* fellow as you are."

A warm diſpute aroſe at a pariſh meeting about repairing the workhouſe; when Mr. M——, who was born in it, but is well known to have acquired a good fortune in the world, forgot himſelf, and ſtrenuouſly oppoſed the laying out any money on that account, obſerving, it was habitable and that was ſufficient. " Don't be poſitive, my friend," ſays one of the pariſh officers, "the building is ſtrangely run to ruin ſince your mother lay in of you there."—*Related by the Hon. Mr. T*———.

A ſilly fop being in company with L—y F——, and wanting his ſervant, cried out " Where is my blockhead?" " Upon your ſhoulders;" replied the lady.

A gentleman at the Rotunda, one evening

ing ſeeing ſome wax fall from a chandelier on that part of a lady's dreſs, who ſat next to him, not a great way from her boſom, immediately took out his watch, and clapped one of the ſeals upon it: "Bleſs me, Sir, what are you doing?"—"Only trying to make an impreſſion upon you, Madam."

Dr. C——d having been out a ſhooting one whole morning, without killing any thing, his ſervant begged leave to go over into the next field, for he was ſure there were ſome birds there; and, adds the man, "if there are, I'll doctor them." "Doctor them!" ſays the maſter, "what do you mean by that?" "Why kill them, Sir."

The Elector of Cologne is likewiſe an Archbiſhop. One of the Electors ſwearing one day profanely, aſked a peaſant who ſeemed to wonder, what he was ſo ſurpriſed at. "To hear an Archbiſhop ſwear," anſwered the peaſant. "I ſwear," replied the Elector, "not as an Archbiſhop, but as a Prince."——"But, my Lord," ſaid the peaſant, "when the Prince goes to the Devil, what will become of the Archbiſhop?"

An arch boy, belonging to one of the

ſhips of war at Portſmouth, had purchaſed of his playfellows a magpye, which he carried to his father's houſe, and was at the door feeding of it, when a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had an impediment in his ſpeech, coming up, "T—T—T—Tom," ſays the gentleman, "can your mag t—t—talk yet?" "Ay, Sir," ſays the boy, "better than you, or I'd wring his head off."—*Related by L. Rodney.*

A young fellow who fancied himſelf poſſeſſed of talents ſufficient to cut a figure on the ſtage in comedy, offered himſelf to the manager of Covent-Garden theatre, who deſired him to give a ſpecimen of his abilities before Mr. Quin. After he had rehearſed a ſpeech or two, in a wretched manner, Quin aſked him, with a contemptuous ſneer, whether he had ever done any part in comedy. The young fellow anſwered, that he had done the part of Abel in the Alchymyſt. "You miſtake, boy," replied Quin, "It was the part of Cain you acted, for I am ſure you murdered Abel."

Mr. Hume the philoſopher and the witty Sheridan were croſſing from Harwich to Holland, when a high ſwell riſing, Hume ſeemed under great apprehenſions leſt he ſhould

ſhould go the bottom. "Why," obſerved the wit, "that will ſuit your genius to a tittle; as for my part, you know I am only for ſkimming the ſurface."

His M—— being at the play-houſe ſoon after the impoſing an additional duty on ſtrong beer, a fellow in the upper gallery called out to one of his acquaintance, and aſked him if he would drink; for he had got a full pot. "What did you give for your full pot?" ſaid the other. "Three-pence halfpenny." "Three-pence halfpenny! why, where did you ſend for it?" "To the new King's Head." "You fool," ſaid the other, "why did you not ſend to the old King's Head? you would have had it there for three-pence."

Serjeant Maynard, an eminent counſellor of the laſt century, waiting, with the body of the law, upon the Prince of Orange (afterwards King William) at his arrival in London, the prince took notice of his great age, the ſerjeant then being near ninety. "Sir," ſaid he, "you have outlived all the men of the law of your younger years." "I ſhould have outlived even the law itſelf," replied the ſerjeant, "if your highneſs had not come over."

"I ſhall

"I ſhall clip your wife's wit," ſaid Dean Swift to Mr. Pilkington, in the preſence of his wife. "That will be hanging matter," ſaid ſhe, "for 'tis *ſterling*.

Sir Watkin William Wynne talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere muſhroom. "Ay," ſaid he, "how ſo, pray?" "Why," replied the other, "when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was ſhewn to me; it filled up above five large ſkins of parchment, and about the middle of it was a note in the margin:—*About this time the world was created.*"

Epigram by M. du Belley, on a lady's dog.

Latratu, fures excepi—mutus, amantes.
Sic placui Domino—Sic placui Dominæ.

It may run thus in Engliſh:

At thieves I bark'd and made a fuſs,
To beaux I wag'd my tail;
My maſter and my miſtreſs, thus,
To pleaſe I could not fail.

It was the cuſtom of Charlemain to affix to the treaties which he conſented to a waxen ſeal, impreſſed by the pummel of his ſword. "And with the point," added the Emperor, "I will ſupport it."

The oath uſed among the Highlanders, in judicial proceedings, contains a moſt ſolemn denunciation of vengeance, in caſe of perjury, and involves the wife and children, the arable and the meadow land, of the party who takes it, all together in an abyſs of deſtruction. When it is adminiſtered, there is no book to be kiſſed; but the right hand is held up while the oath is repeated.

To prove the ſuperior idea of ſanctity which this imprecation conveys to thoſe who have been accuſtomed to it, it may be ſufficient to relate the expreſſion of a Highlander, who at the Carliſle aſſizes, had ſworn poſitively, in the Engliſh mode, to a fact of conſequence. His indifference during that ſolemnity having been obſerved by the oppoſite party, he was required to confirm his teſtimony by taking the oath of his own country to the ſame. "No, no," ſaid the mountaineer, in the Northern dialect, "ken ye not thar is a hantle o' difference,

difference, 'twixt bla-ing on a buke, and domming one's ain ſaul?"

"No!" ſaid an Italian gameſter, after an intolerable run of ill-luck; "no, thou jade, Fortune! thou mayſt, indeed, cauſe me to *loſe* millions; but I defy thy utmoſt power to make me *pay* them."

Two gameſters had depoſited a very large ſtake, to be won by him who threw the loweſt throw with the dice. The one thought himſelf ſecure of ſucceſs, on finding that he had thrown two aces. "Hold," cried the other, "wait for *my* chance." He threw, and with ſuch dexterity, that by lodging one of the dice on the other, he ſhewed only one ace on the uppermoſt of them. He was allowed by the company to have won the ſtakes.

None fight with true ſpirit who are overloaded with caſh. A man who had been fortunate at cards, was applied to to act as a ſecond in a duel, at a period when the ſeconds engaged as heartily as the principals. "I am not," ſaid he, "the man for your purpoſe juſt at preſent; but go and apply to him from whom I won a thouſand gui-

neas

neas laſt night, and I warrant you he will fight like any devil!"

A political preſence of mind fixed the celebrated Ruy Gomez in the favour of Philip II. of Spain. They were playing at Primero, and at a time when a vaſt ſtake was on the board, the king cried out in ecſtaſy, that he had the game in his hand. Ruy Gomez had ſuperior cards, but flung up his cards, and acquieſced. The next day the other players told Philip how the affair had paſſed; and the king, not only made Gomez a liberal amends for what he had given up, but took him into his counſels, and intruſted him with his moſt ſecret plans.

A parſon Patten, of Whitſtable, was well known in his own neighbourhood, as a man of great oddity, great humour, and equally great extravagance. Once, ſtanding in need of a new wig, his old one defying all farther aſſiſtance of art, he went over to Canterbury, and applied to a barber, young in the buſineſs, to make him one. The tradeſman, who was juſt going to dinner, begged the honour of his new cuſtomer's company at his meal, to which Patten moſt readily conſented,

ſented. After dinner, a large bowl of punch was produced, and the reverend gueſt with equal readineſs, joined in its demolition. When it was out, the barber was proceeding to buſineſs, and began to handle his meaſure, when Mr. Patten deſired him to deſiſt; ſaying, he ſhould not make his wig. "Why not," exclaimed the aſtoniſhed hoſt, "have I done any thing to offend you, Sir?" "Not in the leaſt," replied the gueſt; "but I find you are a very honeſt, good natured fellow; ſo I will take *ſomebody elſe* in. Had *you* made it, you would never have been paid for it."

The proud Duke of Somerſet had ſo high an opinion of the pleaſures to be enjoyed in the ſtudy of heraldry, that he uſed to lament the hard caſe of our forefather Adam, who could not poſſibly amuſe himſelf by inveſtigating that ſcience, nor that of genealogy.

The great Lord Bacon was reduced to ſuch extreme poverty towards the latter end of his life, that he wrote to James I. for aſſiſtance, in theſe words: "Help me, dear ſovereign lord and maſter! and pity me ſo far; that I, who have been born to

a *bag*,

a *bag*, be not now in my age forced in effect to bear a *wallet*. Nor that I, who desire to live to ſtudy, may be driven to ſtudy to live."

A perſon told M. de Sorbiere that he was fond of books in *folio*. "There," ſaid Sorbiere, "I differ from you; I like them beſt in *fructu*."

"Silence! keep ſilence in the court!" ſaid, one day, an angry judge, "why will you not keep ſilence? Here we have judged a dozen cauſes this morning, and have not heard a word of one of them.

The following ſtory, which is really authentic, and was delivered to the editor, immediately from the *inferior* of the parties concerned, is at leaſt intereſting, as it exhibits an exalted character in a much more familiar and pleaſing light, than that in which it has been generally ſeen.

About five-and-thirty years ſince, a very worthy man, and one whoſe word may be relied on, went to St. James's Palace to viſit one of the pages, whoſe apartment was two pair of ſtairs high. He drank tea there, took his leave, and ſtepping back unadviſedly (on his friend's ſhutting the door

door after him,) he half ſlipped, and half tumbled down a whole flight of ſteps; and, probably, with his head burſt open a cloſet door. We ſay *probably*, becauſe the unlucky viſitor was too completely ſtunned with the fall, to know what had happened. Certain it is, that he found himſelf, on his recovery, ſitting on the floor of a ſmall room, and moſt kindly attended by a neat little old gentleman, who was carefully waſhing his head with a towel, and fitting with infinite exactneſs, pieces of ſticking plaiſter to the variegated cuts, which the accident had conferred on the abrupt viſitor's unwigged pate. For ſome time his ſurpriſe kept him ſilent; but finding that the kind phyſician had completed his taſk, and had even picked up his wig, and replaced it on his battered head, he roſe from the floor, and limping towards his benefactor, was going to utter a profuſion of thanks for the ſuccour he had received, and inquiries into the miſhap. Theſe were, however, inſtantly checked, by an intelligent frown, and by a ſignificant wave of the hand towards the door of the cloſet. The patient underſtood the hint, and retired, taking more care of his ſteps downwards for the remainder of the ſtaircaſe, and wondering how ſo much humanity,

ty, and ſo much unſociableneſs, could dwell in the ſame breaſt. His wonder (which, like all other wonder, was connected with folly), ceaſed, when he found, on deſcribing to a friend the ſituation of the cloſet, that he had owed the kind aſſiſtance he had received to the firſt man in the kingdom; who, after having exerciſed the humanity of the *fellow creature*, found too much of the *monarch* about him to ſupport a familiar converſation with the perſon he had relieved.

Never did an Iriſhman utter a better bull, than did an honeſt John, who being aſked by a friend, "Has your ſiſter got a ſon or a daughter," anſwered, "Upon my ſoul, I do not yet know whether I am an uncle or an aunt."

About thirty years ago, ſome alterations were making in a part of Kenſington-gardens, and the good old George the Second uſed to take pleaſure, at times, in overlooking the workmen. Among theſe, there chanced to be an half-witted fellow, who never could be brought to comprehend why he might not be as free with the king as with any other perſon for whom he had been uſed to work. One day, finding what he

he thought a proper opportunity, he grinned in the face of his ſovereign, and with great earneſtneſs, demanded "ſomething to drink." Diſpleaſed at the boldneſs of the requeſt, yet aſhamed to deny it, the king mechanically employed both his hands in ſearch of coin, and finding none, replied, with dignity, and his uſual German accent, "I have no money in my pockets." "Nor I neither," returned the idiot, "I can't think where it is all gone, for my part!" The ſovereign frowned at the repartee, which, like many an other joke, was prejudicial to its maker, and the fool was employed no longer near the palace.

A gentleman, who had married a ſecond wife, indulged himſelf in recurring too often in converſation, to the beauties and virtues of his firſt conſort. He had, however, barely diſcernment enough to diſcover that the ſubject was not an agreeable one to his preſent lady. "Excuſe me, Madam," ſaid he, "I cannot help expreſſing my regrets for the dear deceaſed." "Upon my honour," ſaid the lady, "I can moſt heartily affirm that I am as ſincere a mourner for her, as you can be."

A cer-

A certain prelate, famed for his eloquence, and accuſtomed to ſpeak in public, uttering an harangue one day before Lewis XIV. who had an air of royalty that inſpired an awe into all that approached him; was ſo diſconcerted thereby, that he made a pauſe. The king, perceiving it, and touched with his diſtreſs, ſaid, in the ſweeteſt manner imaginable, "My lord, we are obliged to you for giving us leiſure to admire the fine things you have been ſaying." The biſhop was ſo encouraged by this compliment, that he reſumed his ſpeech, and proceeded without any more heſitation.

When the Earl of Wharton who made ſo eminent a figure in the reign of Queen Anne, was a ſtripling, during the life of his father, a moſt formal Preſbyterian, there being an extraordinary entertainment for ſome young gentry, on the anniverſary of this hopeful ſon's birth, he was ordered by the old lord to ſay grace; whereupon, turning up his eyes, and aſſuming a puritanical countenance, he breathed the following ſtrain:

"I pray God to ſhorten the days of Lord Wharton,
And ſet his ſon up in his place;
He'll drink, and he'll whore, and ten thouſand things more,
With as good a fanatical face."

The

The pious parent being deaf, and not hearing what he had ſaid, but perceiving he had finiſhed, very innocently gave his aſſent to it, by an *Amen*, *I pray God*. Which, to his great ſurpriſe, made the whole company burſt into a laughter.

Fontenelle, after the firſt repreſentation of Oedipus, ſaid to the author, ſome previous compliments having been paid, "I could wiſh your verſe was not quite ſo pompous, it would be more eaſy and flowing, and better ſuited to tragedy." "Sir," replied Voltaire, "that is a fault I intend to correct, and with that view will go directly and read your Paſtorals."

Madame de * *, who was very handſome, ſpoke highly in praiſe of the wit of Voltaire, who returned the compliment by ſaying, "I know, Madam, you perfectly well underſtand what wit is; but I muſt be allowed to be a connoiſſeur in beauty, and I am at preſent in raptures."

He complimented another very handſome lady, by telling her, "Your rivals are maſter-pieces of art; you are a maſterpiece of nature."

LIST

LIST OF TAXES.

The following liſt of taxes was put into my hands this morning; there is ſomething ſo whimſical in the whole, that I thought it worth preſerving. It is addreſſed to Lord North, out of office.

A tax on all ſchemers, which, from the inventive genius of idleneſs, would produce annually at leaſt 900,000l.

A tax an all attornies, who were not able to prove, that, in the courſe of a year's practice, one eighth of their income was got honeſtly, which, from my knowledge of the fact, would produce half a million.

A tax on liars, which, on an average of only one in a hundred being a man of truth, would produce a ſum, not leſs than ſufficient to pay the national debt in two years.

A tax on every perſon that went to an Italian opera, who did not underſtand the language: on every perſon who attended a concert, without a knowledge of muſic; and on all perſons ſleeping at church; which proved to your Lordſhip, might produce in one year 500,000l.

A tax upon all gentlemen who boaſted of female favours that they never received. This on an average might be computed a tax on 9999 men, out of ten thouſand who

had attained the age of twenty-one years: and would produce, at a moderate intereſt, *per capitum*, an annual revenue of 800,000l.

A tax on white neck, red cheeks, and lily hands, with a draw-back on proving where the pencil of nature was the only artiſt, to be collected at the play-houſes, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Kenſington, and other places of public diverſion, excluſive of demi-reps, who paint in the way of trade, would produce, in the female world, fifty out of ever ſixty, and among the men, four out of every twenty, liable to impoſt. I reckon this at 400,000l.

A tax on all ſlander and back-biting; one methodiſt to be conſidered as four churchmen, would produce, at a penny per head, 99 perſons out of every hundred in the kingdom as ſubject to the duty.

A tax on all unneceſſary words in the Houſe of Commons; your Lordſhip thought this would be partially ſevere on Meſſ Burke and Fox; and therefore, in conſideration of the numerous family of words, and the ſmall income of money thoſe two orators poſſeſſed, this moſt ſalutary tax was ſtruck out of my liſt.

A tax on all gentlemen coachmen, which conſidering the immenſe increaſe of great coats

coats with eight capes, would produce at leaſt 50,000l. per annum.

A tax on all young gentlemen, who had got an univerſity education, and made the grand tour, but who could not conſtrue an ode of Horace, or tell in what part of the world the Alps lay. This on computation might produce 20,000l. yearly.

A tax on all gentlemen and ladies, indiſcriminately, who could not tell, on being aſked, in what part of holy writ the Revelations, and the firſt chapter of Geneſis are. This, in the weſt end of London, would produce ſomething worth the collection.

A tax on every citizen of London who eats more than two pounds of ſolid meat within twenty-four hours. This tax, as it would prevent apoplexies, and add conſiderably to the revenue, I thought a very ſalutary one. But your Lordſhip obſerving that the Aldermen would make up the deficiency, in order to evade the tax, by eating pies, puddings, turtle ſoups, jelles, &c. I took that article back to reconſider, and have ſince totally forgot to look into it.

A tax on mock viſits, pretended ailments of body, fictitious head-achs, falſe alarms of pregnancy, and other incidental non-entities in women of faſhion, might render ſix in ten

throughout the higher and ſecond orders of the female world liable to duty.

A tax on healthy and ſound conſtitutions among men of faſhion. I pointed this duty particularly on the firſt rank, becauſe with them it is conſidered a luxury. I dropped it, however, as you may recollect, becauſe, on conſideration, would it not pay the fees of collecting.

A tax on all barriſters, who, in each half hour's pleading, ſaid, *my lud* and *your ludſhip*, more than fifteen hundred times. Your Lordſhip obſerved this would injure the client, as *my lud* and *your ludſhip*, were enterjections in law, to fill up the vacuity of an advocate's imagination, when he was at a loſs for words to convey the meaning of his argument. I therefore dropped the idea, as I thought every client ſufficiently delayed, injured, oppreſſed, and taxed already!

A tax on all footmen under the age of fifty, and above the height of four feet eleven inches. This I did, that the army might be recruited with genteel good-looking vagabonds, who, from a ſtate of liveried idleneſs, may be called into regimental activity.

A tax on all coffee-houſe beaux, who call for the Amſterdam Gazette, and the Courier de l'Europe, without being able io underſtand

ſtand the meaning of one line in either. This is a tax on vanity, but it will not bring in much.

A tax on real old Engliſh hoſpitality in the houſes of great men, as the only means, by making it expenſive, to make it faſhionable. This will take ſome time before it will come to perfection; the very idea of domeſtic conviviality being now ſo vulgar as to be turned out of almoſt every gentleman's houſe in Great Britain. Your Lordſhip ſmiled at this idea, ſhook your head, and ſaid, you feared when the trick was found out, the tax would ceaſe. I think ſo too, my Lord; and therefore leave thoſe faſhionable people to their new adopted luxury of ſmiling without a cauſe of riſibility, of oſtentatious parade without inward comfort, and of the appearance of happineſs without one particle of real felicity.

Your Lordſhip's old friend,
And moſt obedient humble ſervant,
SCACABACK SCREECHKINKERTON.

Half-way houſe, between Jeſt and Earneſt, Sept. 9. 1782.

The Commercial Treaty promiſes to be of infinite advantage to this kingdom, and particularly to the metropolis, as appears by

the following improvements, &c.—In Dyot-Street, St. Giles's, a new ſhop is opened, and over the door theſe words:

"Soup Meagre every day here at a penny per quart—and young ladies taught the French Language in purity, by Monſieur and Madame Rien, juſt arrived from Paris."

An Academy appears in Hedge-lane, and a board over the firſt floor window, exhibits thus,—"New French ſongs taught to Engliſh ballad-ſingers and *les jolies filles de joye* inſtructed in the Pariſian ſtep, by Madame Dimirip, juſt arrived from Paris."

But that which ſurpaſſes all the reſt, is a new ſhop in Old Gravel-lane, Wapping; the ſhew-board of which has this inſcription:—"Eyes for the blind, teeth for the toothleſs, legs for the lame, and calves for the ſpindleſhanked:—falſe hips, falſe rumps, falſe colours, falſe nails, falſe fingers, falſe hair, and every other falſity that can beautify and adorn the Engliſh, ſo as to make them as amiable and as elegant as the French, to be had here at a moment's warning, and fixed in by Monſieur Fauxpas, juſt arrived from Paris, at the following rates:——

	£.	s	d.
A black eye - - - - - -	0	0	6
A blue eye - - - - - - -	0	0	4

A hazle

A hazly eye - - - - - - -	0	0	3
A grey eye - - - - - -	0	0	2
A wall eye to match - - - -	0	0	1
A ſingle tooth in front - - -	0	0	1
A double tooth - - - - - -	0	0	1
A cork leg with ſprings - - -	0	2	6
A wooden leg and foot - -	0	1	6
A pair of falſe calves - - - -	0	0	6
A pair of falſe hips made with horſe-hair, elaſtic - - - - - -	0	1	0
A pair of common rag ditto - -	0	0	4
A red noſe, flat - - - - -	0	0	8
A pale noſe, ditto - - - - -	0	0	6
An Aquiline noſe - - - -	0	0	9
A Roman noſe - - - - - -	0	0	9
A ſharp noſe a-la-mode d'Eden	0	1	6
Madame Eden's noſe - -	0	2	0
Madame Eden's arm - - - - -	0	1	0
Madame Eden's leg - - - - -	0	0	2
A wax boſom, flat, with red nipples	0	2	6
A wax neck and ſtomach, ſo as to ſhew ſhoulders, &c. complete	0	4	0
A wax boſom, en bon point -	0	3	0
An enamel for the whole face warranted to laſt twelve days and nights, let the weather be ever ſo boiſterous - - - - - - -	0	2	0
A breath ſweetner - - - - -	0	0	

Paints of all kinds on the loweſt terms.

The following Shandean intelligence was put into my hands by Lord N——, who aſſured me it was written by the ingenious and reverend Mr. B. Let the author be who he will, he poſſeſſed exquiſite humour, and I have not a doubt but my readers will thank me for ſecuring this lively production from the fate that generally attends thoſe pieces committed to a ſhort-lived newſpaper.

" The moſt extraodinary intelligence that ever was publiſhed within the walls of Paris, or ever ſet the ſpirit of Frenchmen upon the wing, has been publiſhed within theſe few days. The victories of Henry and Edward of England, did not aſtoniſh the nation ſo much; nor did the conqueſts of Louis XV. give the people half ſo much ſatisfaction, as the capture of the Engliſh merchantmen. It was as novel as it was unexpected.

" Half the people in France will be ruined by the expence of rejoicing—every houſe is open, all the bells ringing—men, women, and children, of all denominations, trades and profeſſions, dance, caper, ſkip, and jig it about with the agility of Benevento's devil.

devil. What with lights and illuminations, bonfires, and tranſparent paintings, rockets, ſquibs and crackers, and diſcharges from the artillery, feu-de joys from the ſmall arms, huzzaing from the nobility, the country looks like hell itſelf.

" The court was met on the occaſion, when a grandee of Spain, whiſkered up to the eyebrows,—cuffed up to the elbows—booted up to the hips, and ſpurred like a game cock, arrived expreſs from Madrid, with a meſſage congratulatory from his moſt Catholic Majeſty. The grandee wore a Ramillie tail down to his waiſtband, and carried a baſket-Toledo, in the hilt of which was depoſited his handkerchief.

The grandee of Spain was announced as the Sieur O'Reilly, by the gentleman uſher. The Sieur O'Reilly entered on the inſtant his name was announced, the moſt Chriſtian King having juſt time to take his throne. The moſt Chriſtian King aroſe to receive the Sieur—the queen turned to her favourite maid of honour, Lucetta. This grandee muſt be Iriſh, ſaid the Queen, by the great O he carries before his name. It is true, ſaid Lucetta, for your Majeſty may remember moſt of the brigade who are returned to Ireland, have great O's before

their names. True, ſaid the Queen, bluſhing.

" Her Majeſty laying the back of her right hand convexed into the palm of her left, which ſhe had concaved for the purpoſe, and reſted her elbows upon her hips, with great eaſe dropped her hands. The Queens's hands fell juſt upon that ſpot, where, in the picture of Venus, the golden claſp unites the argent zone of the goddeſs. The Queen, courteſying to the ground with the moſt amiable humility, while her eyes darted beams more penetrable than the rays of Apollo, ſaid to the Sieur O'Reilly— " Noble Sir, you are welcome to theſe parts."

" The whole court was aſtoniſhed at her Majeſty's condeſcenſion.

" The Sieur O'Reilly bowing to the ground with profound reſpect, drawing back his right leg, thruſt his ſpur into that part of the gentleman uſher's ancle, where the articulation joins the leg to the foot. The electrified gentleman uſher ſprung from the ground with a ſacre Dieu! and forgetting the preſence he was in, laid his hand upon his ſword. The Sieur O'Reilly turning up his muſtachios over his noſtrils, muttering ſomething in a language neither Engliſh, Iriſh, French, nor Spaniſh; it partook

took of each—" he grinned horribly a ghaſtly ſmile," and the gentleman uſher ſtood petrified. The whole court laughed—The Sieur O'Reilly took a pinch of ſnuff.

" The Sieur O'Reilly falling upon his knee, rivetted his eyes upon the Queen's—I have got it here, ſaid O'Reilly, thruſting his hand into his *breeches*,—I have got it here to preſent to your Majeſty, the like of which was never ſeen in France, Spain, or any other country on the continent. The ladies all ſmiled,—while their eyes followed the hands of the Sieur into his breeches pockets, and there imagination figured a thouſand ideas. I have it here! exclaimed the Sieur, with an exulting voice, as he drew from his breeches pocket a long roll—it was a roll of parchment—it was a liſt of the Engliſh merchantmen taken by the fleets of France and Spain.

" The Sieur O'Reilly was right: France, Spain, nor no country in the univerſe ever before ſaw ſuch a ſight.

" The King had ſcarcely read one quarter of this liſt, when a nobleman came in—eagerneſs and aſtoniſhment were painted in his countenance. The Belle Poule, ſaid the nobleman, is taken.—England muſt become bankrupt, ſaid the King.—The captain,

officers, and one half of the ſeamen, ſaid the nobleman, are killed. Lord have mercy on their ſouls, ſaid the King, we have taken the Engliſh convoy——not 'till Te Deum is ſung for our victory, ſaid Monſ. Sartine, have we taken the Engliſh convoy.

"The Belle Poule, the captain, the officers, and the crew, were immediately forgotten by the court of France. They had taken an Engliſh convoy.

"The King had got through half of the liſt, when another nobleman came in. The Comte d'Artois is gone, ſaid the nobleman. Then we have loſt the patron of faſhion, ſaid the gentleman uſher. You muſt conceal his death, ſaid the king, 'till the rejoicings are over—we have taken an Engliſh convoy. If half the princes of the blood were dead, I would not mourn this month, for we have taken an Engliſh convoy.

"Vive le Roi! ſaid the nobleman—it is the Artois ſhip of war, carrying ſixty-four guns, and 700 men, that is gone—Good heaven! ſaid the Queen, the Artois was commanded by an Iriſhman; and was taken by an Iriſhman, ſaid the nobleman.——"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war,"—— ſaid O'Reilly,—Lucetta (whiſpered the Queen) theſe Iriſhmen are always

ſtanding

ſtanding in our way—That's our own *fault*, an't pleaſe your majeſty, anſwered Lucetta.

" Was there force equal? interrogated the king.—Pretty equal, anſwered the nobleman. By no means, ſaid O'Reilly, turning to his countryman, who ſtood behind him. Cleonard fought againſt his king and country——diſloyalty weighed him down; and the reproaches of being a paracide, weakened his heart——I know it from my own feelings——Merciful heaven! that zeal ſhould ſo have blinded England, and my native land—but who could ſerve a government, which refuſed to let him ſerve his Maker, according to the dictates of his own conſcience!

" Big tears ſtood in the eye of the Sieur O'Reilly, and rolled down the furrows of his ſun-burnt cheek——he took his handkerchief from the hilt of his ſword to wipe them away, which his countryman perceiving, he claſped the veteran in his arms, and received the tears upon his faithful boſom.

A man

A man of wit, on his arrival at Fernei, having addreſſed Voltaire with theſe words,

Hic eſt Mæcenas Virgiliuſque ſimul.

In you we find both Mæcenas and Virgil.

Voltaire immediately replied, This ought to be true of one who is honoured with ſuch a viſitor.

Voltaire compared the Engliſh to a butt of their own ſtrong beer, the froth at top, dregs at bottom, but the middle excellent.

"Your nation, like your language," ſaid Voltaire, one day to an Engliſhman, "is a "ſtrange mixture of a variety of others. "When I behold one of your countrymen "fond of the tricks and chicane of law, I "ſay, there is a Norman who came over "with William the Conqueror. When I "ſee another, affable and polite, he has the "manners of a Plantagenet; or a third, out-"rageous and brutal, that, ſays I, is a Dane."

Notwithſtanding his enthuſiaſm in behalf of the Engliſh, he confeſſed there were among them many unſociable and melancholic characters. He one day ſaid to Lord Lyttleton.

Capricious, proud, the ſelf-ſame axe avails
To chop off monarch's heads, or horſes tails.

When

When Voltaire came to Paris, M. Turgot haſtened to ſee him. He was then very much troubled with the gout, which had rendered him hardly able to move his legs. After the firſt compliments, Voltaire, turning towards the company, ſaid, "when I "look on M. Turgot, I think I ſee the ſtatue "of Nebuchadnezzar," "Yes; the feet of "clay," replied the miniſter.—"And the "head of gold! the head of gold!" returned Voltaire.

POETICAL

POETICAL AMUSEMENTS.

DON PRINGELLO'S TALE; THE GERANIUM; *and* THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE, *now omitted in this Collection, are to be found in the* FESTIVAL OF LOVE; *these two volumes forming together a library of elegant amusement.*

The following EPIGRAM *that wicked wight Peter Pindar wrote during my late illness.*

IF blisters to his head apply'd,
Some little sense bestow;
What pity 'tis they were not try'd
Some twenty years ago!

EPIGRAM.

In imitation of the manner of MARTIAL.

Seven wives has Philaris sent back to earth,
If ev'ry husband sev'n would add to these,
How soon of cuckolds there would be a dearth,
Un-Xantipped the men would live in ease.

On

On parting with a collection of flowers *to an old conceited maid, who ſaid they would beſt adorn her boſom, and which were ſeen withered in an hour after.*

Sweet offspring of enraptur'd May,
Ill-fated flow'rs adieu!
No more the enamour'd god of day
Shall ſip thy ſilver dew.

The bluſh of morn thy tints reſign,
Thy fragrant charms are fled,
Fond Zephyrus no more is thine
In Flora's balmy bed.

No kind invigorating heat,
Her hand thy ſtems afford;
Love has forſook her veſtal ſeat,
And winter reigns her lord.

Hard fate, in ſuch a clime to die!
Between two hills of ſnow!
Cheerleſs the ſunſhine of her eye,
And paſt the pow'r to glow.

Now, like the bard *, whoſe faded form
Pale Miſery inſhrin'd—
Thy charms find ſhelter from the ſtorm,
All blooming in my mind!

* The unfortunate Chatterton.

On the DEATH *of Mr.* FOOTE.

Pardon, old friend, if at thy death
A ſudden joy prevails,
'Tis not that you've reſign'd your breath,
But that you can't *tell tales!*

On the SAME.

Satire and Irony no more
Shall forth their arrows ſhoot;
Ev'n Wit muſt fall—the reaſon's plain,
Becauſe ſhe's ne'er a Foote!

THE ANT AND GRASSHOPPER.

A FABLE.

A graſshopper had chanted it away,
Each ſummer's day:
Now that cold weather was ſet in,
Began to look moſt piteous thin.
Away ſhe hopp'd to ſee her neighbour th' ant,
And begg'd ſome ſmall relief ſhe'd grant
From her abundant ſtore;
Or elſe, e'er half the winter o'er,
She needs muſt die for want;
And faith and troth ſhe ſwore
The loan with int'reſt to reſtore
By autumn next—if not before.

Your

Your ants they never lend on truſt:
Our houſewife was devout as well as juſt;
T' encourage ſloth ſhe held a crime.
How did you ſpend, quoth ſhe, the harveſt time?
And pleaſe you, night and day I tun'd my ſong
T' amuſe the travellers that paſs'd along.
Oh, ho! and ſo you ſung the ſummer out?
Yes, Ma'am. Why that was wond'rous wiſe:
And now that winter's come, might I adviſe,
E'en dance about;
You'll have, at leaſt, the comfort for't,
To've led a merry life, tho' ſhort.

The following humorous EPITAPH *has been given to three of my intimates; the Hon. C. F. the Earl of C. and Lord V. T. Be it whoſe it will, it is a very ingenious compoſition.*

HERE *cool* the *aſhes* of MULCIBER GRIM,
Late of this pariſh, *blackſmith*;
He was born in *Seacoal*-lane, and bred at *Hammerſmith*.
From his youth upwards he was much addicted to *vices*, and was often guilty of *forgery*.
Having ſome talents for *irony*,
He therefore produced many *heats* in his neighbourhood,

Which

Which he uſually increaſed by *blowing up the coals.*

This rendered him ſo unpopular,
That when he found it neceſſary to adopt *cooling* meaſures,
His conduct was generally accompanied with a *hiſs.*

Though he ſometimes proved a *warm* friend,
Yet, where his intereſt was concerned,
He made it a conſtant rule to *ſtrike while the iron was hot,*
Regardleſs of the injury he might do thereby:
And when he had
Any matter of moment upon the *anvil,*
He ſeldom fail'd to *turn it to his own advantage.*

Among the numberleſs inſtances that might be given of the cruelty of his diſpoſition, it need only be mentioned,
That he was the means of *hanging* many of the innocent family of the *Bells,*
Under the idle pretence of keeping them from *jangling;*
And put great numbers of the *hearts of ſteel* into the *hotteſt flames,*
Merely (as he declared) to *ſoften* the obduracy of their *tempers.*

At

At length, after paſſing a long life in the
commiſſion of theſe *black actions*,
His *fire* being exhauſted, and his
Bellows worn out,
He *filed* off to that place where only the *fervid*
ordeal of his own *forge* can be exceeded;
Declaring with his laſt *puff*,
That "man is born to trouble as the *ſparks*
fly upwards."

THE CROW AND THE FOX.

A FABLE.

Up in a tree a Crow had got
A cheeſe or cake, no matter what;
When Maſter Fox, allur'd by ſmell or ſmoke,
Firſt lick'd his chops, then thus he ſpoke:
Good-morrow, Maſter Crow,
How fine you are! a very beau!
Dear me, if I'm not quite in love:
Well, if the warble of your throat
Anſwers the beauty of your coat,
You are the phœnix of the grove!
The Crow thus tickl'd, needs muſt
prove
His great harmonious ſkill;
And opening wide his bill,
Of courſe the prey let go;
Which Reynard catch'd below:

And

And thus advis'd the bird above:
Mark well the leſſon which I give;
All ſycophants expect to live
On thoſe they flatter; henceforth caution take,
The counſel's good, no doubt and worth yeur cake:
Adieu. The Crow, aſham'd and griev'd,
Curſing his fate,
Swore, but too late,
He never more ſhould be deceived.

Tranſlation of a GREEK EPIGRAM *on a* GRECIAN BEAUTY.

Thy eyes declare the imperial wife of Jove;
Thy breaſts diſcloſe the Cyprian queen of love;
Minerva's fingers thy fair hand diſplays,
And Thetis' limbs each graceful ſtep betrays.

Bleſt man! whoſe eye on thy bright form has hung;
Thrice bleſt! who hears the muſic of thy tongue:
As monarchs happy! who thy lips has preſt;
But who embraces as the gods are bleſt!

The

The following EPITAPH, *made by a huſband on the deceaſe of his* ſecond wife, *and who happened to be interred immediately adjoining his former one, is copied from a ſtone in a church-yard in the county of Kent.*

Here lies the body of SARAH SEXTON,
Who was a good wife, and never vex'd one;
I can't ſay that for her at the next ſtone.

The DEATH *of* ALICO, *an African Slave. Condemned for Rebellion in Jamaica,* 1762. *By* BRYANT EDWARDS, *Eſq. of that Iſland.*

'Tis paſt:—Ah! calm thy * cares to reſt:
Firm and unmov'd am I:—
In Freedom's cauſe I bar'd my breaſt,—
In Freedom's cauſe I die.

Ah, ſtop! thou doſt me fatal wrong:—
Nature will yet rebel;
For I have lov'd thee very long,
And lov'd thee very well.

To native ſkies, and peaceful bow'rs,
I ſoon ſhall wing my way;
Where joy ſhall lead the circling hours,
Unleſs too long thy ſtay.

* He is ſuppoſed to addreſs his wife at the place of execution.

O ſpeed

O ſpeed, fair Sun! thy courſe divine;
My ABALA remove;
There thy bright beams ſhall ever ſhine,
And I for ever love!

On thoſe bleſt ſhores—a ſlave no more!
In peaceful eaſe I'll ſtray;
Or rouſe to chaſe the mountain boar,
As unconfin'd as day!

No Chriſtian tyrant there is known,
To mark his ſteps with blood,
Nor ſable Mis'ry's piercing moan,
Reſounds thro' every wood!

Yet I have heard the melting tongue,
Have ſeen the falling tear;
Known the good heart by pity wrung,
Ah! that ſuch hearts are rare.

Now, Chriſtian, glut thy raviſh'd eyes—
—I reach the joyful hour;
Now bid the ſcorching flames ariſe,
And theſe poor limbs devour:

But know, pale tyrant, 'tis not thine
Eternal war to wage;
The death thou giv'ſt ſhall but combine
To mock thy baffled rage.

O Death! how welcome to th' oppreſt!
Thy kind embrace I crave;

Thou bring'ſt to Mis'ry's boſom reſt,
And *Freedom to the Slave!*

DIALOGUE *between a* Nobleman, *in a dream, in which he fancied himſelf dead, and a dead* Beggar, *buried by the ſide of him.—From the* French.

I dreamt that, buried in my fellow clay,
Cloſe by a common beggar's ſide I lay;
And, as ſo mean a neighbour ſhock'd my pride,
Thus (like a corpſe of quality) I cry'd:
"Away! thou ſcoundrel! henceforth touch "me not,
"More manners learn, and at a diſtance rot."
"Thou ſcoundrel!" in a louder tone, cry'd he, ["thee!
"Proud lump of dirt, I ſcorn thy words and
"We're equal now—I'll not an inch reſign,
"This is my dunghill, as the next is thine."

ODE to MISS ******.

By BRYANT EDWARDS, *Eſq. of Jamaica.*

O clear that cruel doubting brow!
——I'll call on mighty Jove
To witneſs this eternal vow;—
'Tis you alone I love!

" O leave the god to ſoft repoſe,
(The ſmiling maid replies)
" For Jove but laughs at lovers' oaths,
" And lovers' perjuries."

By honour'd beauty's gentle power;
By friendſhip's holy flame:
" Ah! what is beauty but a flow'r,
" And friendſhip but a name!"

By thoſe dear tempting lips, I cry'd;
—With arch ambiguous look,
Convinc'd my Chloe glanc'd aſide,
And bade me *kiſs the book*.

The late Dr. KENRICK, *who was eternally railing at all mankind, gave riſe to the following bitter Epigram:*

The wits who drink water, and ſuck ſugar-candy,
Impute the ſtrong water of Kenrick to brandy.
They are not ſo much out; the matter in ſhort is,
He ſips *aqua-vitæ* and ſpits *aqua-fortis!*

VERSES UPON Mrs. CREWE.

By the Hon. CHARLES FOX.

Where the loveliеſt expreſſion to features is join'd,
By nature's moſt delicate pencil deſign'd;
Where

Where bluſhes unbidden, and ſmiles without art,
Speak the ſoftneſs and feeling that dwell in the heart;
Where in manners enchanting no blemiſh we trace,
But the ſoul keeps the promiſe we had from the face;
Sure philoſophy, reaſon, and coldneſs muſt prove
Defences unequal to ſhield us from love:
Then tell me, myſterious enchanter, oh tell!
By what wonderful art, by what magic ſpell,
My heart is ſo fenc'd, that for once I am wiſe,
And gaze without raptures on Amoret's eyes:
That my wiſhes, which never were bounded before,
Are here bounded by friendſhip, and aſk for no more?
Is't reaſon? No: that my whole life will belie;
For who ſo at variance as reaſon and I?
Is't ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,
Nor allows any ſofter ſenſation a part?
Oh no! for in this all the world muſt agree,
One folly was never ſufficient for me.
Is my mind on diſtreſs too intenſely employ'd,
Or by pleaſure relax'd, by variety cloy'd?

For alike in this only, employment and pain
Both ſlacken the ſprings of thoſe nerves which they ſtrain.
That I've felt each reverſe that from fortune can flow,
That I've taſted each bliſs that the happieſt know,
Has ſtill been the whimſical fate of my life,
Where anguiſh and joy have been ever at ſtrife.
But, tho' vers'd in extremes both of pleaſure and pain,
I'm ſtill but too ready to feel them again:
If then for this once in my life I am free,
And eſcape from a ſnare, might catch wiſer than me,
'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms,
For, tho' brightneſs may dazzle, 'tis kindneſs that warms;
As on ſuns in the winter with pleaſure we gaze,
But feel not their warmth, tho' their ſplendor we praiſe;
So beauty our juſt admiration may claim;
But love, and love only, the heart can inflame.

The following lively EPITAPH *was put into my hands by the late* Lord LYTTELTON, *which may with ſome propriety be applied to himſelf.*

Tranſlation of REGINER'S EPITAPH.

Gayly I liv'd, as eaſe and nature taught,
And ſpent my little life without a thought;
And am amaz'd that Death, that tyrant grim,
Should think of me, who never thought of him.

AN EPIGRAM ON MODERN MARRIAGES.

When Phœbus was am'rous, and long'd to be rude,
Miſs Daphne cry'd; piſh! and ran to the wood:
And, rather than do ſuch a naughty affair,
She became a fine laurel to deck the god's hair.
The nymph was, no doubt of a cold conſtitution;
For ſure, to turn tree was an odd reſolution!
Yet in this ſhe behav'd like a *coterie* ſpouſe,
As ſhe fled from his arms to *diſtinguiſh his brows.*

VERSES *ſaid to have been written by* SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D. *at the requeſt of a gentleman, to whom a lady had given a ſprig of myrtle.*

What hopes, what terrors, does thy gift create!
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate!
The myrtle (enſign of ſupreme command,
Conſign'd by Venus to Meliſſa's hand)
Not leſs capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects a lover's prayer:
In myrtle ſhades oft ſings the happy ſwain;
In myrtle ſhades deſpairing ghoſts complain;
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers' heads,
Th' unhappy lovers' graves the myrtle ſpreads;
Oh! then the meaning of thy gift impart,
And eaſe the throbbings of an anxious heart:
Soon muſt this bough, as you ſhall fix his doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

GRACE.

BY MR. GARRICK.

Ye beaux eſprits, ſay, what is Grace?
Dwells it in motion, ſhape, or face?
Or is it all the three combin'd,
Guided and ſoften'd by the mind?

Where

Where is it *not*, all eyes may ſee ;
But where it *is* all hearts agree ;
'Tis there, when eaſy in its ſtate,
The mind is elegantly great ;
Where looks give ſpeech to every feature,
The ſweeteſt eloquence of nature ;
A harmony of thought and motion,
To which at once we pay devotion.
—But where to find this *nonpareil !*
Where does this female wonder dwell ?
Who can it will our hearts command ?
—Behold in public——CUMBERLAND !

To MADAME DE VILLEGAGNON,

On the SEISURE *of* CLOATHS *by the* CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS.

BY THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

Pardon, fair traveller, the troop
That barr'd your wardrobe's way ;
Nor think your ſilks, your gown, and hoop,
Were objects of their prey.

Ah ! who, when authoriz'd by law
To ſtrip a form like yours,
Would reſt content with what he ſaw,
And not exert his pow'rs ?

THE PEASANT AND HIS ASS.

A FABLE.

As on the road a peaſant drove his aſs,
He ſpy'd a meadow rich in graſs;
And tho' he had no right to do it,
He dar'd the pound, and turn'd the beaſt into it.

The jack-aſs, charm'd at ſuch a treat,
With choice to crop, and time to eat,
Graz'd here and there the field all over;
Then pranc'd, and rear'd, and toſs'd his head,
And in the thick on't made his bed,
Like one that's nurs'd in clover.

Amidſt this jubilee the foe appears;
The clown cries out, Haſte, haſte away!
At which our aſs prick'd up his ears,
And bray'd, No, friend, I chooſe to ſtay:
Will thoſe folks load a double pack
Upon my back?
Why, no:—then what is it to me,
If I belong to them or thee?
You may by flight your freedom ſave,
If you diſdain to be a ſlave:
For me, it is no new diſaſter;
Nor do I know
The thing that I can call my foe,
Except my maſter.

To

To MADAME DE DAMAS, *learning Engliſh.*

By the Hon. Horace Walpole.

Though Britiſh accents your attention fire,
You cannot learn ſo faſt as we admire.
Scholars, like you, but ſlowly can improve,
For who could teach you but the verb *I love?*

M. DE LA CONDAMINE *to his Lady, the Morning after their Wedding.*

Thus match'd of old, Tithonus and Aurora;
I and Tithonus both old fellows;
His wife, like mine, more beautiful than Flora,
Yet I ſhould make Tithonus jealous.
Tho' ſtrong his love, tho' great her charms,
Their union was leſs bleſt than ours:
Aurora's ſpouſe grew older in her arms,
You make me young again in yours.

TO A LADY WHO LOVED DANCING.

Written by the late Judge Burnet.

May I preſume, in humble lays,
My *dancing* fair, thy ſteps to praiſe?
While this grand maxim I advance,
That all the world is but a *dance.*

That human-kind, both man and woman,
Do *dance*, is evident and common;
David himſelf, that god-like king,
We know could dance as well as ſing:
Folks who at court would keep their ground,
Muſt *dance* the year attendance round:
Whole nations *dance*; gay, friſking France
Has led the nation many a *dance*;
And ſome believe both France and Spain
Reſolve to take us out again.
All nature is *one ball*, we find;
The water *dances* to the wind;
The ſea itſelf, at night and noon,
Riſes and capers to the moon;
The moon around the earth does tread
A Cheſhire round in buxom red;
The earth and planets round the ſun
Dance; nor will their *dance* be done
'Till nature in one maſs is blended;
Then we may ſay—*the ball is ended*.

GRACE *after Dinner, at a* MISER'S.

Thanks for this miracle; it is no leſs
Than finding manna in the wilderneſs:
In midſt of famine we have found relief,
And ſeen the wonder of a chine of beef;

Chimnies

Chimnies have ſmok'd, that never ſmok'd before,
And we have din'd where we ſhall dine no more.

IMPROMPTU.

Beyond all climates, far above all ſkies,
The ſoul that once inform'd my Sylvia flies:
May guardian angels ſtill point out its way,
Through all the regions of eternal day;
May heav'nly love ſtill bleſs that tender mind,
Which ever was with love and truth combin'd;
And that her joys, unmix'd with care, may flow,
Conceal, kind Heav'n, from her my heart-felt woe!

On a Report of the KING *of* SPAIN'S *marrying* MADAME VICTOIRE, *a Princeſs of France.*

Tho' Frenchmen may promiſe him Madame *Victoire*,
He'll find it a trick and a cheat;
An union with France, upon this or that ſcore,
Will wed him to Madame—*Defeat.*

THE POET AND STRAW.

A FABLE.

On *Richmond* hill, with doublet bare,
A hungry poet takes the air:
The air on *Richmond* hill, tho' good,
And excellent chameleon food,
Is rather of too thin a nature,
For a beef-loving, two-legg'd creature.
Our poet ſtops, he looks around,
And murmurs thus in doleful ſound:
"While plenty o'er the landſcape reigns,
Shall bards alone feel meagre pains?
Ah! what avails, if in the town
My madrigals acquir'd renown;
If, ſtranger to all powerful coin,
I ſeldom taſte the rich ſirloin;
If for the produce of my brain,
I meet from money'd fools diſdain;—
In vain the laurel crowns my brows;
What crowns my pocket!—not one ſous:
Of bay or laurel where the uſe is?
Nor bay nor laurel fruit produces:——
I've Fame purſu'd, and now I've caught her,
She proves mere moon-ſhine in the water;
How happier the unletter'd glutton,
Who can indulge on beef and mutton:
How curs'd each ſervant of the Nine!
I'd rather be a fool, and dine." He

He ſaid, and to his great ſurpriſe,
Beneath his feet a ſtraw replies:—
" Ah! hapleſs bard, look down and ſee
Thy ſtriking emblem here in me;
Deſpis'd by thoſe, to whom my head
Furniſh'd the ſtaff of living—bread:
That gain'd, behold me here caſt down,
Trod on by every ſordid clown:
Juſt ſo the bard, who from his brain
The hungry mind can entertain,
Is ſoon neglected and forgot,
A barren praiſe his hapleſs lot;
To Fame becomes an empty bubble,
Trod on by fools like ſtraw or ſtubble."

EPITAPH *on Mr.* THOMAS HAMMOND, *Pariſh Clerk of* Aſhford, *in* Kent, *who was a good man, and an excellent backgammon-player, and was ſucceeded in office by a Mr.* TRICE.

By the change of the dye,
On his *back* here doth lie
Our moſt audible clerk, Mr. Hammond;
Tho' he *bore many men*
'Till threeſcore and ten,
Yet, at length, he by death is *back-gammon'd*;
But hark! neighbours, hark!
Here again comes the clerk:

By

By a hit very lucky and nice,
With death we're now even;
He juſt ſtept up to heaven,
And is with us again in a *Trice*.

Recited to me by Lord T.

PARISH TYTHES,

An old TALE, *in Verſe.*

By Robert Lloyd.

The parſon of a pleaſant village,
Who had other tythes beſides of tillage,
Being in a merry mood one day,
Thus to his clerk did gaily ſay:
"*Uriah*, I am told, thou art
A fornicating clerk at heart.
Now, if thou'lt own the dames thou'ſt kiſs'd,
I'll tell thee honeſtly my liſt."
"With all my ſoul (the clerk replies)
Old Nick take him the firſt that lies."
To prove their work, they early go,
Each takes his deſk—and as each do
Come into church, he who has known
The lady gay, or fair or brown,
Muſt ſtroke his chin, and call out, *Hem!*
And t'other muſt reply, *Amen!*
The clerk, thus leaning on his Pſalms,
The parſon without any qualms,

Loll

Lolls on his Bible, waiting keen
To *hem* at the firſt lady ſeen,
The 'ſquire's wife, demure and ſly,
Enters the firſt; the parſon's eye
Fixes on her—he *hems*. Another,
Supporting her aged mother,
Attracts the parſon's quick attention;
Twice he *hem'd*—I ſhall not mention
The qualities and generous faces,
Of all the parſon's village graces:
Suffice it then to ſay, eleven
Came in; he *hem'd*—the clerk ſaid "Heav'n!"
Twelve more appear'd—he did afford
Twelve *hems*——*Uriah* cryd, "O Lord!"
Next was the lawyer's wife—a fair one—
He *hem'd*—the clerk cry'd, "Thou'rt a rare one!"
At length, quite ſober, ſleek, and thin,
The parſon's pretty wife came in;
The parſon *hem'd*—the clerk *hem'd* too;
"Zounds!" cries the prieſt, "that can't be true!"
"Not true! why not? you may condemn,
"But Old Nick have me, but 'tis *hem!*"

EPIGRAMS.

I.

If full of *grace*, and *graceful* is the ſame,
Your ſaints to *graceful* boaſt the ſtrongeſt claim;
To ſuch alone all-*gracious* Heav'n gives grace,
And unbelievers are a *graceleſs* race.
How *graceful* TOTTENHAM, thy choſen few,
Compar'd, St. JAMES's, with thy *graceful* crew!

II.

"What's faſhionable, I'll maintain,
"Is always right," cries ſprightly *Jane*;
"Ah! would to heav'n!" cries graver *Sue*,
"What's *right* were faſhionable too."

The following ſprightly and entertaining piece was read to me by Lord N—, *ſome years ago, at* Windſor: *I gave it to my eldeſt ſon, for an* Eaſter *Taſk; and he, to the aſtoniſhment of every one, got it by heart in half a day.*

To Mr. R. *laid up with a fit of the Gout.*

By Mr. Lloyd, confined in the Fleet-Priſon.

There is a magic in ſweet ſounds,
Which draws forth ev'ry thing but—pounds.

By

By magic ſong's commanding tune,
Medea could unhinge the moon.
At old Amphion's plaſtic call
The ſtones jump'd up, and form'd a wall;
The prieſts loud horns began to blow,
Down went the walls of Jericho:
The ſailors, people not renown'd
For nice intelligence of ſound,
Chuck'd poor Arion fairly o'er,
To ſwim, at leaſt, nine leagues to ſhore,
Down fiddle went, and fidler—piſh!
He got a horſeback on a fiſh!
You ſee the force of muſic here,
Your dolphins have a charming ear.
Young Orpheus, whom you oft have ſeen
In play-houſe ſuit of lighteſt green,
Scarce ſweetly ſwept the whizzing wire,
When, at the magic of his lyre,
From cunning trap-doors of the earth,
Sprang trees of inſtantaneous birth;
While, all reſponſive to his airs,
Leapt bulls, and wolves, and dancing bears.
When David ſung, what ſome folks call
(See Doctor Brown) the *Cure of Saul*,
He touch'd the monarch to the quick,
Like Orpheus when he ſooth'd *Old Nick*.
A foaming wolf, relentleſs, fierce,
Who never heard one word of verſe,
Came ruſhing from a neighbouring wood,
Juſt where the careleſs poet ſtood;

But * Horace (was he much to blame?)
Humm'd a ſhort ode—the wolf grew tame,
And went as empty as he came.
Strange pow'r of verſe in ancient times!
Loſt in our luckleſs land of rhymes;
All things are tending to decay,
Poor Nature's in a palſy'd way.
Now kings may *touch*, and *touch* again,
The *royal evil* will remain;
And modern bards, and ſcepter'd kings,
Are equally *ungifted* things.
Not all the laws we laymen make,
Can charm away the belly-ache.
Can numbers numb the twinging gout,
And bring the cripple dancing out?
Say, can I ſoothe, with carol ſweet,
The *Cerberus* who guards the *Fleet?*
Can I, by rhyme's harmonious aid,
Charm *Argus Turnkeys* from their trade?
Their mind on other paſſions rolls,
They have no muſic in their ſouls.
While on their accents ſenates hung,
When Rhet'ric ſpoke from Tully's tongue,
While he purſu'd his ſureſt art,
To wind him into Cæſar's heart,
As if the words had pierc'd his ſoul,
The artful Cæſar dropp'd his ſcroll.

* Ode XXII. Book I.

Wonders

Wonders we cannot work like theſe,
Say what you liſt, ſay what you pleaſe,
J——n will hear, yet keep his keys.
Say, will my ſong, *da capo'd* o'er,
Piano ſoft, *andante* roar,
Tho' even Handel ſet the air,
Call up one tree to ſhade the *bare?*
Tho' I burſt both my cheeks for ſpite,
And blow aloud from morn to night,
The trumpet, flute, and horn, and all—
The devil of a brick will fall;
And poetry like mine, I truſt,
Can neither raiſe a wall nor cruſt.
In that looſe caſh, however ſtrong,
Who'll take the payment of a ſong?
What wolf will now forego his prey
For all that I can ſing or ſay?
My rhymes, alas! will *catch no fiſh*,
To ſwim in ſauce upon my diſh!
And for *theſe* notes, however clear,
Will the next dolphin * give me beer?
Alas! my friend, how vain our boaſt!
The ancients ſtill muſt rule the roaſt:
They could raiſe walls by muſic's ſpell,
Bring trees from earth, and wives from hell:
But fruitleſs you may pipe and thrum;
Nor wives, nor trees, nor walls will come.

* A public houſe on Ludgate-hill.

Though

Though you, like Phœbus, ſweetly ſing,
Though I ſhould ſoar on Pindar's wing,
Yet neither tune nor words avail;
The gout's a gout, the jail's a jail.
What is't to us, or proſe or rhyme,
My meaſur'd verſe, your meaſur'd time?
Have we not loſt all uſe of *feet*,
You in the *gout*, I in the *Fleet*?

EPIGRAM.

Imitated from Sir THOMAS MORE.

THE LONG NOS'D FAIR.

Once on a time I fair *Dorinda* kiſs'd,
Whoſe *noſe* was too diſtinguiſh'd to be miſs'd:
My dear, ſays I, I fain would kiſs you cloſer,
But tho' your lips ſay *Ay*—your noſe ſays, *No, Sir.*
—The maid was equally to *fun* inclin'd,
And plac'd her lovely lily hand BEHIND:
Here, ſwain, ſhe cry'd, may'ſt thou ſecurely kiſs;
Where there's no noſe to interrupt thy *bliſs*.

EPIGRAM FROM MARTIAL.

No praiſe the grutching *Roſalinda* yields
To bards, till they are in the *Elyſian fields*.
She ſays, that every modern is a dunce,
Forgetting *Homer* was a modern once.

Die

Die—Die—ſhe cries——and then I'll deign
a ſmile.
Your ſervant, Ma'm—but 'tis not worth my
while.

THE MISER AND THE MOUSE,

An EPIGRAM *from the* GREEK.

To a Mouſe, ſays a Miſer, "My dear Mr.
Mouſe, [houſe?"
Pray what may you pleaſe for to want in my
Says the Mouſe, "Mr. Miſer, pray keep
yourſelf quiet.
You are ſafe in your perſon, your purſe, and
your diet;
A lodging I want, which e'en you may afford,
But none would come here to beg, borrow,
or board."

The following excellent lines were written by a LADY *of* Norwich, *on obſerving ſome white Hairs on her Lover's Head.*

Thou, to whoſe pow'r reluctantly we bend,
Foe to life's fairy dreams, relentleſs Time!
Alike the dread of lover and of friend,
Why ſtamp thy ſeal on manhood's roſy
prime?
Already twining 'midſt my Thyrſis' hair,
The ſnowy wreaths of age, the monuments of
care.

Through

Through all her forms, tho' nature own thy
sway,
That boasted sway thou'lt here exert in
vain;
To the last beams of life's declining day,
Thyrsis shall view, unmov'd, thy potent
reign.
Secure to please, whilst goodness knows to
charm,
Fancy and taste delight, or sense and truth
inform.
Tyrant! when from that lip of crimson glow,
Swept by thy chilling wing, the rose shall
fly;
When thy rude scythe indents his polish'd
brow,
And quench'd is all the lustre of his eye;
When ruthless age disperses every grace,
Each smile that beams from that ingenuous
face—
Then, thro' her stores shall active Mem'ry
rove,
Teaching each various charm to bloom
anew,
And still the raptur'd eye of faithful love
Shall bend on Thyrsis its delighted view;
Still shall he triumph with resistless pow'r,
Still rule the conquer'd heart to life's re-
motest hour.

A beautiful

A beautiful young Lady, who poſſeſſes one of the beſt hearts in the world, repeated the following poem to a large company one evening laſt winter. The author deſerves much praiſe, particularly for the latter part of it, which turns upon a very pretty thought.

THE STROLLING PLAYER.

A TALE.

A ſtrolling player, as ſtory tells,
If truth in modern ſtory dwells,
Stood once proclaiming Richard's fate
Hard by an honeſt farmer's gate;
And ſaw the clowns with pleaſure come,
Who heard the beating of the drum:
For country actors round about,
Whene'er their caſh and credit's out,
Or when his worſhip ſhall determine
To drive them out, like other vermin;
Then ſome poor youth, who fain would ſup,
For ſix-pence takes the drum-ſticks up
And gladly rambles up and down,
To beat the play thro' half the town;
And oft this man, by hunger preſt,
Is better paid than all the reſt——
But as our preſent mouth-piece ſtood,
And curdled ev'ry ruſtic's blood,

Exerted

Exerted all his might and pow'r,
On Henry's murder in the Tower;
How Glo'ſter baſely took his life,
And after marry'd Edward's wife,
Then quickly ſtopp'd his nephews' breath,
By vilely ſtifling them to death.
With many other horrid crimes,
Whoſe mention ſhocks the lateſt times!
'Till Richmond nobly made him yield,
And kill'd the wretch in Boſworth field.
The honeſt farmer, ſighing, ſaid,
'What ways there are of getting bread!
'I dare ſay, friend, you'll think it hard
'To work in any farmer's yard;
'Yet tell me, tho' you ſpeak ſo fine,
'Whoſe trade is better, your's or mine?
'Is any fellow in your ſtation
'Of half our value to the nation;
'And yet at us you toſs your noſe,
'Whene'er you get a rag of cloaths;
'With ſaucy jeſts preſume to flout us,
'Altho' you could not eat without us;
'In London I have ſeen the players
'In better waiſtcoats than our mayors;
'Nay, I declare it on my word,
'I've ſeen an actor wear a ſword;
'And not a creature in the town,
'Would ever knock the fellow down.
'Altho' the puppy had began
'To think himſelf a gentleman;

'When but the very ſummer after,
'(I ſcarce can mention it for laughter)
'He came among the country boors,
'And beat juſt ſuch a drum as yours;
'What can you ſay?" the farmer cry'd.
When thus our orator reply'd;—
'Sir, if my word you'll pleaſe to truſt,
'I own your cenſure often juſt:
'Experience ev'ry day declares
'The fooliſh pride of many play'rs;
'And ſome, perhaps, but let that reſt,
'Whoſe lives are not the very beſt;
'But tho' this truth on ſome may fall,
'The cenſure ne'er can reach to all.
'A raſcal howſoever drawn,
'Had been a raſcal clad in lawn;
'And worth will every eye engage,
'Tho' fortune place it on the ſtage;
'Profeſſions, Sir, you never find
'Have chang'd the temper of the mind:
'And if a man, genteelly bred,
'A faultleſs life has ever led;
'Why will your cenſure wiſh to blame
'The merit juſtice would proclaim?
'I need not ſay what native fires,
'Or judgment, ſuch a life requires;
'A truth like this I need not ſmother,
'They're higher much than any other:
'And if ſometimes we meet with loſſes,
'(All men are liable to croſſes;)

'Why is an actor's made a jeſt,
'When pity ſmiles on all the reſt?
'Had fortune burnt your haggards down,
'You, Sir, had work'd about the town,
'Had beat a drum, or acted worſe,
'Without a ſix-pence in your purſe.'—
Here paus'd the youth;—the farmer turn'd,
Whoſe breaſt with true good-nature burn'd,
'Of all thy trade, I ne'er eſpy'd
'A man poſſeſs ſo little pride:
'A aſk thy pardon, honeſt youth;
'Thou haſt ſpoke nothing but the truth;
'And while with us you chooſe to ſtay,
'I beg thou'lt ſee me every day;
'Nor bluſh, if e'er thou art diſtreſt,
'To be an honeſt farmer's gueſt.
'A man, I dare be ſworn, thou art
'Bleſt with a very noble heart.
'And, harkee,—nay—but this way ſtand,
'Here, take a guinea in thy hand;
'Had I been in thy place, I ſee,
'You would have acted juſt like me.'

VERSES BY R. B. SHERIDAN, Eſq;

Mr. Sheridan *meeting Miſs* Linley, *now Mrs.* Sheridan, *at the entrance of a grotto, in the vicinity of Bath, took the liberty of offering her ſome advice; with which apprehending that ſhe was diſpleaſed, he left the following lines in the grotto next day.*

Uncouth is this moſs-cover'd grotto of ſtone,
And damp is the ſhade of this dew-dripping tree;
Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own,
And, willow, thy damps are refreſhing to me.
For this is the grotto where Delia reclin'd,
As late I in ſecret her confidence ſought;
And this is the tree kept her ſafe from the wind,
As bluſhing ſhe heard the grave leſſon I taught.
Then tell me, thou grotto of moſs-cover'd ſtone,
And tell me, thou willow, with leaves dripping dew,
Did Delia ſeem vex'd when Horatio was gone?
And did ſhe confeſs her reſentment to you?

Methinks now each bough, as you're waving it, tries
To whiſper a cauſe for the ſorrow I feel;
To hint how ſhe frown'd when I dar'd to adviſe,
And ſigh'd when ſhe ſaw that I did it with zeal.

True, true, ſilly leaves, ſo ſhe did, I allow;
She frown'd, but no rage in her looks could I ſee:
She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her brow;
She ſigh'd, but perhaps 'twas in pity to me.

Then wave thy leaves briſker, thou willow of woe;
I tell thee no rage in her looks could I ſee:
I cannot, I will not believe it was ſo;
She was not, ſhe could not be angry with me.

For well did ſhe know that my heart meant no wrong,
It ſunk at the thought of but giving her pain:
But truſted its taſk to a faultering tongue,
Which err'd from the feelings it could not explain.

Yet,

Yet, oh! if indeed I've offended the maid,
If Delia my humble monition refuſe;
Sweet willow, the next time ſhe viſits thy ſhade,
Fan gently her boſom, and plead my excuſe.

And thou, ſtony grot, in thy arch may'ſt preſerve
Two lingering drops of the night-fallen dew;
And juſt let them fall at her feet, and they'll ſerve
As tears of my ſorrow intruſted to you.

Or leſt they unheeded ſhould fall at her feet,
Let them fall on her boſom of ſnow, and I ſwear
The next time I viſit thy moſs-cover'd ſeat,
I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear.

So mayſt thou, green willow, for ages thus toſs
Thy branches ſo lank o'er the ſlow winding ſtream;
And thou, ſtony grotto, retain all thy moſs,
While yet there's a poet to make thee his theme.

Nay more—may my Delia ſtill give you her charms
Each evening, and ſometimes the whole evening long;
Then, grotto, be proud to ſupport her white arms;
Then, willow, wave all thy green tops to her ſong.

PRIZE MONODY,

On the DEATH *of Mr.* GARRICK.

For the Vaſe *at* Bath Eaſton, *Feb.* 11, 1779.

By Miſs Seward.

Dim ſweeps the ſhower along the miſty vale,
And Grief's low accents murmur in the gale;
O'er the damp vaſe Horatio ſighing leans,
And gazes abſent on the faded ſcenes:
And ſorrow's gloom has veil'd each ſprightly grace,
That us'd to revel in his Laura's face,
When, with ſweet ſmiles, her garland gay ſhe twin'd,
And each light ſpray with roſeate ribbons join'd.

Dropt

Dropt from her hand the ſcatter'd myrtles lie:
And lo! dark cypreſs meets the mournful eye.
For thee, O Garrick! ſighs from Genius breathe,
For thee ſad Beauty weaves the fun'ral wreath.
Shakſpeare's great ſpirit, in its cloudleſs blaze,
Led him unequall'd thro' the inventive maze;
'Midſt the deep pathos of his melting themes,
Thro' the light magic of his playful dreams.
He caught the genuine humour glowing there,
Wit's vivid flaſh, and cunning's ſober leer.
The ſtrange diſtreſs that fires the kindling brain
Of feeble madneſs on the ſtormy plain!
Or when pale youth, in Denmark's midnight ſhade,
Purſues the ſteel-clad phantom thro' the glade;
Or, ſtarting from the couch with dire affright,
When the crown'd murd'rer glares upon the ſight,
In all the horrors of the guilty ſoul,
Dark as the night that wraps the frozen pole!

—Our ſubject paſſions own'd the ſway complete,
And hail'd their Garrick, as their Shakſpeare, great.
That voice which pour'd its muſic on our ear,
Sweet as the ſongſter of the vernal year,
Thoſe graceful geſtures—and that eye of fire,
With rage that flam'd, or melted with deſire,
Awak'd the radiant joy in dimple ſleek,
Or made the chilly blood forſake the cheek;
Where are they now?—Dark in the narrow cell
Inſenſate—ſhrunk—and ſtill—and cold they dwell!
A ſilence ſolemn and eternal keep,
Where neither Love ſhall ſmile, nor Anguiſh weep.
Breathe, Genius, ſtill the tributary ſigh!
Still guſh, ye liquid pearls, from Beauty's eye!
With ſlacken'd ſtrings ſuſpend your harps, ye Nine,
While round his urn yon cypreſs wreath ye twine!
Then give his merits to your loudeſt fame,
And write in ſun-bright luſtre GARRICK's name!

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

For ſparkling wit, for knowledge, and for ſenſe,
The world allows *Cleora* fair pretence:
Envy her not! for ſtill remain behind
Malice and hatred, and a treach'rous mind.

II.

Fair *Climene*, of late I find
Love's pleaſing empire ſways my mind;
By Heav'n the declaration's true:—
Why frown, proud nymph? 'tis not for you.

III.

A member of the modern great
Paſs'd Sawney with his budget,
The peer was in a car of ſtate,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.
But Sawney ſhall receive the praiſe
His lordſhip would parade for;
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And t'other's ſhoes are paid for.

IV.

Could *Kate* for *Dick* compoſe the Gordian ſtring,
The Tyburn knot how near the nuptial ring!
A loving wife, obedient to her vows,
Is bound in du yto exalt her ſpouſe.

V.

To Wasteall, whose eyes were just closing in death,
Doll counted the chalks on the door;
"In peace," cry'd the wretch, "let me give up my breath,
And fate will soon rub out my score."
"Come, bailiffs," cries Doll, "(how I'll hamper this cheat)
Let the law be no longer delay'd;
I never once heard of that fellow call'd Fate,
And by G—d he shan't die till I'm paid!"

VI.

You say, without reward or fee,
Your Uncle cur'd me of a dang'rous ill.
I say he never did prescribe for me,
The proof is plain—I'm living still.

The DEVIL's TAIL.

A Bon Mot of the Marquis of Conflans.

A cardinal one day returning from court,
Seem'd to wish on Conflans to make a retort;
There's nothing in France of so common a date,
Says he, my dear Count, as the poor and the great;

And

And to prove my aſſertion both common and plain
I've a kinſman of yours, faith—to hold up my train.
Conflans made reply—Sir, I pity the man,
But indeed I've reſolv'd on a much better plan.
The red or blue guards, tho' of vileſt degree,
Have open'd a certain aſylum for me;
And I'd rather be ſtarv'd and o'er-run with each evil,
Than take by the tail—*ſuch an arrogant devil!*

PROLOGUE.

Suppoſed to be written by Mr. Warton, *and lately ſpoken at the* Wincheſter Theatre, *which ſtands over the city ſhambles.*

Whoe'er our houſe examines, muſt excuſe
The wond'rous ſhifts of the dramatic muſe:
Then kindly liſten, while the Prologue rambles [ſhambles!
From wit to beef—from Shakſpeare to the
Divided only by one flight of ſtairs,
The monarch ſwaggers, and the butcher ſwears!
Quick the tranſition, when the curtain drops,
From meek Monimia's moans—to mutton chops!
While for Lothario's loſs, Caliſta cries,
Old women ſcold, and dealers *damn your eyes!*

Here, Juliet liſtens to the gentle lark;
There, in harſh chorus, hungry bull-dogs bark.
Cleavers and ſcymeters give blow for blow,
And heroes bleed above, and ſheep below.
While tragic thunders ſhake the pit and box,
Rebellows to the roar the ſtaggering ox,
Cows-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones;
Kidneys and kings, mouthing and marrow-bones;
Suet and ſighs, blank-verſe and blood a-bound;
And form a tragi-comedy around:
With weeping lovers, dying calves com-plain;
Confuſion reigns—*Chaos is come again!*
Hither your ſteel-yards, butchers bring, to weigh
The pound of fleſh Antonio's bond muſt pay!
Hither your knives, ye butchers clad in blue,
Bring, to be whetted by the cruel Jew!
How hard our lot, who ſeldom doom'd to eat,
Caſt a ſheep's eye on this forbidden treat;
Gaze on ſirloins, which ah! we cannot carve,
And in the midſt of legs of mutton ſtarve!
But would ye to our houſe in crowds repair,
Ye generous captains, and ye blooming fair,

The

The fate of Tantalus we ſhould not fear,
Nor pine for a repaſt that is ſo near.
Monarchs no more would ſupperleſs remain!
Nor pregnant queens for *cutlets long* in vain!

VERSES

On converting the Chapel *to a* Kitchen, *at the ſeat of the* Lord DONNERAYLE, *called The Grove* in *Hertfordſhire.*

By *Ovid*, among other wonders, we're told
What chanc'd to *Philemon* and *Baucis* of old;
How their cot to a temple was conjur'd by *Jove*;
So a chapel was chang'd to a kitchen at *Grove*.

The lord of the manſion moſt rightly conceiting,
His gueſts lov'd good pray'rs much leſs than good eating;
And poſſeſs'd by the devil, as ſome folks will tell ye,
What was meant for the ſoul, he aſſign'd for the belly.

The word was ſcarce given——when down dropt the clock,
And ſtraight was ſeen fix'd in the form of a jack:

And,

And, ſhameful to tell! pulpit, benches, and pews,
Form'd cupboards and ſhelves, for plates, ſaucepans, and ſtews.

Pray'r-books turn'd into platters; nor think it a fable,
A dreſſer ſprung out of the communion table;
Which, inſtead of the uſual repaſt, bread and wine,
Is ſtor'd with rich ſoups, and good *Engliſh* ſir'oin.

No fire, but what pure devotion could raiſe,
'Till now, had been known in the temple to blaze:
But, good Lord! how the neighbours around did admire,
When a chimney roſe up in the room of a ſpire!

For a *Jew* many people the maſter miſtook,
Whoſe *Levites* were ſcullions, his high-prieſt a cook;
And thought he deſign'd our religion to alter,
When they ſaw the burnt offering ſmoke at the altar.

The bell's ſolemn ſound that was heard far and near,
And oft rouz'd the chaplain unwilling to pray'r,

No

No more to good ſermons now ſummons the ſinner,
But blaſphemous rings in—the country to dinner.

When my good Lord the biſhop had heard the ſtrange ſtory,
How the place was profan'd, that was built to G—'s glory;
Full of zeal, he cry'd out, "Oh, how impious the deed,
"To cram chriſtians with pudding, inſtead of the creed!"

Then away to the *Grove* hied the church's protector,
Reſolving to give his lay-brother a lecture;
But he ſcarce had begun, when he ſaw plac'd before him,
A haunch piping hot from the *Sanctum Sanctorum*.

"Troth!" quoth he, "I find no great ſin in the plan, [to man:
"What was uſeleſs to God—to make uſeful
"Beſides 'tis a true chriſtian duty, we read
"The poor and the hungry with good things to feed."

Then

Then again on the walls he beſtow'd conſecration;
But reſerv'd the full right of a free viſitation;
Thus, 'tis ſtill the Lord's houſe—only varied the treat,
Now there's meat without grace—where was grace without meat.

On LESBIA.

When beauteous *Leſbia* fires my melting ſoul,
(She who the torch and bow from CUPID ſtole)
By many a ſmile, by many an ardent KISS;
And with her teeth imprints the tell-tale bliſs:
Thro' all my frame the madding tranſport glows,
Thro' every vein the tide of rapture flows.
As many ſtars as o'er heaven's concave ſhine,
Or cluſters that adorn the fruitful vine;
So many blandiſhments, voluptuous joys
T' inflame my breaſt the wily maid employs;
But deareſt LESBIA! gentle miſtreſs, ſay,
Why thus d'ye wound my lips in am'rous play?
With KISSES, ſmiles, and ev'ry wanton art,
Why raiſe the burning fever of my heart!
Let us, MY LOVE! on yon ſoft couch reclin'd,
Each other's arms around each other twin'd,
Yield to the pleaſing force of ſtrong deſire,
And panting, ſtruggling, both at once expire!

For

For oh! my LESBIA! ſure that death is
ſweet,
Which lovers in the fond contention meet.

THE KISS OF NEÆRA.

While you, NEÆRA, cloſe entwine,
In frequent folds, your frame with mine,
And hanging o'er, to view confeſt,
Your neck, and gently heaving breaſt;
Down on my ſhoulders ſoft decline
Your beauties more than half divine!
With wand'ring looks then o'er me rove,
And fire the melting ſoul with love.
While you, NEÆRA, fondly join
Your little panting lips with mine;
In frolic bite your am'rous ſwain,
Complaining ſoft, if bit again;
And ſweetly murm'ring, pour along
The trembling accents of your tongue;
Your tongue! now here, now there that
ſtrays,
Now here now there delighted plays;
That now my humid kiſſes ſips,
Now wanton darts between my lips,
And on my boſom raptur'd lie,
Venting the gentle whiſper'd ſigh;
A ſigh, that kindles warm deſires,
And kindly fans life's drooping fires,

Soft

Soft as the zephyr's breezy wing,
And balmy as the breath of ſpring.
While you, SWEET NYMPH, with am'rous play,
In KISSES ſuck my breath away;
My breath with waſting warmth replete,
Parch'd by my breaſt's contagious heat;
Till, breathing ſoft, you pour again
Returning life thro' ev'ry vein;
And thus elude my paſſion's rage,
Love's burning fever thus aſſuage.
Sweet NYMPH; whoſe SWEETS can beſt allay
Thoſe fires that on my boſom prey;
Sweet! as the cool refreſhing gale
That blows when ſcorching heats prevail:
Then, more than bleſt, I fondly ſwear,
"No POW'R can with LOVE'S POWE'R compare!
"None in the ſtarry court of JOVE
"Is greater than the GOD of LOVE!
"If ANY yet can greater be,
"Yes, my NEÆRA! yes, 'tis THEE!"

The PASTIME *of* VENUS.

Intent to frame ſome new deſign of bliſs,
The wanton CYPRIAN QUEEN compos'd a kiſs;

An

An ample portion of AMBROSIAL JUICE,
With myſtic ſkill ſhe temper'd firſt for uſe;
This done, her infant work was well be-
dew'd
With choiceſt NECTAR; and o'er all ſhe
ſtrew'd
Part of that HONEY which ſly CUPID ſtole,
Much to his coſt, and blended with the
whole.
Then, that ſoft ſcent which from the vio-
let flows,
She mixt with ſpoils of many a vernal
ROSE!
Each gentle BLANDISHMENT in LOVE we
find,
Each graceful winning GESTURE next ſhe
join'd;
And all thoſe JOYS that in her ZONE abound,
Made up the KISS, and the rich LABOUR
crown'd!
Conſidering now what beauteous nymph
might prove
Worthy the gift, and worthy of her love,
She fix'd on CHLOE, as her fav'rite maid;
To whom the goddeſs, ſweetly ſmiling, ſaid,
" Take this, MY FAIR, to perfect ev'ry grace,
' And on thy LIPS the FRAGRANT BLESS-
ING place."

THE

The KISS of LYDIA.

Lovely Lydia! lovely maid!
Either roſe in thee's diſplay'd;
Roſes of a bluſhing red
O'er thy lips and cheeks are ſhed;
Roſes of a paly hue
In thy fairer charms we view.
Now thy braided hair unbind;
Now luxuriant, unconfin'd,
Let thy wavy treſſes flow;
Treſſes bright of burniſh'd glow!
Bare thy iv'ry neck, my fair!
Now thy ſnowy ſhoulders bare!
Bid the vivid luſtre riſe
In thy paſſion-ſtreaming eyes:
See! the lucent meteors gleam,
See! they ſpeak the wiſhful flame!
And how gracefully above,
Modell'd from the bow of love,
Are thy arching brows diſplay'd;
Soft'ning in a ſable ſhade:
Let a warmer crimſon ſtreak
The velvet of thy downy cheek:
Let thy lips, that breathe perfume,
Deeper purple now aſſume:
Give me little billing kiſſes,
Intermixt with murm'ring bliſſes—

Soft,

Soft, my love!—my angel ſtay!
Soft!—you ſuck my breath away!
Drink the life-drops of my heart!
Draw my ſoul from ev'ry part!
Scarce my ſenſes can ſuſtain
So much pleaſure! ſo much pain!

Hide thy broad voluptuous breaſt!
Hide thy balmy heav'n of reſt!
See! to feaſt th' enamour'd eyes,
How the ſnowy hillocks riſe!
Parted by the luſcious vale,
Where luxurious ſweets exhale;
Nature form'd thee but t' inſpire
Never-ending, fond deſire!

Again! above its envious veſt,
See! thy boſom heaves confeſt:
Hide the rapt'rous, dear delight!
Hide it from my raviſh'd ſight!
Hide it;—for thro' all my ſoul,
Tides of mad'ning tranſports roll!
Venting now th' impaſſion'd ſigh,
See me languiſh! ſee me die!

Tear not from me then thy charms,
Snatch, oh! ſnatch me to thy arms!
With a life-inſpiring kiſs,
Wake my ſinking ſoul to bliſs!

CUPID

CUPID STRAY'D.

Yes, beauteous queen—thy ſon, they ſay,
Thy wanton ſon, is gone aſtray :——
Nay, Venus, more ;—'tis ſaid, from thee
A kiſs the ſweet reward ſhall be
To any ſwain, who truly tells
Where 'tis thy little wand'rer dwells :
Then grieve no more, nor drop a tear,
For know the little urchin's here ;
He, from the ſearch of vulgar eyes,
Conceal'd within my boſom lies.
Now, goddeſs, as I've told thee this ;
Give me, oh give the promis'd kiſs !

KISS OF BONEFONIUS.

Claſp'd, ſweet maid, in thy embrace,
While I view thy ſmiling face,
And the ſweets with rapture ſip ;
Flowing from thy honey'd lip ;
Then I taſte in heav'nly ſtate,
All that's happy—all that's great :
But when you forſake my arms,
And diſpleaſure clouds your charms,
Sudden I, who prov'd ſo late
All that's happy—all that's great,
Prove the tortures of a ghoſt,
Wand'ring on the Stygian coaſt.

On a KISS.

Ah! can'ſt thou cruel nymph! ſuppoſe,
One kiſs rewards thy am'rous youth;
Enough rewards his tender woes;
His long, long conſtancy and truth?
Think not thy promis'd kindneſs paid
By ſimple kiſſing?—for the kiſs
Is but an earneſt, beauteous maid!
Of more ſubſtantial future bliſs:
Sweet kiſſes only were deſign'd
Our warmer raptures to improve;
Kiſſes were meant ſoft vows to bind—
Were ſilent pledges meant of love.

The POET's TALE;

or, the

CAUTIOUS BRIDE.

Brides, in all countries, have been reckon'd
For the firſt night, timid and cooliſh;
If they continue ſo the ſecond,
They always have been reckon'd fooliſh:
The reaſon's obvious and plain—
In many nice and tickliſh caſes;
There's much to loſe, and nought to gain,
By affectation and grimaces:

A Bride-

A Bridegroom, on the ſecond night,
Whipt off the bedcloaths in ſurprize,
Behold, my dear, ſaid he, a ſight,
Enough to make your choler riſe.
She turn'd away, as red as ſcarlet:
Whilſt he continu'd, pray behold;
Lay hands on that outrageous varlet,
That looks ſo impudent and bold.
This is the fifteenth time, in vain,
He hath been ſent to jail and fetter'd;
But there's no priſon can contain
A priſon-breaker like JACK SHEPHARD.
The bride turn'd round, and took her place,
After ſome ſtudying and thinking—
Said ſhe, recovering her face,
Tho' modeſty ſtill kept her winking:
In vain the vagabond's committed,
And to hard work and labour ſent,
If you, his keeper, are outwitted
By his pretending to repent.
You treat him ruggedly and hard,
Whilſt any inſolence appears,
But you're diſarm'd and off your guard,
The moment that he falls in tears.
Now you muſt know that I ſuſpect
A fellow-feeling in ſuch ſhape,
Or elſe you would not, through neglect,
Let him continually eſcape.

I'll lend no hand, unleſs you'll ſwear,
That you'll deliver him to me;
And ſuffer me to keep him there,
'Till I conſent to ſet him free.

For the following excellent Song, I am indebted to

LORD LE DESPENCER.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. BEARD *at the Annual Meeting of the* Preſident, Vice-Preſident, Governors, *&c. of the London Hoſpital.*

Written by PAUL WHITEHEAD.

Of trophies and laurels I mean not to ſing,
Of *Pruſſia's* brave prince, or of *Britain's* good king:
Here the poor claim my ſong, then the art I'll diſplay
How you all ſhall be gainers—by giving away. *Derry down.*

The cruſe of the widow, you very well know,
The more it was emptied, the fuller did flow:
So here with your purſe the like wonder you'll find;
The more you draw out, ſtill—the more left behind. *Derry down.*

The prodigal here without danger may
ſpend;
That ne'er can be laviſh'd to Heaven we
lend;
And the miſer his purſe-ſtrings may draw
without pain,
For what miſer won't give—when giving is
gain? *Derry down.*

The gameſter who ſits up whole days and
whole nights,
To hazard his health and his fortune at
White's;
Much more to advantage his bets he may
make,
Here, ſet what he will, he will double his
ſtake. *Derry down.*

The fair one, whoſe heart the four aces
controul,
Who ſighs for *Sans-prendre*, and dreams of a
vole,
Let her here ſend a tythe of her gains at
Quadrille,
And ſhe'll ne'er want a friend—in victorious
Spadille. *Derry down.*

Let the merchant who trades on the perilous
ſea,
Come here and inſure, if from loſs he'd be free;
A policy

A policy here from all danger ſecures,
For ſafe is the venture—which heaven in-
ſures. *Derry down.*
The ſtock-jobber too may ſubſcribe without
fear, [bear;
In a fund which for ever a premium muſt
Where the ſtock muſt ſtill riſe, and where
Scrip will prevail,
Tho' South-Sea, and India, and *Omnium*
ſhould fail. *Derry down.*

* The churchman likewiſe his advantage
may draw,
And here buy a living in ſpite of the law—
In heaven, I mean; then, without any fear,
Let him purchaſe away—there's no Simony
here. *Derry down.*

† Ye rakes, who the joys of Hymen diſclaim,
And ſeek, in the ruin of virtue, a fame;
You may here boaſt a triumph conſiſtent with
duty,
And keep, without guilt, a ſeraglio of beauty,
Derry down.

If from charity then ſuch advantages flow,
That you ſtill gain the more—the more you
beſtow;

* Additional Stanza for the annual feaſt of the ſons of the clergy.

† Additional Stanza for the Magdalene Hoſpital.

Here's the place will afford you rich profit with eaſe:
When the baſon comes round—be as rich as you pleaſe. *Derry down.*
Then a health to that patron *, whoſe grandeur and ſtore
Yield aid and defence to the ſick and the poor;
Who no courtier can flatter, no patriot can blame:
But, our preſident's here—or I'd tell you his name. *Derry down.*

I do not approve of the ſubject of the following poem, but I admire the humour, and therefore have given it a place in this Selection. I had it from Lord T——

AN ODE FOR 1780.

Tune,—*O my kitten, my kitten.*

Oh! the devil, the devil,
Oh! the devil, the d.
Such a new year as this,
Would a blind man gladly ſee.

CHORUS.

* The late Duke of Devonſhire.

CHORUS.

Here are we dead at a ſtop,
And there we ſink deeper and deeper,
Little G****y's as ſound as a top,
And his *Primate* an excellent ſleeper.
Fol de rol lol de rol.

Oh, that matters are right!
Oh, that ſubjects are weighty!
Who would not covet to live
In ſeventeen hundred and eighty?

CHORUS.

Parliaments *ſquabble and gabble,*
Miniſters *wonder and ſtare,*
Fleets they go backwards and forwards,
And troubles remain *as they were.*
Fol de rol, &c.

Oh, my Jemmy, my Jemmy,
Oh, my Jemmy, my deary;
Such a FIRST LORD as this
Is neither far nor neary.

CHORUS.

Here's an INFERIOR fleet,
With *an* ADMIRAL *wrapt up in flannel*;

Here we got knock'd o' the head,
And there they come into the Channel.
Fol de rol, &c.

Oh! how *bloody and ſtout*
Fight the Commanders in Chief!
Oh, what *ſolid* remains
Of the ſpirit of Britiſh *roaſt beef!*

CHORUS.

Here we hurry and ſcurry,
Our cowardly enemies ſcorning;
Here run away over night,
And there *we wait till next morning.*
Fol de rol, &c.

Oh! for *gibbet and block!*
Oh! for *hatchet and cleaver!*
Oh, what a *gentle* knock
Would prove a kind reliever.

CHORUS.

Here we'd lop 'em and chop 'em,
And bring their heads on a level;
Jemmy ſhould lead up the dance,
And caper away to the devil.
Fol de rol, &c.

Oh, how *pretty*, how *pretty!*
Oh, what King would refuſe

To

To prance it about a whole ſummer
To army and navy *reviews!*

CHORUS.

Here we make *ſnuffers* and *buttons*,
(Since ——s muſt have ſomething to do)
Here we *play the hand organ*,
And gallop from WINDSOR to KEW.

Oh, what a golden age,
Oh, how buxom and funy,
This is the way for a land
" To be flowing with *milk and honey*."

CHORUS.

There we're demoliſh'd, aboliſh'd,
And not in a way to get right;
Hollo, boys, the *k——'s o' fire!*
Let us all run away *by the light*.
Tol de rol de rol lol de rol lol.

On the Report of Mr. BARRY *the* TRAGEDIAN'S *Death ſome days before his Exit.*

BARRY is dead, cries buſy fame;
A bard replies, " that cannot be;
Barry and Nature are the ſame,
Both born to immortality."

TIME's DEFEAT.

Tune,—*Cupid ſent on an Errand, &c.*

I.

One evening, *Good Humour* took *Wit* as his gueſt,
By *Friendſhip* invited to *Gratitude's* feaſt;
Their liquor was claret, and *Love* was their hoſt,
Laugh, ſong, and droll ſentiment garniſh'd each toaſt.

II.

While *Freedom* and *Fancy* enlarg'd the deſign,
And dainties were furniſh'd by *Love*, *Wit*, and *Wine*; [knock,
Alarm'd! they all heard at the door a loud
A watchman hoarſe bawling, *'Twas paſt twelve o'clock!*

III.

They nimbly ran down, the diſturbing dog found, [bound;
And up ſtairs they brought the impertinent
When dragg'd to the light, how much were they pleas'd [ſeiz'd.
To ſee 'twas the grey-glutton *Time* they had

IV. His

IV.

His glaſs as his lanthorn, his ſcythe as his pole,
And his ſingle lock dangled adown his ſmooth ſkull;
My friends, quoth he, panting, I thought fit to knock, [*o'clock!*
And bid ye be gone, *for 'tis paſt twelve*

V.

Says the *venom'd-tooth'd ſavage*, on this advice fix, [to fix;—
Tho' *Nature* ſtrikes twelve, *Folly* ſtill points
He longer had preach'd; but no longer they'd bear it,
So hurry'd him into a hogſhead of claret.

VI.

Wit obſerv'd it was right, while we're yet in our prime,
There is nothing like *claret* for killing of Time;
Love, laughing, reply'd, I am pleas'd from my heart, [part.
He can't come and put us in mind we muſt

VII.

This intruder, rude *Time*, tho' a tyrant long known, [thrown;
By *Love*, *Wit*, and *Wine* can be only o'er-
If hereafter he's wanted on any deſign,
He'll always be found in a hogſhead of wine.

VIII.

Since *Time* is confin'd to our wine, let us think [we drink;
By this rule we are ſure of our *Time* when
Henceforth, let our glaſſes with bumpers be prim'd,
We're certain our drinking muſt now be *well-tim'd.*

A SONG.

I.

That living's a joke, *Johnny Gay* has expreſs'd,
Fol de roll, toll loll.
In earneſt we'll make all we can of the jeſt;
Lol de roll, &c.

A load of conceits, a long life we are lugging,
Which ſome are humbugg'd by, and ſome are humbugging.
Fol de roll, &c.

II.

His Honour with conſequence charges his face,
Bows round to the levee, and ogles his grace;

Then

Then whiſpers his friend, *Sir, depend on my word—*
But if you depend, you're humbugg'd, by the Lord!

III.

Says *Patty*, the prude, and ſhe wide ſpread her fan—
Me marry! What? I go to bed to a man?
I deteſt all male creatures! my God!—I ſhall ſwoon!
She did—and was brought to bed; faith, before noon!

IV.

To London *Pa* ſent her, when bloom was regain'd,
Invi'late her maidenhead there ſhe maintain'd;
For a virgin was wed, ſhe knew how to be *mum*,
So gain'd a good huſband, her huſband a *hum*.

V.

Miſs *nicely* obſerv'd, *waſtly wulgar's this word,*
Immenſely indelicate, monſtrous abſurd:
Yet laſt night, dear Miſs, when you thought yourſelf ſnug,
You confeſs'd—*without loving—life's all a humbug.*

VI.

The wanton wife often, too often I fear,
Proves words to be facts when she calls her spouse, *dear*;
And enjoys the sweet cheat, as stol'n pleasures she hugs,
How cunningly now she her cuckold humbugs.

VII.

But husband at home, as few marry'd men wish, *Fal de roll, toll loll.*
To dine ev'ry day on the very same dish, *Lol de roll, &c.*
Makes a meal with her maid, the thing public known is,
A tête-à-tête feast, call'd the *Lex Talionis.*

The COMET.

Tune.—*Should I once become great, what a business 'twoul'd be!*

I.

Had I old *Homer* here, I would make that wretch see,
(Quoth Venus) whom 'tis he abuses;
What business has any verse-monger with me?
Their prudes let them stick to—the Muses.
And

And ſo I was wounded by rough *Diomede*,
A pretty dreſs'd-up ſort of ſtory!
See *Jupiter* ſmiles—but Papa, now indeed,
'Tis not for your honour and glory.

II.

Why will you permit theſe mortality frights,
What *Olympus* has plann'd to review?
Don't ſuffer ſuch reptiles to creep out at nights,
T' obſerve what we deities do.
Immenſely impertinent 'twas, you muſt own,
My *Tranſit* to ſee—and expoſe it;
Becauſe, t'other day, I juſt drove out of town,
Their ſpectacles peep'd in my cloſet.

III.

A moment *Jove* laid his bright dignity down,
And let laughter illumine his face;
To his daughter reply'd—*Cytharea*, a frown,
Becomes not the empreſs of grace.
Thoſe atoms of clay, which you ſee to and fro',
Skip about on yon globular cruſt,
Like the blue on a plumb, are but inſects you know,
A mere animalculous duſt.

IV.

Thoſe emmets, 'tis true, ſcientifical prate,
A race of half-reaſoning elves,
Who all can account (as they think) for my ſtate,
Yet know not the ſtate of themſelves.

They,

They pretend to examine eternity's rules,—
The cauſe of all cauſes diſpute;—
I'll ſhew you theſe arrogant earth-worms are fools,
And thus all their ſyſtems confute.

V.

Away, at his word, the vaſt COMET ruſh'd forth,
And ſwift thro' immenſity blaz'd;
Yet *Attraction* went on, tho' it girdl'd the earth;
On earth how the *ſtar peepers gaz'd*;
Each circled and circled a ſcheme of his own,
And reaſon'd about and awry;
In deriſion, a moment, immortals look down,
'Twas a jeſt for the ſons of the ſky.

VI.

Be humble, ye beings of feeble threeſcore,
Shall *Finites*—*Infinity* ſcan?
The beſt of us only are men, and no more—
And, at beſt, only think *what is man?*
A contrary mixture of *pity* and *ſcorn*,
Pride, *ſervility*, *ſorrow*, and *mirth*;
In a moment he's made, in a moment he's born,
In a moment again he is earth.

VII. *Son's*

VII.

Son's of error—for that's all the birthright ye ſhare,
As ev'ry day's actions make known;
No longer let *Vanity* gaze into air,
But think of itſelf, and look down.
Yet hold!—let us think—to look down did I ſay?
I did ſo—and ſo ſeiz'd my cup:
Come, do as I do, and I'll ſhew you the way,
The beſt way, my lads, to look up.

COURTISHIP.

Tune.—*To all ye Ladies now at Land.*

I.

Let others ſing of flames and darts,
And all love's lullaby;—
Of crying eyes and cracking hearts—
The deuce a bit will I.
If you are willing, I'm ſo too,
If not—why there's no more to do.
With fa, la, la.

II.

Shou'd you expect, in ſorrow's guiſe,
I'll wear a woeful face,
Such maudlin mumm'ry I deſpiſe,
Mine is no love ſick caſe——

'Tis

'Tis but my whim, e'en make it thine,
Then whim to whim, and yours to mine.
With fa, la, la.

III.

Or if you think in golden rain,
Like *Jove*, I'll pave my way,
Such expectations are but vain,
I've only this to ſay,——
You've ſomething which I wou'd be at,
I've ſomething too;—ſo *tit* for *tat*.

IV.

Your taſte, your talk, I may admire,
And praiſe, with truth, your face;
Your ſparkling eyes that ſpeak deſire,
And give expreſſion grace:
Yet there's a —— but I'll not be bold,
Nor ſay, what's better *took* than *told*.

V.

Well kens the laſs what I wou'd win,
And well I ken the road;
He that is out would fain be in,
A patriot à la-mode.——
As you're my ſov'reign, grant me grace.
I only aſk a little place.

VI. Leaſt

VI.

Leaſt ſaid, they ſay, is mended ſoon,
With you I'll not diſpute;
Ill taſtes the long-requeſted boon,
'Tis ſweet, when ſhort's the ſuit.
Then grant, with grace, the grace I ſue;
Or let me, without grace, fall to.

EPITAPHIUM CHYMICUM.

Here lieth to digeſt, macerate, and
amalgagate with clay,
in balneo arenæ,
ſtratum ſuper ſtratum,
the reſiduum, terra damnata, et caput mortuum
of Boyle Godfrey, chymiſt,
and M. D.
A man, who in this earthly laboratory,
purſued various proceſſes to obtain
arcanum vitæ,
or the ſecret to live;
alſo, aurum vitæ,
or the art of getting, rather than making, gold.
Alchymiſt like,
all his labour and projection,
as mercury in the fire, evaporated in fumo.
When he diſſolved to his firſt principles,
he departed as poor
as the laſt drop of an alembic;

for riches are not poured
on the adepts of this world.
Though fond of news, he carefully avoided
the fermentation, effervescence,
and decrepitation of this life.
Full seventy years his exalted essence
was hermetically sealed in its terrene matrass;
but the radical moisture being exhausted,
the elixir vitæ spent,
and exsiccated to a cuticle,
he could not suspend longer in his vehicle,
but precipitated gradatim,
per campanam, to his original dust.
May that light, brighter than Bolognian
phosphorus, preserve him from the
athanor, empyreuma,
and reverberatory furnace of the other world;
depurate him from the fœces
and scoria of this;
highly rectify, and volatilize
his ætherial spirit;
bring it over the helm of the retort of this globe;
place it in a proper recipient,
or chrystaline orb,
among the elect of the flowers of Benjamin;
never to be saturated
'till the general resuscitation,
deflagration, calcination,
and sublimation of all things!

The

The Place of the DAMNED.

All folks who pretend to religion and grace,
Allow there's an hell—but diſpute of the place;
But, if hell may by logical rules be defin'd,
Of the place of the damn'd—I'll tell you my mind:
Wherever the damn'd do moſt chiefly abound,
Moſt certainly there is hell to be found:
Damn'd poets, damn'd critics, damn'd block-heads, damn'd knaves,
Damn'd ſenators brib'd, damn'd proſtitute ſlaves;
Damn'd lawyers and judges, damn'd lords and damn'd 'ſquires;
Damn'd ſpies and informers, damn'd friends, and damn'd liars:
Damn'd villains corrupted, in every ſtation;
Damn'd time-ſerving prieſts all over the nation;
And into the bargain I'll readily give you,
Damn'd ignorant prelates, and counſellors-privy.
Then let us no longer by parſons be flamm'd,
For we know by theſe marks the place of the damn'd:
And hell, to be ſure, is at Paris or Rome,—
How happy for us that it is not at home!

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

Says John Wilkes to a lady, pray name if you can,
Of all your acquaintance, the handſomeſt man?
The lady replied, if you'd have me ſpeak true,
He's the handſomeſt man that's the moſt unlike you.

SONG.

You have aſk'd me, my friend, what of life's the beſt end?
And bid me the queſtion revolve,
But the point, you muſt own, is ſo hard to be known,
'Twill take up ſome time to reſolve.
When the briſk glaſs goes round, and our ſpirits abound,
Say what with the bottle can vie?
Ev'ry care is at reſt, and our wiſhes poſſeſt,
For that all our wants will ſupply.
But the ſportſman won't yield the delights of the field,
When, hallowing, the vallies reſound,
As he flies o'er the plain, while he pants in each vein,
He ſwears no ſuch joy can be found.

When

When the lover hears this, he vows that all bliſs
Dwells with her who poſſeſſes his heart;
Tnat to live in her ſight is ecſtatic delight,
But, 'tis death's cruel pang when they part.
Then in ſhort, my dear friend, it muſt come to this end—
To each of theſe pleaſures repair—
Take the ſportſman's delight, let the bottle invite,
And crown both with the charms of the fair.

A Love Song, by *Dean Swift.*

A pud in is almi de ſi re,
Mimis tres Ine ver require,
Alo veri find it a geſtis,
His miſeri ne ver at reſtis.

EPIGRAM.

By the Same.

Dic, heris agro at, an da quar to fine ale,
Fora ringat ure nos, anda ſtring at ure tale.

To Samuel Bindon, *Eſq.*

By the Same.

Mollis abuti,
Has an acuti,

No

No laſſo finis,
Molli divinis.
Omi de armiſtres,
Imi na diſtres.
Cant u diſcover
Meas alo ver?

EPIGRAM.

As Thomas was cudgel'd one day by his wife,
He took to the ſtreet, and fled for his life:
Tom's three deareſt friends came by in the ſquabble,
And ſav'd him at once from the ſhrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him ſome ſober advice—
But Tom is a perſon of honour ſo nice,
Too wiſe to take counſel, too proud to take warning,
That he ſent to all three a challenge next morning:
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgel'd again by his wife.

ANOTHER.

Thyrſis a youth of the inſpired train,
Fair Sachariſſa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus ſung the no leſs am'rous boy;
Like Daphne ſhe, as lovely and as coy.

With

With numbers he the flying nymph purſues,
With numbers ſuch as Phœbus ſelf might uſe;
All, but the nymph who ſhould redreſs his wrong,
Attend his paſſion and approve his ſong;
Like Phœbus thus acquiring unſought praiſe;
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

To a diſtinguiſhed Spendthrift.

His whole eſtate thy father, by his will,
Gave to the poor—thou haſt good title ſtill.

An Ode for COLLEY CIBBER, Eſq *the* Laureat, *by* LORD CHESTERFIELD.

I COLLEY CIBBER, right or wrong,
Muſt celebrate the day,
And tune once more my tuneleſs ſong,
And ſtrum the venal lay.
Heaven ſpread through all the family
That broad illuſtrious glare,
That ſhines ſo flat in ev'ry eye,
And makes them all to ſtare.——
Heaven ſent the prince of royal race,
A little *whore and horſe*;
A little meaning in his face,
And money in his purſe.

And,

And, as I have *a ſon* like you,
May he Parnaſſus rule,——
So ſhall the crown aud laurel too,
Deſcend *from fool to fool.*

EPIGRAM.

Did ladies now (as we are told
Our great-grandmother did of old)
'Wake to a ſenſe of blaſted fame,
The *fig-tree* ſpoil to hide their *ſhame*,
So num'rous are theſe modern Eves,
A foreſt ſcarce could find them leaves.

On RICHARD DYKE, *a Grave-digger.*

Hic jacet in foſsâ, foſſæ qui nomen habebat,
Et tumulum, multos qui tumulavit, habet.

Tranſlated thus:

Here lies in a dyke,
Whoſe name was the like,
Who depoſited many a brother:
Now Dick's turn's come round
To lie ſnug in the ground;
One good office ſure merits another.

APPENDIX.

For every article in the following Appendix, (except ſuch as are otherwiſe diſtinguiſhed) I am indebted to my worthy Friend Mr. M—yh—w, of Lincoln's Inn, who keeps a Common-place Book ſimilar to mine.

The NIGHTINGALE, *the* OWL, *and the* CUCKOO.

A FABLE.

To DAVID GARRICK, *Eſq. on the Report of his going to retire from the Stage.*

Never before printed.

Given to my Bookſeller by Mr. NIXON.

CRITICS, who like the ſcarecrows, ſtand
Upon the poets' common land,
And with ſecurity of ſenſe
Drive all imagination thence,
Say that in truth lies all ſublime,
Whether you write in proſe or rhyme.
And yet the truth may loſe its grace,
If blurted to a perſon's face,
Eſpecially if what you ſpeak
Shou'd crimſon o'er the glowing cheek;
And, when you throw that ſlaver o'er him,
And tumble out your praiſe before him:

However juſt the application,
It looks aſquint at adulation.
I would be honeſt and ſincere,
But not a flatterer, or ſevere;
Need I be ſurly, rough, uncouth,
That folks may think I love the Truth?
And ſhe, good dame, with Beauty's Queen,
Was not at all times naked ſeen;
For every boy with Prior knows,
By accident ſhe loſt her cloaths;
When Falſehood ſtole them, to diſguiſe
Her miſbegotten heap of lies.
Why ſhould the ſimple goddeſs dwell
Down at the bottom of a well,
But that ſhe is in piteous fright,
Leſt, riſing up to mortal ſight,
The prudiſh world would ſneer and ſtout her,
With not a rag of cloaths about her?
And ſhe might wear a proper dreſs,
And keep her eſſence ne'ertheleſs;
As Delia's boſom ſtill will riſe,
And faſcinate her lover's eyes,
Though round her ivory neck ſhe draws
The decent ſhade of ſpecious gauze.
I heard it buzz'd about the table,
What can this end in? Sirs, a fable.
When birds allow'd the Eagle's ſway,
Ere Eagles train'd to fowls of prey;

Before

Before ſuch things were made as hours,
And Saturn held the upper powers,
His royal majeſty of air,
Took muſic underneath his care,
And for his queen and court's delight,
Commanded concerts every night:
Here every bird of parts might enter,
The nightingale was made præcenter;
Under whoſe care and juſt direction
Merit was ſure to meet protection.
The Lark, the Blackbird, and the Robin,
This concert always bore a bob in;
The beſt performers all were in it,
The Thruſh, Canary-bird, and Linnet,
For theſe had clear and liquid throats,
And carrol'd ſtrong their genuine notes.
But birds, as well as men, will aim
At things to which they've ſmalleſt claim;
The ſtaring Owl, with hideous hoot,
Offer'd his ſervice for a flute;
The cuckoo needs would join the band;
(The Thruſh was but a paltry hand),
And he could beſt ſupply that place,
For he'd a ſwell, a ſhake, a grace.
The manager their ſuits preferr'd,
Both tun'd their pipes, and both were heard,
But each their ſeveral praiſes miſs'd:
As both were heard, ſo both were hiſs'd;

The cuckoo hence with rancour ſtirr'd,
(A kind of periodic bird,
Of ugly hue and body ſcabby,
No wou'd-be-play-wright half ſo ſhabby)
Reviles, abuſes, and defames,
Screams from a tree, and calls hard names,
And ſtrikes at Nightingale and Lark,
Like Liſbon ruffians in the dark.

The Owl harangues the gaping throng,
On pow'rs and excellence of ſong,
" The Blackbird's note has loſt its force;
" The Nightingale is downright hoarſe;
" The Linnet harſh, the Robin ſhrill—
" The ſparrow has prodigious ſkill."

At length they had, what they deſired:
The ſkilful Nightingale retired;
When folly came with wild uproar,
And harmony was heard no more.

VERSES *written by the Dean of Dublin.*

'Tis ſtrange that maidens ſhould flutter
To the camp at Coxheath in ſuch flocks,
When 'tis known that each maid has about her
A heath better ſuited to cocks.
A heath where the hammer ne'er rattles,
Where the murmuring rivulet flows,
Where, after the toils of his battles,
The ſoldier ſinks down to repoſe.

A Copy

A Copy of an Advertiſement drawn by Mr. M—, Mayor of Cambridge, and inſerted in the News-paper.

Whereas a multiplicity of dangers are oftentimes occurred by damage of outrageous accidents by fire. We, whoſe names are hereunder fixed, have thought proper that the benefit of an engine bought by us for the better extinguiſhing of which by the providence of Almighty God may unto us happen to make a rate to gather benevolence for the better propagating ſuch uſeful inſtruments.

A Sketch of the Thing *called a* Bachelor.

He is a ſort of whimſical being, which nature never intended to create: he was formed out of the odds and ends of what materials were left after the great work was over. Unluckily for him, the finer paſſions are all mixed up in the compoſition of thoſe creatures intended for ſocial enjoyment; what remains for the bachelor is hardly enough to rub round the cruſty mould into which he is thrown; to avoid waſte, ſome ſeaſoning, that he may not be quite inſipid, muſt be ſubſtituted in the ſtead of more valuable ingredients; ſo, in dame Na-

ture toſſes ſelf-love, without weight or meaſure; a kind of underſtanding that is fit for no other uſe; a ſprinkling of wiſdom, which turns acid, from the ſour diſpoſition of the veſſel in which it is contained: and the whole compoſition is concluded with an immoderate portion of oddities. Thus formed, thus finiſhed, a bachelor is popped into the world, mere lumber, without a poſſibility of being happy himſelf, or eſſentially contributing to the happineſs of others. His only buſineſs is to keep himſelf quiet; he gets up to lie down, and lies down to get up. No tender impreſſions enliven his waking hours; no agreeable dreams diſturb his ſlumbers. If ever he ſpeaks the language of ſenſibility, he ſpeaks it on the excellence of ſome favourite diſh, or on the choice liquors with which his cellars abound; on ſuch ſubjects he feels the raptures of a lover. The pace of a bachelor is ſluggiſh; he would hardly mend it to get out of a ſtorm, though the ſtorm were to threaten a deluge! but ſhew him a woman who is intitled to the compliment of his hat, and he will ſhuffle on as if he was walking for a wager. His houſekeeper or his laundreſs he can talk to without reſerve; but any other

of

of the ſex, whoſe condition is above a uſeful dependant, is his terror. A coffee-houſe is his *ſanctum ſanctorum* againſt bright eyes and dazzling complexions; here he lounges out half his days; at home, he ſits down to his unſocial meal, and when his palate is pleaſed, he has no other paſſion to gratify. Such is a bachelor! ſuch the life of a bachelor! What becomes of him after death, I am not caſuiſt enough to determine.

A Plumber's Bill, as delivered.

Right Hon. Lady Craven, to Prieſt Shrubb.

For work done in your Ladyſhip's Water-cloſet.

	£.	s.	d.
To mending your ladyſhip's ciſtern	0	2	0
To a man to go to the bottom -	0	7	6
Eaſing your ladyſhip's waſte pipe -	0	2	6
To a cock put in the front -	0	5	3
To a double ball ditto -	0	7	6
	1	4	9

Right Hon. Lord Craven, Dr.

To mending your lordſhip's cock	0	5	3
To lengthening ditto at ſnout -	0	7	6
Canvaſs and pitch to cloſe the hole -	0	4	6
	0	17	3

A certain Vicar, of a facetious turn, walking late one evening, meets his curate highly elevated with the juice of the grape; Oh, oh, Mr. Twangum, ſays the vicar, from whence come you? Why, I don't know, doctor, ſays he; I have been *ſpinning* it out with my neighbour Freeport. Ay, quoth the doctor, and now I perceive, after your *ſpinning* it out, you are finiſhing the work by *reeling* it home.

A certain facetious Abbé of France, having engaged a box at the Opera-Houſe, at Paris, was turned out of his poſſeſſion by a Marchal, as remarkable for his ungentleman-like behaviour, as for his cowardice and meanneſs. The Abbe for this unjuſtifiable breach of good manners, brought his action in a court of honour, and ſolicited permiſſion to be his own advocate, which was granted. When he pleaded to the following effect: "'Tis not of Monſieur Suffrein, who acted ſo ably in the Eaſt-Indies, that I complain; it is not of the Duke de Crebillon, who took Minorca, that I complain; it is not of the Compte de Graſſe, who ſo bravely fought Lord Rodney, that I complain; but it is of the Marchal who took my box at the Opera-Houſe,

Houſe, and never took any thing elſe, This moſt poignant ſtroke of ſatire ſo ſenſibly evinced the court that he had already inflicted puniſhment ſufficient, that they refuſed to grant him a verdict. A fine compliment to the Abbe's wit.

Chancellor Northington, Eaſter Term, 3 Geo. III.

This cauſe was introduced to Lord Talbot, when the plaintiff was a fine florid virgin; and when ſhe arrived to the age of maturity was brought before Lord Hardwick, at a time when he had nothing to introduce to her. Now ſhe is in a ſtate of decrepitude, you, with great impropriety, bring her to me, who am halting on my crutches. I ſhall take compaſſion on the good old lady, and diſmiſs her the court. Let the bill be diſmiſſed. Call the next cauſe.

Man's Misfortune; or the modern fine Lady.

An Epigram.

Falſe rumps, falſe teeth, falſe hair, falſe faces,
Alas! poor man! how hard thy caſe is;
Inſtead of *woman*, heavenly *woman's* charms,
To claſp *cork*—*gum*—*wool*—*varniſh*—in thy arms.

Original Letter from the Chief Magiſtrate of a certain Corporation.

Dear Sur,

ON munday next I am to be made a *Mare*, and ſhall be much obliged to you if ſo be as you will ſend me down by the coatch ſome proviſions fetting for the occaſion, as I am to ax my brother the old *Mare*, and the reſt of the Bentch.

I am, Sur, &c.

Anſwer, by a Wag into whoſe hands it fell.

Sir,

In obedience to your order, have ſent you per coach two buſhels of the beſt oats, and as you are to treat the old Mare, have added bran to make a maſh.

The BELLMAN *of Haxam's invitation to a Funeral.*

Bleſſed are the dead, which die in the Lord, Joſeph Dixon is departed, ſon of Chriſtopher Dixon was. Their company is deſired to morrow, at five o'clock, and at ſix he is to be bu-ri-ed—for him and all faithful people give God moſt hearty thanks.

A cor-

A correſpondent ſent me the following copy of a Shop-bill at Wigan, in Lancaſhire.

James Williams, Pariſh Clerk, Saxtone, Town Cryer, and Bellman—makes and ſells all ſorts of haberdayſharies, groceries, &c. likewiſe hair and wigs dreſt, and cut, on the ſhorteſt notice.

N. B. I keeps an evening ſchool, where I teach at reaſonable rates, reading, writting and ſinging.

N. B. I play the hooboy accaſionally, if wanted.

N. B. My ſhop is next door, where I bleed, draw teth, and ſhoo horſes, with the greateſt ſcil.

N. B. Children taut to dance, if agreeable, at 6d. per week, by me J. Williams, who buy and ſell old iron, and coals—ſhoos cleaned and mended.

N. B. A hat and pr of ſtockens to be cudgelled for, the beſt in 5, on Shrof Tuſhday. For particulars encuire within, or at the horſe ſhoo and bell, near the church, on tother ſide of the way.

N. B. Look over the door for the ſight of the 3 pidgeons.

N. B. I ſell good Ayle, and ſometimes Cyder——Lodgins for ſingle men.

ISAAC FAC-TOTUM,

Barber, Perriwig-Maker, Surgeon, Pariſh Clerk, Schoolmaſter, Blackſmith, and Man-Midwife.

Shaves for a penny, cuts hair for two-pence. Young ladies genteelly educated. Lamps lighted by the year or quarter. Alſo Pſalm ſinging and horſe-ſhoeing by the *real* maker. Likewiſe makes and mends all ſorts of boots and ſhoes, teaches the hoboy and Jew's-harp, cuts corns, bleeds and bliſters on the loweſt terms.

Cow-tilions, and other dances, taught at home or abroad. Alſo deals wholeſale and retail. Sells all ſorts of ſtationary ware, together with blacking-balls, red-herrings, fine gingerbread, coals, ſcrubbing bruſhes, treacle, mouſe-traps, and all other ſorts of ſweetmeats.

N. B. I teach Jograſy, and them outlandiſh kind of things. A ba'l on Wedneſdays and Fridays. All performed (God willing) by me,

Iſaac Fac-Totum.

In

In a private Chapel, belonging to the Family, conſecrated to Saint Francis.

To the merry memory of F----D----Lord----
The moſt careleſs, and perhaps the moſt
facetious libertine of his age:
He was never known to have corrected one
error, or to have been reclaimed from
one vice, he had once determined
to indulge.
His reſidence in town and country was a
Rendezvous for the choiceſt geniuſes
of the reign he lived in:
Having no religion of his own, he never
inquired into the principles of others;
and being unable to hit on any
moral ſyſtem thoroughly adapt-
ed to his taſte, he conſi-
dered the manners
of every man,
whether W--kes, Lord S-----h,
or P--l W--------d, as unexceptionable:
His notions were peculiar to himſelf, and
originated from a ſpecies of good hu-
mour highly commendable, though
it has not obtained, univerſally,
with the leſs eccentrical part
of mankind.

He

He built abbies, conſecrated churches, and
dug caverns, for the ſake of mirth
and good fellowſhip;
And having lived to ſee his deareſt ſchemes
completed,
departed this life on the 17th of Jan. 178--,
in ſtrong convulſions,
occaſioned,
(as his domeſtics report)
by the agitations he felt on hearing that
Lord S-----h propoſed taking the Veil,
and paſſing the remainder
of his days,
(by expreſs command of his Holineſs)
in a Roman Catholic
Nunnery.

A Gentleman who has lately made the tour of Ireland, and paſſed through this town a few days ago, has favoured me with the following extraordinary Advertiſement, which actually made its appearance in a weekly Newspaper publiſhed in Tullamore, in that kingdom.

Whereas I, Colonel Thomas Crowe, have been truly informed, that ſeveral audacious, attrocious, nefarious, peſtiferous, in-

infamous, intrepid, night-walking, garden-robbing, immature, peach ſtealing, raſcals, all the ſpawns of whores, and rogues, and cubs of hell, do frequently villainouſly, and burglariouſly aſſemble themſelves together in my boats, now on the river of Tullamore, therein piping, fighting, ſwearing, ſabbath-breaking, whoring, roguing, duck-hunting, with many other ſhameleſs, enormous, and illicit acts, *which the modeſty of my pen cannot expreſs*.—This is therefore to give ye all notice, *Doharians*, *Delicarians*, *Cappincurians*, *Tullamorians*, baſe-born ſcoundrels, all raſcals of whatever nation, ye be, return me my *Bogg-Sticks*, or, by the gods, the immortal gods, I ſwear, I will ſend my man Jacob to Babylon for blood hounds, fiercer than tygers, and fleeter than wind, and with them, mounted on my Rat-tail, with my cutting ſabre in my hand, I will hunt you through Europe, Aſia, Africa, and America, till I centre ye, in a cavern, under a great tree in Newfoundland, where the devil himſelf can never find ye.—*Hear ye, Hear ye, Hear ye!* reptiles, ſcoundrels, raſcals, raggamuffins, rapſcallions, tatter a---d aterdemallions, thieves, rogues, vagrants, vagabonds; lank-jawed, herring-gutted plebeians, that if ye, or any of ye, dare to ſet

foot

foot in my boats, I will ſend you to Charon, who will ferry ye over the river Styx, and deliver ye to the Arch-devil Lucifer, at the place of his infernal cauldron, there to be blaſted with the fat bitumen of Veſuvius, to be drudged with the ſulphur of Caucaſus, and roaſted eternally before the ever-burning embers of Ætna.

The following Letter was ſent with a Hare to a Nobleman.

Honoured Sir,

I have ſent you a ſmall preſent, who humbly hopes may prove worthy acceptance, which is a Hare, who is your—very humble ſervant,

A. Newling, Cambridge.

The true Ambition of an Honeſt Mind.

Were I to deſcribe the bleſſings I deſire in life, I would be happy in a few, but faithful friends. Might I chooſe my talent, it ſhould rather be good ſenſe than learning. I would conſult, in the choice of my houſe, convenience rather than ſtate; and for my circumſtances, deſire a moderate but independant fortune. Buſineſs enough to ſecure

me

me from indolence, and leiſure enough always to have an hour to ſpare. I would have no maſter, and I deſire but few ſervants. I would not be led away by ambition, nor perplexed with diſputes. I would enjoy the bleſſing of health, but would rather be beholden for it to a regular life and an eaſy mind, than the ſchool of Hippocrates. As to my paſſions, ſince we cannot be wholly diveſted of them, I would hate only thoſe whoſe manners and actions rendered them odious, and love only where I know I ought. Thus would I paſs chearfully through that portion of my life which cannot laſt always, and with reſignation wait for that which will laſt for ever.

A Philoſopher.

A Scotch Bank Bill.

No. 57. *Glaſgow, Jan.* 16, 1765.

We ſwarm.

I, Daniel M'Cullum, caſhier for Daniel M'Funn, Duncan Buchanan and company, bankers in Glaſgow, having powers from them, promiſe to pay James Garderar, or the Bearer, on demand, *One Penny* ſterling, or

in

in option of the Directors, three ballards ſix days after a demand: and for aſcertaining the demand and option of the Directors, the Accomptant, and one of the Tellers of the Bank, are hereby ordered to mark and ſign this Note on the back thereof. By order of the court of directors.

Daniel M'Cullum, Dan. M'Funn.

A whimſical Will.

Imprimis,

I leave my body, as a very wholeſome feaſt to the *worms* inhabiting the vault of my family, to whom I acknowledge myſelf extremely indebted for eating up my anceſtors, particularly for their kindneſs in demoliſhing an old teſty father, who left me at his death 50,000l. tho' he was very near ſtarving me during his life.

Item, To all practiſing *ſolicitors* and *attornies* I bequeath the following proverb, viz. *Honeſty is the beſt policy*; and this legacy I chooſe to give thoſe worthy gentlemen, it being the only one I can think of, for which I could be ſure they would not quarrel.

Item, To the kings of England, and all others, God's vicegerents, I leave the following

lowing interpretation of that maxim in our law, ſo often quoted for the ſupport of arbitrary power, viz. *The King can do no wrong*; and this I interpret to import only that the king can have no juſt prerogative to do any injury or wrong to his ſubjects.

Item, To all *married women*, I recommend cleanlineſs.

Item, To all *married men*, I bequeath the ſame good quality; as likewiſe the utmoſt decency of behaviour and expreſſion, at leaſt in the preſence of their wives and daughters.

Item, To all *coquettes* within the cities of London and Weſtminſter, I leave deſpair, rotten reputation, and the contempt of every man of ſenſe.

Item, To all *prudes*, within the cities aforeſaid, I from my ſoul bequeath virginity and wrinkles, or if they prefer having a baſtard by their father's butler, groom, or coachman, or any other butler, groom, &c. I deſire my executors may give them their choice.

Item, To the *Parliament* of Great Britain I leave all eccleſiaſtical courts! and hope an act will ſoon paſs for purging them effectually.

Item,

Item, To the *Parliament* of Great Britain I leave the reformation of all the courts at Weſtminſter-Hall, vulgarly called Courts of Juſtice.

Item, To the *armies* of Great Britain and Ireland I leave all the bad roads to be mended; and when that is done, I leave them to the Parliament for the ſame purpoſe.

Item, To the R—t R——d the B----ps, I give all due praiſe for their contempt of wordly grandeur, their glorious unanimity in the legiſlative ſphere they act in, their diſintereſted care of Chriſt's Church, and their lively hope of being ſoon tranſlated to a better ſtate.

Item, To the *parſon* of my pariſh, the Rev. Mr. C—, and all other parſons, I leave the following piece of advice: that they would not any longer expoſe their own weakneſs and abſurdity, by attempting to explain things which are myſteries, and conſequently incomprehenſible, and above all explanation; and that inſtead of tiring their congregations with what they call demonſtrations, they would be pleaſed to enforce the practice of that refined ſyſtem of morality, which our Lord Jeſus Chriſt came down from heaven to deliver to mankind.

JOHN-

JOHNSON's BEST VIRGINIA.

I'll hold you a pot,
In half an hour you read it not,
In the right ſenſe it ought to be;
Come try your ſkill and lay with me.

Had both	and a	by both I ſet great ſtore,
Lent my	to my	and took his word therefore,
Aſk'd my	of my	and nought but words I got,
Loſt my	and my	for ſue him I would not:

I Money Friend.

At length with	came my	which pleas'd me very well;
Had my	but my	away quite from me fell.
If I'd both	and a	as I have had before,
Would keep my	and my	and play the fool no more.

Curious

Curious hiſtorical Fact.

During the troubles in the reign of King Charles the Firſt, a country girl came up to London in ſearch of a place, as a ſervant maid; but not ſucceeding, ſhe applied herſelf to carrying out beer from a brew-houſe, and was one of thoſe then called tub-women. The brewer, obſerving a well-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a ſervant; and after a while, ſhe behaving herſelf with ſo much prudence and decorum, he married her; but he died when ſhe was yet a young woman, and left her a large fortune. The buſineſs of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde, as a gentleman of ſkill in the law, to ſettle her huſband's affairs. Hyde (who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon) finding the widow's fortune very conſiderable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other iſſue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II. and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

A Sin-

A Singular Character.

Extract of a Letter from a married lady in town to her friend in the country.

Dear Madam,

I thank you for your kind inquiries after Mr. K———y, and the whole family. Our ſon G——e and daughter E—r, are in good health; as to our daughter Catherine, ſhe is beyond doubt a moſt extraordinary being; it is with the utmoſt concern I inform you, ſhe has lately ſhewn a ſtrong propenſity to drinking, and when ſhe can get at her favourite liquor ſhe ſeems perfectly happy; ſhe has no appetite for ſolids, nor has ſhe ate above an ounce of fleſh ſince ſhe came to town, where ſhe arrived on the 25th of November laſt. There is no ſuch thing as reaſoning with her on this ſubject; her friends, indeed, do not attempt to adviſe her, knowing it would be but loſt labour. She has as many ridiculous airs as a woman of quality, and more attendants than her brother, notwithſtanding ſhe is ſingle; (*apropos*, it is my opinion if ſhe does not alter her conduct, in many reſpects, no man will be troubled with her.) She ſleeps at leaſt half her time, and keeps as irregular hours as her father.

father. When we talk ſeriouſly to her, ſhe ſeems to liſten, but ſhews no mark of contrition: from the general tenor of her conduct, it is but too evident, ſhe has not the leaſt reſpect for us. She is often, in appearance, thoughtful, but never communicates the objects which engage her attention. She is ſometimes very angry without any apparent cauſe, and, at others, as placid we know not why: I will not ſay ſhe wants charity, yet I never knew a tale of diſtreſs draw a tear from her. I think ſhe would not loſe one hour's amuſement to ſerve her beſt friends, nor, (to do her ſtrict juſtice) would ſhe be tempted to injure her enemies. Prior's words in the "Indolent Couple," may with great propriety be applied to her:

"No man's good deeds does ſhe commend,
"So never makes herſelf a friend;
"No man's bad deeds ſeeks ſhe to know,
"So never makes herſelf a foe."

Applauſe or cenſure ſhe treats with equal indifference; ſhe is often very indecent, even before ſtrangers; when ſhe converſes, that delicacy, which is an ornament to our ſex, is quite laid aſide, nor is any ſubject too groſs to engage her attention. The

ſen-

ſentiments of a debauchee afford her, to all appearance, as much entertainment as the precepts of a divine; and ſhe is ſo confident, that I never ſaw the leaſt appearance of a bluſh in her countenance. She is, it is true, ſometimes liberal, but beſtows her favours in ſo imprudent a manner, that they are frequently received without thanks. You know, my friend, ſhe and her mother were in diſtreſs lately, and were happily relieved; yet ſhe has ſo little idea of gratitude, that Mrs. Tabby, and others, who then diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their ready aſſiſtance, are no more partakers of her favours than the ſtranger whom ſhe never beheld.

Notwithſtanding all theſe foibles, ſhe has ſome good qualities, and it is but juſtice they ſhould be mentioned, in order to balance the account. In the firſt place, ſhe is not ambitious; the whole world could not lay a temptation before her which would create a wiſh to change her condition; ſhe covets no more than ſhe has a right to poſſeſs. She is chaſte as ice, and treats all men with equal indifference; in this particular, no philoſopher in petticoats ever exceeded her. She never (knowingly) utters a falſhood, ſlanders her companions, plays the hypocrite, or aſſerts more in converſation than

ſhe is able, by candid reaſon, to ſupport. If ſhe now and then, from an impetuoſity of diſpoſition, interrupts converſation, it is without any intention of offending; you may judge of her courage and confidence, when I tell you ſhe is a total ſtranger to fear and modeſty; *ſhe neither liſtens to betray, nor talks to deceive*; has no taſte for pleaſure, or expenſive amuſements. She never lays her head upon the pillow with reſentment in her mind, nor ſuffers uneaſineſs from the recollection of paſt injuries: as ſhe treats her friends without ceremony, ſhe is not offended with the want of it in others. Her mind is ſo enlarged, that ſhe has an equal knowledge of men and things; the Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spaniſh, Portugueſe, and even Hebrew, are as familiar to her as her native tongue; you may judge how well ſhe is grounded in grammar, when I inform you, ſhe has never been known to make a falſe concord, uſe the plural for the ſingular number, or the paſt for the preſent tenſe. But, alas! what are all theſe accompliſhments whilſt ſhe continues ſo fond of her bottle! a practice which the rhetoric of even a Cicero would not prevail upon her to deſiſt from; however, I hope we ſhall be able to give a better account of this extra-

ordinary

ordinary girl in a ſhort time, as there muſt ſoon be an alteration for better or worſe, I hope the former. Adieu, &c.

Jan. 7, 1773.

P. S. I had almoſt forgot to inform you, ſhe is *ſix weeks* old to-morrow.

LETTER from the DEAD, by the late Lord LITTELTON, never before publiſhed. It was ſent to me by a near relation of his Lordſhip's.

This comes to you, my dear——, from the infernal ſhades, in which dark, inhoſpitable manſion my ſoul has been wandering ever ſince it left its tenement of clay. As our friendſhip, whilſt I lived, was of the nobleſt kind, and was not cemented like that of libertines, by an aſſociation in debauch and voluptuouſneſs, I have obtained leave of the *Infernæ Janitor Aulæ*, by ſpecial licence, to indite this one letter: the pen made uſe of on this occaſion was pluck'd from the back of a harpy, and the ink is neither more nor leſs than the unadulterated ſtream of black Cocytus, over which river I was yeſterday ferried, and having gone through ſome trifling ceremonies of

luſtration, am now regiſtered Denizen of theſe gloomy regions, in which I ſpend my time very agreeably, *for a Ghoſt*; for I muſt confeſs the truth, as Achilles was forced to do, when interrogatd by Ulyſſes, I muſt own that the ghoſt of Minos himſelf would gladly change conditions with a London Chimney-Sweeper; and it was but laſt Monday that the emperor Titus, who never loſt a day upon earth, being now condemned to everlaſting night, the common lot of mortals, has proffered to go back upon earth in the capacity of a hangman, and promiſed to diſcharge, with nicety, all the duties of that high office, provided his ſoul may be once more incorporated; I mentioned to you before, that, for a ſpirit, I did as well as could be expected; and how ſhould it be otherwiſe, when I am admitted to a coterie of the choiceſt ſpirits of Erebus? The late Earl of Egremont and Mr. Charles Churchill laſt night were very entertaining, and ſhewed their abilities in diſputation to a crowded audience. The ſubject of altercation was, whether it was more expedient and honourable to be a Courtier or a Patriot? The noble Lord was of opinion that Patriotiſm was the *ſummum bonum*, and lamented his having miſtaken

the

the To Kalon, when he was Secretary of State, which miſtake he averred had been fatal to him; and he added, it was not to be wondered at, as no leſs a lawyer than Charles York had been deceived by the ſame bait: theſe were his Lordſhip's chief arguments, but they were well refuted by poor Mr. Churchill. He inſiſted ſtrongly upon the advantages of an arbitrary government, by which order, he ſaid, was preſerved in the ſtate, and reſpect was ſhewn both to magiſtrates and poets; that at this time both were contemptuouſly treated in England, eſpecially by Mr. Wilkes, who was certainly a Patriot, and who had ſtarved him, the ſaid Churchill, into a putrid fever, by refuſing to pay him the ſum of 12l. 8s. due to him for writing the *Prophecy of Famine*, at the requeſt of Mr. Wilkes, and for his emolument.—Adieu for ever, my once much-loved friend—I am interrupted by Lewis the 15th, who has gone mad within this fortnight, as it is ſuppoſed, from ill uſage he met with from Kitty Fiſher. Immediately after his death he took her into keeping—and———Adieu, here comes Judge Minos.

Sir James Cockburne is humbly requeſted to forward the incloſed Letter from a departed friend to ———— Before his deceaſe his departed friend ate very heartily of ſome peaches and nectarines that were ſent him from Peterſham, and for which he returns Sir J. Cockburne many thanks.

A gentleman who left Ireland ſome time ago, has favoured us with the following advertiſement; it is from a Mr. Fay, a proteſtant clergyman, and who was ſome time ago a reader in the chapel of the Royal Hoſpital at Kilmainham, near Dublin, but owing to irregularities, was diſmiſſed; after which he turned to the laudable profeſſion of *couple-begging*, or marrying every man or woman that goes to him without licence, or without aſking any other queſtion, but, "are you come to be married?" Mr. Fay gets ſuch buſineſs as brings him in at leaſt 1000l. a year; and having gone there as a witneſs on a matrimonial ſcheme, he received this advertiſement from the hands of Mr. Fay. From the peruſal of it, it will clearly appear that the *Medico Electrico Doctor* is greatly his inferior.

NOTICE.

NOTICE.

To all Maids and Bachelors.

" The Rev. Patrick Fay finds himſelf called upon to contradict a malicious and anonymous advertiſement (publiſhed by ſome ſecret enemies, envious of his great ſucceſs in his calling) tending to inſinuate his being excommunicated, and thereby rendered incapable of officiating in his clerical capacity: he, therefore, thus acquaints all thoſe who pleaſe to favour him with their commands in the connubial line, that he continues to execute every office of his function, with the utmoſt ſecrecy, care, and diſpatch, on terms much more reaſonable than any other perſon in the ſame buſineſs, as can be teſtified by all thoſe who have made trial. —— Witneſſes provided if required; alſo, accommodations for conſummation, with the neceſſary refreſhments, &c. on paying a reaſonable advance.

Mr. Fay, ever ſtudious to procure pleaſures for the young and gay, has lately purchaſed, at a conſiderable expence, a large piece of ground adjoining his houſe, which he intends to lay out in the moſt elegant taſte, with baths, receſſes, &c. in the Turkiſh

ſtyle: at the termination of the grand walk will be erected a magnificent temple exactly on the ſame plan as the famous temple of Venus, at Paphos, in the Iſle of Cyprus; for the decoration of which, he has fortunately procured from a perſon juſt returned from Italy, ſome of their moſt exquiſitely voluptuous paintings, executed by the firſt maſters of that ſcience.—In another part of theſe improvements, there will be a library, furniſhed with a very choice and elegant collection of the moſt amorous authors of refined taſte, in verſe and proſe.—There will be erected in another part, a ſumptuous pavilion, where the fineſt cakes, ſweetmeats, and the various fruits of the earth, more exquiſitely flavoured than ambroſia, will be ſpread with profuſeneſs; and wines more delicious than nectar flowing from never-failing goblets in the hands of Bacchus.—The garden will be planted with amaranths and violets, foſtered by the hand of Flora; whilſt from Pomona's bounty, it will far exceed the garden of Heſperia. The perfumes of the Eaſt will burn daily in the temple, and ever-blowing roſes ſpread their velvet couches, whilſt aromatic ſweets increaſe the pleaſures of this ſcene for Love!

Paradiſe-Row. Feb. 1, 1781.

An

An attempt to prove that Engliſh is the moſt ancient of all languages, and that the ancients, whom we ſuppoſe to have been Greeks and Romans, were Engliſhmen, only their names corrupted by the chance of time.

In the manner of Dean Swift.

Vide Swift's Works.

By CORNELIUS VANDERSTOP.

I.

Bacchus was a jolly good-humoured fellow, very fond of liquor: he was uſher to a ſchoolmaſter, and when his maſter was out of the way, uſed to regale himſelf in tippling; and in order that the ſcholars might not tell of him, would frequently indulge them in playing truant; at theſe times the ſcholars, fearing their maſter would find them out, and puniſh them for it, uſed to ſay to the uſher, you muſt *back us*, you muſt take our part, uſher; you muſt *back us*, or we ſhall be flogged: from which expreſſion being often repeated, occaſioned his being called *Bacchus*.

II.

HECATE was an old woman, who paſſed for an old witch, from being always ſurrounded and exceedingly fond of *boar cats*: from this circumſtance the waggiſh boys uſed to call her he-cat, he-cat, whence her name *Hecate*.

III.

ATLAS was a great wencher, ſo that no woman was free from his importunities, which made the wags ſay, there goes Mr. *At laſs*.

IV.

CASTOR and POLLUX were two famous boxers, one had a peculiar ſkill in throwing his adverſary, which the ſtanders-by obſerving, uſed to ſay, What a good *Caſtor*, he is, how nicely he flings his antagoniſt; and thus he obtained the name of *Caſtor*. *Pollux* was equally expert at boxing as the other, but had a manner peculiar to himſelf, which was to *pull* the *locks* of *Caſtor*, in order to bring him to the ground; and from this circumſtance he was called *Pull-Locks*, which is now corrupted into *Pollux*.

Adver-

Advertiſement Extraordinary.

Whatever perſons may read this Advertiſement, or ſhould chance to hear of it, are intreated to reflect if they know any lady that anſwers the following deſcription:—— Tall and graceful in her perſon; more of the fine woman than the pretty one, good teeth, ſoft lips, ſweet breath, with eyes no matter what colour, ſo they are but expreſſive; of a healthy complexion, rather inclined to fair than brown, neat in her perſon, her boſom full, plump, firm, and white; a good underſtanding without being a wit; but cheerful and lively in converſation, polite and delicate in ſpeech; her temper humane and tender, and to look as if ſhe could feel delight where ſhe wiſhes to give it. If ſuch a one there be! there is a gentleman of two thouſand pounds a year, fifty-two years of age next September, but of a vigorous, ſtrong and amorous conſtitution, that will marry her, be her fortune ever ſo ſmall, and ſettle on her a clear jointure of ſix hundred pounds a year. But then ſhe muſt conſent to live entirely in the country, which, if ſhe likes the man, ſhe will not be unwilling to comply with; and it is to be

hoped ſhe will have a heart above all mercenary views, and honeſt enough not to be aſhamed to own ſhe loves the man whom ſhe makes her choice; ſhe muſt not be more than fourteen, nor leſs than ſeven years younger than the gentleman.

The following is a true Copy of a Painter's bill, at Cirenceſter, delivered to the Church-wardens of an adjoining pariſh.

Mr. Charles Forbes, Church-warden of Siddington,

To Joſeph Cook. *Dr.*

To mending the commandments, altering the Belief, and making a new Lord's Prayer ———	*l.*	*s.*	*d.*
	1	1	0

King *John* being ſhewn a ſtately monument, erected over the grave of a nobleman who had rebelled againſt him, and being adviſed to deface it; anſwered, *No, no, I wiſh all my enemies were as honourably buried.*

A remark-

A remarkable inſtance of the ignorance of the Clergy in the beginning of the 14th Century.

Magdeburgh, which is now ſecularized, and belongs to the crown of Pruſſia, was formerly an archbiſhoprick, and before its ſecularization, had been governed by 38 prelates, of whom Erneſtus, Duke of Saxony, who died in 1513, was the laſt. In the year 1303, Henry D'Anhalt was appointed the 26th archbiſhop of Magdeburgh; he went to Rome for the purpoſe of getting his appointment confirmed, and of being conſecrated by the Pope. His Holineſs, not expecting to find in a German any great depth of learning, but ſtill obliged to make the Prelate elect go through the *form* of an examination, aſked him if he could ſay the Lord's Prayer. The new archbiſhop was confounded, and knew not what anſwer to make, for he did not underſtand what the Pope meant by the words *the Lord's Prayer*. His principal chaplain ſeeing his prince's embarraſſment, obſerved to his Holineſs, that the prayer in queſtion was not known in Germany by the name of *the Lord's Prayer*, but by that of *the Pater Noſter*. The Prelate could mutter *the Pater Noſter*, but knew not by whom it had been compoſed. Clement V. who was then Pope, did not puſh the examination any further, but

but conſecrated Henry, and gave him the Pallium, the mark of his archiepiſcopal dignity. The ignorance of this archbiſhop will appear the more extraordinary, as he was by birth a prince of the family of Anhalt, which is ſtill of ſo much conſequence in the empire.

Swift while at Oxford, had penned ſome verſes which he ſubmitted to the inſpection of Dryden, in hopes of gaining his approbation. But the anſwer he received from that celebrated author, was, "I would adviſe you, young man, to purſue ſome other ſtudies: for, depend upon it, you will never make a poet."

This anſwer Swift never forgave; and to this may be attributed that ſeverity with which he treated his diſcouraging adviſer ever afterwards.

Such is the intelligence gained from one of the firſt literary characters of the age, which at once opens the ſource of Swift's ſeverity, in his *Battle of the Books*, and ſeveral other pieces towards Dryden.

An eminent lawyer, lately returning with a ſingle ſervant from an aſſize at York, had unaccountably miſſed his way in a very lonely

lonely part of the country; when after halting a few minutes, the gentleman ſuppoſed he diſcovered a man in a field at ſome diſtance, to whom for direction his ſervant was ordered to ride, while the gentleman in the road waited the event of the inquiry. The ſuppoſed ruſtic proved only to be what is called a maukin, or a figure dreſſed up to frighten the birds from the corn. The ſervant aggravated at the difficulty of croſſing ſome ditches in his way to it, ſtruck the maukin on the head with his whip, and immediately returned. The gentleman by the help of his glaſs being a witneſs to this offence, and probably anticipating an action for aſſault and battery, prevented his ſervant's report by reproving him for the ſuppoſed outrage upon the man, and by way of compenſation ſent him back with a crown; which pretending to diſpoſe of as deſired, the fellow had the artifice to conceal for his own uſe; ſaying, on his return, that though the clown was extremely thankful for his maſter's bounty, he was ſtill as well as at his firſt application, but ſo unintelligent, that he could make neither head nor tail of his directions.

A clergyman in an inland county, lately concluded his ſermon with the following words:

words: — "Brethren, next Friday is my "Tythe-day, and thoſe who bring the "Tythes on that day, which are my due, "ſhall be rewarded with a good dinner; but "thoſe who do not, may depend, that on "Saturday they will dine upon a lawyer's "Letter."

Now ſelling off at Prime Coſt.

The remaining ſtock in trade of an eminent clergyman leaving off buſineſs, and retiring to a b—p—k; conſiſting of a complete ſet of manuſcript ſermons for the whole year, with faſts and feſtivals, including a deification of King Charles for the thirtieth of January; a culverin charged and primed for the 5th of November, with a rod for the whore of Babylon; the ſins of the whole nation deſcribed, in a diſcourſe fit for the next ſolemn faſt; charity, acceſſion, antigallican, and ſmall-pox ſermons, ſome half finiſhed tracts againſt the Athanaſian-creed, the marriage-act, and the 39 articles, with many other valuable pieces. The whole to be viewed to the time of ſale, which will begin at twelve o'clock.

N. B. Likewiſe will be ſold the doctor's curious reading deſk, in which is a contrivance,

trivance for keeping his new cribbage-board, tinder-box, and bible.

LOST.

Suppoſed to be ſtolen from a boarding-ſchool near Turnham Green, a beautiful young lady, aged 16, daughter of the late Earl of Froth, and heireſs to £. 20,000, independent of her mother's jointure. She was obſerved to walk in the back garden after dinner with Mr. Allemande the dancing-maſter, and is ſuppoſed to have made her eſcape with him through the yew hedge. She took nothing with her but her miſtreſs's dram bottle out of the beſt china cloſet, the firſt volume of Virtue rewarded, Memoirs of a Woman of Pleaſure, and the Marriage Service torn out of the Common Prayer-book. They are ſuppoſed to be gone to Scotland.

A very devout fellow, not being able to pleaſe his nice piety, in his prayers, uſed only to repeat the Alphabet, then add, *O Lord God, put theſe letters into ſyllables; theſe ſyllables into words; and theſe words into ſentences, that may be moſt for my real good.*

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

A BAD WIFE,

" Whereas Ann Molloy, alias Hinton, my wife has abſconded from *my lawful bed* with Phil. M'Nemera, a *handy legg'd itinerant dancing maſter*, whoſe *only powers* are confinded to the *Iriſh Jig*, or *Rinka Moneen*— I caution the public againſt given her *fixpence* worth on my account, as I'll never pay it, on account of her leaving me and my poor child, *without cauſe*, as the *neighbours can tell*, who knew me ſince I was the height of a *hand turf*, to be *honeſt*, and a MAN.— She has beſides vilified and belied me, which is *well known to be a lie*, by *people* who *knew me before ſhe did*. I'll have *revenge* of her and her *galloper*, if juſtice is to be gotten from *judge or jury*.

his
DARBY + MOLLY.
mark.

New mode of puniſhing Adultery; lately practiſed at Hanover-ſquare.

A country gentleman who had viſited London only for winter amuſements, being well aſſured that his wife was carrying on an intrigue

trigue with a certain Major, laid the following plan, which was put in execution: He went ſeemingly to Maidſtone for a few days, but returning on the night of the morning he departed, he found the happy pair locked in each others arms. He did not, however, challenge the adulterer to ſingle combat, as is ſometimes the cuſtom—but he cauſed him and the adultereſs to be handcuffed and fettered by the legs in bed together, and yoked by the neck down to the bedſtead. In this ſituation, having decently covered them, he ſent to their intimate friends and acquaintance, and uſhered them into the room, pointing out the modern Mars and Venus with great philoſophic compoſure, and aſking each, if "this was not a ſorry ſight?" This kind of bed-room viſiting was continued for four days, during which time he allowed the lovers nothing but bread and water.

A METHODIST SERMON,

lately preached to a numerous congregation at Hackney.

Brethren! Brethren! Brethren! (The word Brethren comes from the tabernacle, becauſe we all *breathe there-in*)—If you are drowzy, I'll *rouze* you: I'll beat a *tat-too* upon

on the parchment caſes of your conſciences, and whip the *devil* about like a *whirl-a-gig* among you—Even as the cat upon the top of the houſe doth *ſquall*; even from the top of my voice will I *bawl*; and the organ pipes of my lungs ſhall play a voluntary among ye; *and the ſweet words that I ſhall utter*—ſhall ſugar-candy over your ſouls, and make *carraway comfits* of your conſciences—Do you know how many taylors make a man?—Why, nine—Nine taylors make a man—And how many make half a man?—Why four journeymen and an apprentice. Even ſo have you all been bound 'prentice to *Miſs Fortune* the *faſhion maker*; and now you are out of your times, you are ſet up for yourſelves.—My *great bowels* and my *ſm—ll guts* groan for you. I have got the gripes of compaſſion, and the belly-ach of pity.——*Give me a dram!* Give me a dram—Do, give me a dram—A dram of *patience* I mean, while I explain unto you, what *reformation*, and what *abomination* mean:—which the *wordly wicked* have mixed together like *potatoes and butter-milk*, and therewith make a *ſinful ſtir-about*. *Reformation* is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of porter;—and *Abomination*, is like the dregs at the bottom of the tap-tub—Have you carried your conſciences

ſciences to the ſcourers? have you brought any fullers earth at my ſhop to take the ſtains out?—You ſay, yes, you have, you have, you have:—But I ſay, no: you lie! you lie? you lie!—I am no *velvet mouth preacher*; I ſcorn your lawn ſleeves—You are full of filth: ye muſt be parboiled: yea, ye muſt be boiled down in our tabernacle, to make portable ſoup, for the ſaints to ſup a ladleful of: and then the *ſcum*, and the *ſcaldings* of your iniquities will boil over; and that is called the *kitchen ſtuff* of your conſciences, that ſerve to greaſe the cart-wheels that carry us over the *Devel's ditch*; and the *Devil's gap*.—The *Devil's ditch*: that's among the jockies at New-market: and the *Devil's gap*, that's among the other jockies, the lawyers at Lincoln's-inn-fields. ——And then there is the *Devil* among the *taylors*, and the *Devil* among the *Players*: the *players* that play the *Devil to pay*.—The *play-houſe* is Satan's ground, where women ſtretch themſelves out upon tenterhooks of temptation.—*Tragedy*, is the *blank verſe* of *Beelzebub*;—*Comedy* is his *haſty pudding*; and *Pantomime* is the Devil's *country dance*. And yet you'll pay the players for ſeeing plays: yes, yes, but you won't pay me: No, no, 'till Beelzebub's

Beelzebub's bumbailiffs lay hold of you; and think I will pay yourrgarniſh: but I won't. No; you ſhall lay on the common ſide of the world, like a toad in a hole, that is baked for the Devil's dinner. Do, put ſome money in the plate.——Put ſome money in the plate; and then all your iniquities ſhall be ſcalded away; even as they ſcald the briſtles off the hog's back: and you ſhall be cleanſed from all your ſins, as eaſily as the barber ſhaveth away the weekly beard from the *chin* of the ungodly.

Do put ſome money in the plate,
Or I, your preacher, cannot eat:
And 'tis with grief of heart I tell ye,
How much this preaching ſcours the belly:
How pinching to the human tripe
Is Pity's belly-ach, and gripe:
But that Religion (lovely maid)
Keeps a cook's ſhop to feed the trade.

It was a juſt obſervation, and frequently ſpoken by *Winfride* (a *Devonſhire man*, who converted the *Frieſlanders* to *Chriſtianity*) that "in the infancy of the Church there "were *wooden* chalices, and *golden* prieſts; "in latter times, there were *wooden* prieſts, "and *golden* chalices."

Lord

Lord Le Deſpencer furniſhed me with the following Recipe, written by his friend Paul Whitehead, *for Dr.* Thompſon, *a Phyſician of very ſingular character; he was a remarkable Sloven, a great Scholar, and a Wit. He never had his ſhoes cleaned, but bought them at the Yorkſhire Warehouſe, wore them till his toes were through the upper leather, and then ſhook them off at the ſame place, and put on a new pair; and thus did he with all his other habiliments.*

A Recipe for Doctor Thompſon.

Let not the ſoil of a preceding day be ever ſeen upon your linen; ſince your enemies will be apt to impute it rather to an unhappy ſcarcity of ſhirts, than any philoſophical negligence in the wearer of them.

Let not father Time's dilapidations be diſcoverable in the ragged ruins of your garments; and be particularly careful that no more holes appear in your ſtockings than the weaver intended; that your ſhoes preſerve the ſymmetry of two heels; and that your galligaſkins betray no poetical *Inſignia:* for it will be generally concluded, he has very little to do with the repair of others conſtitutions, who is unable to preſerve that of his own apparel.

Let

Let your wig always ſwell to the true college dimenſions; and, as frequently as poſſible, let the Apothecary Bob give way to the Graduate Tye: for, what notable recommendation the head often receives from the copiouſneſs of its furniture, the venerable Full-bottoms of the bench may determine.

Thus dreſſed, let your Chariot be always ready to receive you; nor be ever ſeen trudging the ſtreets with an *Herculean* Oak, and bemired to the knees; ſince an equipage ſo unſuitable to a ſick lady's chamber will be apt to induce a belief that you have no ſummons thither.

Forbear to haunt Cook-Shops, Hedge-Alehouſes, Cyder Cellars, &c. and to diſplay your oratory in inferior regions; for, however this may agree with your philoſophical character, it will by no means enhance your phyſical one.

Never ſtay telling a long ſtory in a Coffee-houſe, when you may be writing a ſhort recipe in a patient's chamber; and prudently conſider, that the firſt will coſt you expence, while the laſt will gain you a Guinea.

Never go out in the morning without leaving word where you may be met with

at noon; never depart at noon without letting it be known where you may be found at night; for the ſick are apt to be peeviſh and impatient; and remember, that ſuffering a patient to want you, is the ready way for you to want a patient.

Be mindful of all meſſages, punctual to all appointments, and let but your induſtry equal your abilities; then ſhall your phyſical perſecutors become abaſhed, and the legions of *Warwick-Lane* and *Black-Friars* ſhall not be able to prevail againſt you.

A good woman quarrelling with her huſband for being ſomewhat too familiar with the ſervant maid, charged him with many other facts of the like nature; which he knowing himſelf innocent of, ſaid to her, "Indeed wife, you "lie with any woman in the kingdom, that's "your failing." "No, you rogue," replied the good woman in a great rage, "*It is you* "*that will lie with any woman, and that's the* "*reaſon I am in ſuch a paſſion with you,*"

An Iriſh Lawyer of the Temple, having occaſion to go to dinner, left this direction in the key-hole: *Gone to the Elephant and* "*Caſtle, where you ſhall find me; and if you*

can't

" can't read this, carry it to the ſtationer's, " and he ſhall read it for you."

I received the following Epitaph from a Lady who is on a viſit to her Friends in Devonſhire, and who is much addicted to *roguery*. She can imitate *nature*, in a *variety of ſituations*, ſo well, that I will not anſwer for her not having impoſed on me. But her impoſitions are ſo exactly like truth, that they may often ſerve for it. If this be not a genuine Epitaph, I am wholly impoſed upon.

EPITAPH *on Mrs.* Greenwood, *at Clehanger, in Devonſhire,*

O death! O death! thou haſt cut down
The faireſt Greenwood in the town;
Her worth and amiable qualities were ſuch,
That ſhe certainly deſerved a Lord or a Judge;
But her virtue and great humility
Made her rather chooſe a Doctor in Divinity;
For which heroic act among the reſt,
She was juſtly termed the phœnix of her ſex;
And

And like that bird, a young one ſhe did beget,
One to comfort thoſe ſhe has left diſconſolate.

My grief for her is ſo ſore,
That I can only add four lines more:

For hers and another good woman's ſake,
Never let a bliſter be put on a lying-in woman's back;
For in all diſorders of the bladder or womb,
It never fails, I think, to bring the patient to the tomb.

When the Earl of Stair was ambaſſador in Holland, he made frequent entertainments, to which the foreign ambaſſadors were conſtantly invited, not excepting the ambaſſador of France, with which nation we were upon the point of breaking: in return the Abbe de Ville, the French reſident, as conſtantly invited the Engliſh and Auſtrian ambaſſadors, upon the like occaſions. The Abbe was a man of vivacity, and withal was remarkable for a quaintneſs, in which he took great pride; agreeable to this humour, he one day propoſed a health in theſe terms, *The riſing ſun, my maſter*; alluding to the motto

of Lewis XIV. which was pledged by the whole company: it came then to the Baron de Reiſbach's turn to give a health, and he to countenance the Abbe, and to pleaſe him, propoſed, *The moon and fixed ſtars*, in compliment to his miſtreſs the Empreſs Queen, which was greatly applauded: and when it came to the Earl's turn, the eyes of all the company were turned upon him; but as that nobleman, whoſe preſence of mind was never wanting upon ordinary as well as great occaſions, drank to his maſter by the name of *Joſhua* the *ſon* of *Nun*, who made the *ſun* and *moon* to *ſtand ſtill*.

Copy of a Letter from a reſpectable Clergyman, a Widower, with Six Children, to a Friend, inviting him to ſupper, and to bring his Daughter, a beautiful Virgin of £.5,000 Fortune, with him.

SIR,

THERE is a volume lies in your ſtudy, in ſheets, and all who have ſeen it wonder it continues thus long unbound. I think it is called Wilſon's Epithalamium; but, leſt I ſhould miſtake the title, I will deſcribe it to you. It is a beautiful fair manuſcript, writ

with fine ſhining ink, on the whiteſt vellum imaginable; the ſtrokes of the pen aré ſo delicate, as prove it was done by a maſterly hand; and there is ſuch a proportion in all the parts, and the features, as it may be termed, of each letter ſo exact, as put the reader to a ſtand in admiring the beauties of them. The book has an additional ornament; the initial letters and all the margins are done with gold; yet what renders it more valuable is, that though wrote near ſeventeen years it is not in the leaſt ſtained or ſoiled, inſomuch, that one thinks it never was turned over by any one: and there is the more reaſon to believe it, the firſt leaves being ſtill unopened. The book of itſelf does not appear to be of any great bulk, yet I am informed its value is five thouſand pounds; it would be a pity ſo rare a piece ſhould be loſt; and the only way to preſerve it, is to increaſe the copies; ſo that if the author will give conſent, and you grant it a licence, I will put it to the preſs directly. I have a curious ſet of letters never uſed but in the printing of one work, and of this there were only half a dozen impreſſions; ſo that you muſt naturally think they are not the worſe for wear. On my ſide, I will ſpare no labour or charge to

adorn it with the moſt lively figures; and doubt not to make this edition as engaging in the eyes of all men, as the original is in mine, which, to be ingenuous, is ſo very ſtriking and fine, that I could read it o'er and o'er both day and night with pleaſure. Therefore, if you will favour me with your company this evening, and bring this admirable piece with you, it will add to the entertainment of him, who is with true reſpect,

Your moſt obedient, and

Moſt humble ſervant,

JO. TRUELOVE.

ODE

ODE ON MY BIRTH DAY,

By MAJOR JOHN SCOTT.

I like the firſt Stanza of this Poem very well; the ſecond contains a deſcription of the ſituation of my cloſet; what does he mention my cloſet for? ſince the "Honeſt Man" has never been there? As to the third ſtanza, my wife ſays it conveys a ſtrong likeneſs of my vivacity in converſation.

I.

Ariſe, my ſoul, on wings of fire;
To God's anointed, tune the lyre!
Hail George, thou all accompliſhed king,
Juſt type of him who rules on high!
Hail! inexhauſted, boundleſs ſpring
Of ſacred truth and holy majeſty!
Grand is thy form,—'bout five feet ten,
Thou well-built, worthieſt, beſt of men!
Thy cheſt is ſtout, thy back is broad,—
Thy pages view thee, and are aw'd;
Lo! how thy white eyes roll!
Thy whiter eyebrows ſtare!
Honeſt ſoul!
Thour't witty, as thou'rt fair!

II.

North of thy drawing-room, a cloſet ſtands:
The ſacred nook. St. James's Park commands!

Here in ſequeſter'd ſtate, Great GEORGE receives
Memorials, treaties, and long liſts of thieves!
Here all the force of ſovereign thought is bent,
To fix reviews, or change a government!
Heaven's! how each word with joy *Camarthen* takes!
Gods! how the lengthen'd chin of *Sydney* ſhakes!
Bleſſing and bleſs'd the ſage aſſociates ſee,
The proud, triumphant league of incapacity.
With ſubtle ſmiles,
With innate wiles,
How do thy tricks of ſtate, great George, abound?
So in thy Hampton's mazy ground,
The path that wanders
In meanders,
Ever bending,
Never ending,
Winding runs the eternal round!
Perplex'd, involv'd, each thought bewilder'd moves!
In ſhort, quick turns the gay confuſion roves;
Contending themes the embarraſs'd liſtener baulk,
Loſt in the labyrinths of the devious talk!

III.

Now ſhall the levee's eaſe thy ſoul unbend,
Fatigued with royalty's ſeverer care,
Oh! happy few! whom brighter ſtars befriend;
Who catch the chat, the witty whiſper ſhare.
Methinks I hear,
In accents clear,
Great Brunſwick's voice ſtill vibrate on my ear.
"What?—what?—what?
"Scott!—Scott!—Scott!
"Hot!—hot!—hot!
"What?—what?—what?"
Oh! fancy quick! Oh! judgment true!
Oh! ſacred oracle of regal taſte!
So haſty, and ſo generous too!
Not one of all thy queſtions will an anſwer wait!
Vain, vain, oh muſe, thy feeble art
To paint the beauties of that head and heart!
That heart, where all the virtues join!
That head, that hangs on many a ſign!

The following SPEECH, *on ſuppreſſing the Promenade, at Carliſle-Houſe, was written by the Duke of M———, as a Parody upon Lord* ABINGDON's SPEECH *in the* Houſe *of* LORDS.

MY LORDS,

The bill now before you appears ſo myſterious,
So nonſenſical, comical, laughable, ſerious,
It ſtalks ſo in Buſkin, and ſkips ſo in Sock,
That I'm puzzled, my Lords, therefore talk like a block.
The bill has two heads--firſt, it hinders from walking;
In the ſecond, my Lords, it prohibits all talking:
As to walking, my Lords, working-folks have but one day,
For gadding about, which you know is on Sunday,
When ſhopmen from counters, and maids from the garret,
Dreſt in their beſt bibs and tuckers, as ſmart as a carrot;
Not to ramble about in broad day-light at noon,
Nor to ſtudy the ſtars by the light of the moon;
No, my Lords, leſt their charms be expos'd to the air,
They wiſely reſort to the houſe in the ſquare;

Where,

Where, my Lords, I have ſeen, or at leaſt
have been told,
That ice cools the hot——and green tea
warms the cold,
There's no other refreſhment for people who
come,
Except walking the *omne quod exit in ſum.*
This, my Lords, without taking too much of
your time,
Is the whole of the charge, and the whole of
the crime.
Now if walking's a vice, my Lords begging
your pardons,
It is ſo in the Park and in Kenſington Gardens,
Where refreſhments are had—but it't not my
intention
To ſpeak a thing out that's indecent to men-
tion;
Where, my Lords, each gay lad ſhews his
love to his laſs,
And green is the gown which ſhe gets on the
graſs.
But beſides this, my Lords, there's another
objection,
The bill ſhould have ſtruck at the Pall-Mall
erection,*
Where the doctor's impurities ſeem to be ſuch,
Juſtice took away ſome, but the reſt ſhe
won't touch;

* *Dr. Graham.*

And the reaſon is plain, as this *paper declares,
'Tis a ſchool where the nobles are taught to get heirs.
On the biſhops, my Lords, too, the doctor is witty
Who exercis'd the beds for their carrotty Kitty,
Who with old Mrs. Windſor, and Matthews and Adams,
Are appointed commanders to manage the madams.
As to talking, my Lords, why it muſt be confeſt,
They talk to get rid of what will not digeſt;
For on Sunday they ſwallow ſo much about faith,
That they talk to explain what the miniſter ſaith;
Paying ſix-pence a-piece their poor pockets to eaſe,
And enlighten their minds over porter and cheeſe,
But, my Lords, if you mean our own manners to mend,
Why ſhould not ſome clauſes to Brooks's extend?
Where, ſhame on the members! diſcourſe is ſo taudry,
That, my Lords, I'm inform'd they will ſometimes talk B——y;

* *The Doctor's Hand bills.*

Yes, B——y, my Lords, ay, or politics either,
Not blaſphemy, no—not as bad as that neither.
But it is not this houſe, 'tis the parſon's, odd rot 'em,
'Tis Oxford and Cambridge who are at the bottom
Of all this affair, which we talk of to-day,
And what learning directs, we like fools muſt obey,
But, my Lords, I'm no fool, learn'd clerks ſhan't compel me,
To believe half the things they think proper to tell me;
I'm none of your blockheads who kneel on an haſſock,
To look for a cloven foot under a caſſock.
Truth lies in a well, and however I praiſe it,
Prieſts are but the buckets appointed to raiſe it;
I have read Mr. Locke, and that great man doth ſay,
None who do not believe can be bound to obey
Thus, my Lords, to your Lordſhips my mind I diſcloſe,
I object to this bill, and ſhall, therefore, oppoſe.

PRUSSIANA;

OR,

ANECDOTES OF FREDERIC II.

When the celebrated Dr. Zimmerman was at the court of Berlin, one day in converſation with the king, his majeſty aſked him if he could aſcertain how many patients he had killed in the whole courſe of his practice?—"That is an arduous taſk," returned the doctor, "but I think I may venture to ſay, not by one half as many as your Majeſty."

Field-Marſhal Count von S———n, requeſted his majeſty to promote his ſon in a military line; the following anſwer was ſent him:

Noble, and well beloved,

I have conſidered the requeſt of your letter, dated May 22, a. c. and I muſt acquaint you, that I have a conſiderable time ago given orders, that no Count ſhall ever be admitted to any conſiderable rank in my army: for commonly

commonly when they have ſerved me a year or two, they leave the army and return home. If your ſon wiſhes to enter into my ſervice, he muſt entirely forget that he is a Count; and if he does not improve in his profeſſion, he can never be advanced.

I am, &c. &c.

Frederic.

The following was added in the king's own hand writing:

" Young Counts, if they learn nothing, " are ignorant fellows in every country*.— " The ſon of the king of England is now a " midſhipman on board a man of war, in " order to acquire a knowledge of the ma- " nœuvres of that ſervice. If a Count means " to be of the leaſt uſe to the world or to " his country, he muſt renounce all pride " ariſing from birth or titles, (for theſe " things are baubles) and he muſt depend for " fame and praiſe upon his own perſonal " merit,

Frederic."

* The young gentleman here alluded to, though the ſon of one of the greateſt generals of his time, was by no means famous for bright parts.

A very

A very young clergyman, who had juſt left college, preſented a petition to the king, requeſting that his majeſty would appoint him inſpector* in a certain place, where a vacancy had juſt happened. As it was an office of much conſequence, the king was offended at the preſumption and importunity of ſo young a man, and inſtead of any anſwer to the petition, he wrote underneath: 2d Book of Samuel, chap. x. verſe 5; and returned it.—The young clergyman was eager to examine the quotation, but to his great diſappointment, found the words: *Tarry at Jericho until your beard is grown.*

The King of Pruſſia had heard that a corporal in his regiment of body guards, who was well know as a remarkably handſome and brave young man, wore out of vanity a watch chain, ſuſpended from a leaden bullet in his fob. He had the curioſity to inquire into the circumſtance himſelf, and an opportunity was contrived, that the king ſhould meet the corporal as by chance, without his ſuſpecting any deſign. "Apropos, corporal," ſaid the king, "you are a brave fellow,

* Inſpector, nearly anſwers to our dean; he has eſpecially the care of all ſchools in his diſtrict.

"to

" to have ſpared enough from your pay to " buy yourſelf a watch." *Corporal.* Brave, I flatter myſelf that I am; but as to my watch, it is of little ſignification. *King (Pulling out a gold watch ſet with diamonds).* " By my watch it is five; what o'clock are you, pray?" *Corporal? pulling out with trembling hand his bullet).* My watch tells me neither five nor ſix, but ſhews me clearly the death I am to die in your majeſty's ſervice.——— *King.* " Well then, that you may likewiſe " ſee the hour among the twelve, in which " you are to die in my ſervice, I will give " you mine."

The advantageous terms granted to the King of Pruſſia at the peace of 1763, were in a great meaſure obtained by the abilities in negociation of that eminent miniſter, Count von Hertzberg. When, after the concluſion of the peace, he waited upon his majeſty, the king addreſſed him in theſe words: " My dear " Hertzberg, you have concluded the peace, " as I have conducted the war: one againſt " many."

General Winterfeld was, as is well known, one of the firſt generals of the late king. He was

was once ordered upon an expedition of great importance, and the king promiſed him an army of not leſs than 40,000 men for the undertaking. But upon muſtering his troops, Winterfeld found that there were hardly 12,000 effective men. He complained, therefore, to the king; but Frederic anſwered:— "Your army is in my opinion ſtrong enough, when I conſider that *you* are at the head of it."

The king marched forward with his army, and left General Winterfeld behind him.— He had already taken leave of the general, and mounted his horſe, and rode on to a conſiderable diſtance, but ſuddenly he turned back, and alighting, he embraced him and ſaid: "I had almoſt forgotten to give you the only inſtructions you ſtand in need of: they are, that you preſerve your life, for my ſake." But a few days after the general died upon the bed of honour, and the king felt his loſs ſeverely.

A clergyman ſent the king a treatiſe he had written upon the ſin againſt the Holy Ghoſt, and received the following anſwer in the king's own hand: "Your ſin againſt

"the

" the Holy Ghoſt I duly received, and pray " God that he may have your ſenſes in his " holy keeping."

The impertinence of one of the king's pages was ſo great, that the king in a paſſion gave him a box on the ear, and diſcompoſed the dreſs of his hair. The page immediately turned about to a looking-glaſs, and began to adjuſt his curls. " Scoundrel!" cried the king," what impudence is this?"—" I ſhould be ſorry, Sire, (replied the page) if the people in the anti-chamber ſhould perceive what has happened between us." The king laughed heartily, went away, and left the page in the room.

A peaſant and his wife came to the king, and preſented a petition. He aſked them what they wanted? and when they had told him, " You muſt," ſaid he, " go to my court of juſtice for redreſs in this buſineſs."—— " We have been there already," ſaid the peaſant. " Well then, I cannot help you neither," replied the king. " Come, come along, ſaid the peaſant to his wife, you ſee there's nothing to be done, *he and the court both*

both whiſtle to the ſame tune." The king laughed heartily at the odd expreſſion, and received their petition.

General Zaremba had a very long Poliſh name. The king had heard of it, and one day aſked him. " Pray, Zaremba, what is properly your name?" The general told him the whole of his long name. " O!" ſaid the king, " the devil himſelf has not ſuch a name."—" Neither," replied Zaremba, " is he any relation of my family."

General Ziethen, as age and infirmities advanced upon him, once fell aſleep at the royal table. " Let him ſleep," ſaid the king, " he has watched long enough for our ſafety."

At a general review, curioſity had brought together an incredible number of people,—" By what means," aſked a prince who rode with the king, " may all theſe people get their livelihood?" The king immediately anſwered: " By cheating one another; and every one of them, without exception, by cheating me.

In

In a Roman Catholic town in Silesia, several of the silver offerings dedicated to the Virgin Mary were discovered to be missing. After much fruitless search and inquiry who might be the thief, the clerk observed that a certain soldier was always the first to attend divine service, and the last to quit the church and a suspicion naturally fell upon him. He was therefore stopped the next time he went out, searched, and several of the offerings were found upon him. But notwithstanding this positive evidence against him, he still insisted that he had not stolen the articles, but that the holy Virgin Mary, to whom he always applied for assistance in his distress, had brought the offerings to him herself, and thereby relieved, from time to time, his necessities.

This defence was by no means regarded; he was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to a severe punishment. The sentence was as usual laid before the king for his approbation; but upon reading the case, and the defence of the soldier, he ordered it to be immediately submitted to the decision of several clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church, "Whether or no, according to the established doctrines of their church, the assertion of the soldier "might be grounded?" Their answer was unanimously,

unanimouſly, "That miracles, though ſeldom wrought, could not be ſuppoſed to have entirely ceaſed." The king, in conſequence of this deciſion, wrote underneath the ſentence the following:

"The ſuppoſed thief is acquitted of the "crime laid to his charge, as he continues to "inſiſt upon the truth of the miracle; and as "it is, according to the unanimous deciſion "of the divines of his church, not impoſ-"ſible but that it may have happened. But "I hereby prohibit, under the ſevereſt pe-"nalties, that he in future accept of any "preſent whatſoever, either from the holy "Virgin, or from any other ſaint, under any "pretext whatever. *Frederic.*"

The town of Grifenberg had the misfortune to be burnt to the ground, and the king generouſly rebuilt the whole place at his own expence. The inhabitants ſent deputies to the king, who was then at Hirchberg, to return him thanks for this benevolent proof to his favour: "You have no reaſon," ſaid the king, "to thank me: it is my duty to aſſiſt my ſubjects in diſtreſs. For no other purpoſe am I king."

It is well known that Frederic the Second roſe remarkable early in the morning, and in general

general allowed a very ſhort part of his time to ſleep. But as age and infirmities increaſed upon him, his ſleep was broken and diſturbed, and when he fell aſleep towards the morning, he frequently miſſed his uſual early hour of riſing. This loſs of time, as he deemed it, he bore very impatiently, and gave ſtrict orders to his attendants never to ſuffer him to ſleep longer than four o'clock in the morning, and to pay no attention to his unwillingneſs to riſe. One morning at the appointed time, the page whoſe turn it was to attend him, and who had not been long in his ſervice, came to his bed and awoke him, "*Let me ſleep but a little longer,*" ſaid the monarch, "*I am ſtill much fatigued.*"—"Your majeſty has given poſitive orders I ſhould wake you ſo early," replied the page, "*But another quarter of an hour more.*"—"Not one minute," ſaid the page, "it has ſtruck four, I am ordered to inſiſt upon your majeſty's riſing." "*Well,*" ſaid the king, '*you are a brave lad; had you let me ſleep on, you would have fared ill for your neglect.*"

When in the Bavarian war, the king of Pruſſia retired with his army out of Bohemia, the Prince of Pruſſia* conducted the diviſion

* The preſent king, Frederic William the Second.

under his command, with ſo much ſkill, conrage, and ſucceſs, that the king expreſſed his admiration and ſatisfaction in the warmeſt terms. He afterwards went to meet him, and ſaid to him: "From this day I ſhall no more look upon you as my nephew." The prince was ſtruck at being addreſſed in this manner, but the king ſoon relieved him, by adding: "I ſhall in future conſider you as my ſon. You have done every thing that the moſt experienced of my generals, every thing that I myſelf could have done upon the occaſion."

The king had a great regard for the Engliſh ambaſſador, Mr. Mitchell. During the ſecond Sileſian war, Mr. Mitchell informed him that the Engliſh had gained a very conſiderable advantage over the French, and made uſe of the expreſſion: "*By the help of God*, we have entirely defeated the French."—"So," ſaid the king, "is God one of your allies?"—"Certainly, Sire," replied Mitchell, "and he is the only one who demands no ſubſidies of us."—"And he often ſerves you accordingly," returned the king.

When the King of Pruſſia and the Emperor met at Neiſſe, they once happened to come together

together to the bottom of a flight of ſtairs, and neither would go up firſt, and take precedence of the other. They ſtood and bowed, and ſcraped, and complimented, and each politely wiſhed to give way to the other. At laſt the King of Pruſſia got behind the Emperor, and puſhed him forward. "Ho! ho!" ſaid the Emperor, "if you begin to manœuvre with me, I muſt unavoidably go where you pleaſe!" and walked up firſt.

When Voltaire was at the Pruſſian court, and peaceable enjoyed the higheſt admiration and praiſe that ſuperior talents and wit could inſure, an Engliſh gentleman arrived at Berlin, who had ſo extraordinary a memory, that he could repeat a long compoſi ion in proſe or verſe, if once read or recited to him, without miſſing a word. The king had the curioſity to put him to the teſt; the Engliſhman appeared, and ſucceeded to the aſtoniſhment of the whole court. It happened that immediately after this trial, Voltaire ſent the king word, that with the king's permiſſion he ſhould do himſelf the honour to read to him a poem he had juſt finiſhed. The king gave him permiſſion to come, but at the ſame time reſolved to divert himſelf at the expence of the poet. He accordingly placed the Engliſhman

behind a ſcreen, and ordered him to pay particular attention to what Voltaire ſhould read; Voltaire came, and read his poem with much emphaſis, in hopes of obtaining the king's warm approbation. But to his great diſappointment the king ſeemed perfectly cold, and indifferent to what he was reading. The poem was finiſhed; Voltaire aſked the king his opinion upon it, and received for anſwer: "That his majeſty had lately obſerved, that Monſieur Voltaire fathered the works of others, and gave them out for his own—This was a degree of effrontery he ſhould not have thought him capable of, and he could not but be highly diſpleaſed at it. Voltaire was aſtoniſhed! he complained that he was wronged, and proteſted by every thing ſacred, that he did not deſerve the reproach. "I will immediately convince you," replied the king, "of the truth of my aſſertion. The verſes you have juſt now read, are the compoſition of an Engliſh gentleman, whoſe claims are undoubted." Voltaire defended himſelf with ſtill more warmth, and ſwore the poem was his own. Well then," ſaid the king, "come forth, Sir, and repeat the verſes of which Voltaire pretends to be the author." The Engliſhman came forward, and with the greateſt compoſure repeated the poem, without

out miſſing a ſingle paſſage. "Now," cried the king, "are you obliged to confeſs that my accuſation is true?" Heavens!" cried Voltaire, "why ſleeps your lightning! why is your vengeance with-held from puniſhing the crimes of a miſcreant, who dares to rob me of my laurels! Here ſorcery is employed, and I am driven to deſpair!"—The king laughed heartily at the poetic fury, and rewarded the Engliſhman liberally for the amuſement he had procured him.

Soon after his coronation, he pronounced the following memorable words, which were afterwards publicly made known throughout his dominions: *I will, that whenever in future my perſonal intereſt ſeems to claſh with the general good of my ſubjects, the latter ſhall always ſuperſede the former.*

The king had ordered piazzas to be erected round the church of St. Nicholas, at Potſdam, by which means the lower range of windows was entirely covered, and the church deprived of ſome light. The overſeers and churchwardens were diſſatisfied, and preſented a memorial to the king, requeſting that he would diſcontinue the building, and pull down what had already been

erected. But their memorial was returned, and the following was written at the bottom in the king's own had: *Bleſſed are they who do not ſee, and yet believe.*

The king obſerved upon a march, that one of the chaplains was very well mounted. "So," ſaid he, "that is againſt all rule, for it is written: *Go,* into all the world, and teach; and you ride!"—O! replied the chaplain, if your majeſty underſtood the original, you would find the words, "Take care that you get on in this world."

The king was once leaning out of a window in the palace, and obſerved through an opening between his arm and his body, that one of his pages took his ſnuff-box from the table, looked at it, and at laſt took a pinch. The king ſoon after ſhut the window, took the ſnuff-box, and aſked the page how he liked it? The page was alarmed at the queſtion, and for ſome time was unable to give an anſwer, but ſaid at laſt, trembling: "Very much, Sire. "Well then," replied the king, "take it, it is yours; for the uſe of two perſons I think it too ſmall."

A Noble-

A Nobleman preſented a memorial to the king, requeſting a favour. In this memorial the nobleman had uſed the expreſſion, that he was one of *the unhappy family of* *****. Whether the king thought the requeſt improper, or had other reaſons of diſpleaſure is not know; but he returned the memorial, and had written at the bottom:

"I cannot conceive how the family of "***** ſhould be *unhappy*, as they are all "*rich* and *ſtupid*."

In a ſmall town through which the king of Pruſſia travelled, the burgo-maſter (whoſe name was Dederick) waited upon him, and began a ſet ſpeech with theſe words:

Thou demi-god, great Frederic!

The king ſtopped him ſhort, and added:

Thou fool complete, ~~like~~ Dederick!

Which put an end to his ſublime harangue.

A young nobleman returned from Paris, where he ſpent the greateſt part of his fortune, and had acquired nothing but a complete knowledge of all the taverns, brothels,

coffee and gaming-houſes of that city; ſoon after his arrival, he petitioned the king to give him ſome lucrative poſt. In anſwer to his petition, he received a royal official cover, which incloſed, to the great ſurprize and diſappointment of the young gentleman, *The Ace of Diamonds*.

Frederic II. once travelled through a ſmall town, and obſerved upon his entrance at the gate a man who continually bowed to him. He inquired who he was: I am, replied the man, the burgo-maſter of this place, and inſpector of the different manufactories. So! ſaid the king, and how many manufactories have you in this town? The burgo-maſter enumerated them; and aſſured the king, that they were all in the moſt flouriſhing condition. "I am glad of it," replied the king; "but can you tell me, how many "threads are uſually taken to the warp, and "how many to the woof of a piece?"

This queſtion was totally unexpected, and too deep for the inſpector! He could give no anſwer; and his embarraſſment appeared in his looks. "Sir," ſaid the king, "you "are a blockhead; go and inform yourſelf "better about your manufactories."

The

The common council of a ſmall town in Churmarck impriſoned one of the citizens, upon an accuſation *that he blaſphemed God, the king, and the right worſhipful the common council.* The burgo-maſter re orted the affair to his majeſty, and humbly begged to know his majeſty's pleaſure in regard to the puniſhment of ſo atrocious an offender. The following was written upon the margin of the report, and returned to him :

" That the priſoner has blaſphemed God, " is a proof that he does not know him ? his " blaſphemy againſt me, I forgive him ; but " as he has blaſphemed the right worſhipful " the common council, I will puniſh him in " an exemplary manner, and ſend him to " Spandau to be impriſoned for half an hour,

Frederic."

While the king was laying out his garden at Sans-Souci, a mill was in his way, and he ordered the miller to be treated with for the purchaſe of it. The miller was loth to ſell his mill, and the king offered to build him another in any part of the country he ſhould chooſe. But all was in vain, the miller would not part with the old family mill. " Don't you know," ſaid the king, " that if I " pleaſe I may take you mill, turn you

" out, and not pay you a farthing for it?"
" Ay," replied the miller, " that you might,
" if there was no ſuch thing as a ſupreme
" court of juſtice at Berlin." The king laughed heartily, left him his mill, and altered the whole plan of his garden.

Frederic was one day converſing with an Engliſh gentleman, about the ſtate of affairs in England, at a time when a great part of the nation appeared, from the public prints, to be engaged in a violent oppoſition to the government. After ſundry inquiries and remarks, the king began to talk in a very high tone concerning the meaſures which he would have adopted, if he had been king of England. The Engliſhman coolly replied, " If your majeſty were to be king of England, " you would not remain in your office three " days."

A major-general in the Pruſſian ſervice, who was an able officer, and a man of merit, was obſerved frequently to ſpeak in very ſtrong terms of the bleſſings of liberty, and the humiliating chains of deſpotiſm. This being reported to the king, Frederic wrote to him, ' Monſ. major-general, I muſt beg ' that you will no longer continue to play the

' part

'part of Brutus in my dominions; or other-
'wiſe, I ſhall be obliged to conſpire againſt
'your liberty.'

In the year 1753, a literary man ſent to the king the plan of a literary work, and a letter, in which he informed him, that Voltaire and Monteſquieu had expreſſed their approbation of his deſign, and had ſubſcribed to his work; but that he did not chooſe to reſolve upon publication, till he had alſo the honour of his majeſty's name. Frederic wrote back: "You are too difficult: the names you have "mentioned to me, are worth more than "thoſe of all the kings in Europe. I will, "however, add my name to your liſt, that "I may have my name incloſed with theirs."

The princeſs Elizabeth Chriſtina Ulrica of Brunſwick, who was married in 1765 to the prince-royal of Pruſſia, was afterwards divorced from him, and kept in a kind of confinement at Stettin. At the time when this princeſs was in that ſituation, ſhe gave orders to have ſome rich ſtuffs ſent from Lyons, and directed to her at Stettin. As foreign ſtuffs pay a very large duty in the Pruſſian dominions, the collector of the cuſtoms thought proper to detain them, becauſe

the princeſs had given no directions for the payment of the duty. The princeſs was highly incenſed at this; but ſent word to the collector, that ſhe would ſatisfy his demands, and deſired him to come himſelf with the ſtuffs for that purpoſe. Her orders were obeyed, but the collector was no ſooner introduced into her preſence, than ſhe took the ſtuffs from him with great indignation, and at the ſame time gave him two or three cuffs in the face. The collector, enraged at this treatment, addreſſed a long and very formal memorial to the king, ſetting forth how much he had been diſhonoured in the performance of his duty. To this complaint Frederic returned, in his own hand, the following anſwer: 'The 'loſs of the duty, muſt be placed to my account; the ſtuffs muſt remain with the princeſs; the cuffs with him that received them. 'As to the ſuppoſed diſhonour, I cancel it at 'the requeſt of the complainant: but is of itſelf null; for the white hand of a fair lady, 'cannot poſſibly diſhonour the face of a cuſtom-houſe officer.'

While the late king was in exile at Cuſtrin, his affable diſpoſition acquired him a great number of very warm friends, for whom he

retained a particular affection. Among theſe were the preſident of the provincial court, M. von Munchow; lieutenant general and governor M. von Lepel; counſellor of war M. Hanf, and Baron von Birkholz. Their friendſhip, ſhown him in this time of his diſgrace, was amply rewarded by him. The ſon of Munchow he made miniſter of ſtate, created him a count, and a knight of the order of the Black Eagle. Hanf died as counſellor of the ſupreme board of revenue, and M. von Birkholz was made preſident of the provincial court of Newmark. When M. von Schoening propoſed this laſt gentleman to ſupply the place of M. von Rothenburg, whoſe infirmities obliged him to reſign, the following converſation took place, which is an inſtance both of the good memory and of the generoſity of the king.—KING. *Did not this Birkholz marry a daughter of Munchow?* SCHOENING. Yes, Sire, a daughter of your miniſter of ſtate. KING. *I know it; he has then a large fortune.* SCHOENING. No, Sire, he is in narrow circumſtances. KING. *Then I ſuppoſe he has diſſipated his fortune.* SCHOENING. This is not the reaſon, Sire; the Ruſſians have ruined his eſtates. KING. *So! then he deſerves, and ſhall have the preſidency.*

Frederic II. when prince of Pruſſia, was as paſſionately found of the chace as his father. It was part of his duty, as a member of the board of domains at Cuſtrin, to travel annually through the towns and countries ſubject to the controul of his board. Upon theſe tours he made uſe of an open carriage, in which he conveyed fire-arms ready loaded; and whenever he happened to eſpy any game, he immediately converted a journey of buſineſs into a ſhooting party. Upon ſuch an occaſion he once chanced to drop a glove; and in attempting to take it up again, he touched the trigger of a gun in ſuch a manner, that it went off, and diſcharged its contents cloſe by his ear through his hat. Full of the idea how fatal this accident might have been to him, he leapt from the carriage, broke the gun to pieces againſt a tree, and ſwore a ſolemn oath, that he never in future would diſcharge a gun in the purſuit of this his favourite amuſement. This vow he never broke; and had the German princes in general followed his example, the peaſants would have leſs reaſon to complain of the deſtruction of their fields and fences, and of the ruin of their harveſts.

Fre-

Frederic II. had the moſt dutiful regard for his mother as long as ſhe lived. This was particularly evident on days of ceremony or feſtivity at court. Nothing could exceed the reſpectful attention he publicly paid her upon theſe occaſions. Notwithſtanding the cruel and unjuſt treatment he ſuffered from his father, he never forgot or neglected the filial reſpect and duty he owed him. His Memoirs of Brandenburgh afford, in the life of his father, many proofs of his regard. The following anecdote ſhews how much he reſpected his memory. He heard accidentally that there ſtill lived in Potſdam a very old invalid, who had ſerved under his grandfather Frederic the firſt. He accordingly ordered his chamberlain to bring the old man to court. At the time appointed the invalid appeared at the palace, clean and very decently dreſſed, and was introduced. The king aſked him a great variety of queſtions; inquired into the details of battles and campaigns in which he had been preſent; in what regiments, and under what generals he had at different times ſerved; and made a number of ſimilar inquiries, to all which the invalid returned very ſatisfactory anſwers. The king ſeemed very well pleaſed with the old man, and entered into a long and familiar con-

converſation with him. At laſt the honeſt veteran became ſo bold and talkative, that without being aſked, he began as follows: "Now I am talking of that, I can't help telling your majeſty a comical joke we once had when your majeſty's father was prince of Pruſſia. I happened then to be one of his ſuite. One day he took a trip to Potſdam with the prince of Deſſau; and as we got to Zahlendorf, we found a cowherd lying faſt aſleep by the road ſide; and for the ſake of ſun, and a deviliſh good joke it was, we cut off the tails of all his cows"— "Oh!" ſaid the king, with a ſtern countenance, "that is not true of my father;" and immediately turning about, he ordered his chamberlain, who ſtood by, to give the man ten dollars, (about 1l. 13. 4d.) and left the aſtoniſhed and perplexed invalid, whoſe indiſcretion in telling a circumſtance unfavourable to the late king's humanity, probably deprived him of a comfortable proviſion.

Frederic diſliked all unneceſſary form and ceremony; and whenever the nature of circumſtances made a degree of ceremonious pomp neceſſary, he ſeemed to feel himſelf uneaſy in the part he had to act. Upon his acceſſion

acceſſion to the crown, it was requiſite that he ſhould receive the homage of his ſubjects in the capitals of his different dominions. The Marquis d'Argen, accompanied him upon his tour; and had the honour of inſtructing the king in the ceremonial of the ſolemnity. After having received the ceremonial of his Pruſſian dominions at Koningſberg, he aſked the marquis, whether he had not performed his part well? Very well indeed, replied the marquis; but I know one who did it better. And who is that? ſaid the king. Louis the fifteenth, anſwered the marquis. Oh! ſaid the king, and I can tell you who performs it better than either of us, and that is Baron the player.

The Rev. Mr. Kletſchke, chief chaplain to part of the army, requeſted in a memorial that the king would grant him a right to appoint all chaplains to the regiments under his care, and endeavoured by many arguments to prove that this right more properly belonged to him, than the commanders of the ſeveral regiments. The king's anſwer, wrote under the memorial: "*Your kingdom is not of this world.*"

A man

A man who upon his ſettling in the king's dominions, had received the uſual advantages given to new coloniſts, who had a houſe and cattle provided for him, and had been furniſhed with every other neceſſary, was diſſatisfied with his ſituation, and in hopes to induce the king to grant him ſtill more, waited upon him, as he travelled through the place, and told him that he ſhould leave the country with his wife and children, and go where *he could be much better off*. But the king, inſtead of encouraging him to ſtay, or making him any further promiſes, as he expected, replied cooly: "You are quite in "the right there, my good friend, for if I "knew a place where I ſhould be better off, "than where I am, I would certainly go there "myſelf."

The king of Pruſſia had very ſtrictly ordered that no officer ſhould wear any dreſs but his uniform. Notwithſtanding this a young officer dreſſed himſelf in a plain coat, and walked with a lady in the royal gardens at Sans-Souci, as he ſuppoſed the king was gone to Potſdam. But ſuddenly, as he turned at the end of a viſta, he met the king, who immediately aſked him: "*Who are you, Sir?*" The officer, not having taken the precaution

to change his ſword, found himſelf at once betrayed; but had ſtill preſence of mind enough to ſay: "I am an officer, but am here incognito." The king was pleaſed with the anſwer, and ſaid: "*Then take care the king don't ſee you.*"—And walked on.

The nobility of Churmarck petitioned the king, that they might be allowed the free importation of arrack and rum for their own uſe, and be excuſed from paying the duties of exciſe upon theſe articles. The king returned their petition, and had written nnderneath: "No! it would be highly "indecent in my nobility, to habituate "themſelves to drink drams."

The ladies of the two preſidents of the courts of juſtice and revenue at Cleves, were continually diſputing about their reſpective ranks; and the lady of the preſident of the court of juſtice inſiſted that in all public places ſhe was entitled to a rank ſuperior to the other. This enraged her rival to ſuch a degree, that ſhe wrote to the king, and prayed that he would decide which of the two ladies had a right *to go firſt*. The king wrote back to her the following laconic anſwer. "The greateſt fool goes firſt."

The

The king once roſe very early, and walked into the garden at Sans Souci. He there obſerved a boy employed by the gardener, who ſeemed very buſy in pruning a row of peach trees; as the boy had not worked long in the garden he did not know the king. "You are very early at work to-day," ſaid the king. "Ay," replied the boy, "that's what I muſt, for if the old bear (meaning the king) comes into the garden, and does not find the work done, nothing is right." "Bravo! my ſon," ſaid the king, "I would have you always think ſo."—and walked further.

The king once rang the bell in his cabinet; but as nobody anſwered, he opened the door of the antichamber, and found his page faſt aſleep upon a chair. He went up to wake him: but coming nearer, he obſerved a paper in his pocket upon which ſomething was written. This excited his curioſity; he pulled it out; and found that it was a letter from the page's mother, the contents of which was nearly as follows: "She returned her ſon many thanks for the money he had ſaved out of his ſalary, and had ſent her, which had proved a very timely aſſiſtance. God would certainly reward him for it; and if he continued to ſerve God and his king

king faithfully and conſcientiouſly, he cou'd not fail of ſucceſs and proſperity in this world." Upon reading this, the king ſtept ſoftly into his cloſet, fetched a rouleau of ducats, and put it, with the letter into the page's pocket. He then rang ſo long, 'till the page awoke, and came into the cloſet, "You have been aſleep, I ſuppoſe," ſaid the king. The page could not deny it; ſtammered out an excuſe: put, in his embarraſſment, his hand into his pocket, and felt the rouleau of ducats. He immediately pulled it out, turned pale, and looked at the king with tears in his eyes. "What's the matter with you?" ſaid the king. Oh! replied the page, ſomebody has contrived my ruin; I know nothing of this money. "*What* "*God beſtows*," returned the king, "*he be-* "*ſtows in ſleep*. Send the money to your "mother; give my reſpects to her, and in- "form her, that I will take care of her and "you."

The exciſe office had condemned a ſoldier who was convicted of ſmuggling, to the payment of a fine of 2000 dollars. The ſentence was as uſual ſent to the king for confirmation: but he returned it, with this query written in the margin: "Before I can "confirm

" confirm the above ſentence, I am very cu-
" rious to know, what meaſures are intended
" to be taken, to oblige a common ſoldier
" to pay a fine of 2000 dollars?"

The king of Pruſſia made it a point to return every mark of reſpect or civility ſhewn him in the ſtreet by thoſe who met him. He one day obſerved at table, that whenever he rode through the ſtreets of Berlin, his hat was always in his hand. Baron Pollnitz, who was preſent, ſaid, " That his majeſty had no occaſion to notice the civility of every one who pulled his hat off to him in the ſtreet." " And why not?" anſwered the king in a lively tone, " are they not all hu-
" man beings as well as myſelf."

A ſhort time before the king's death, a good appointment had been given to a ſubaltern in his army. The warrant was, as uſual, laid before the king for his approbation and ſignature: but inſtead of ſigning it, he drew under it, a man hanging upon a gallows: having recollected ſome particular occurrence, in which he had behaved improperly, and rendered himſelf unworthy of promotion.

At

At a review in Pruſſia, a woman requeſted the king to grant her ſon, who was a private in the guards at Potſdam, leave of abſence, that he might have an opportunity of viſiting her. The king did not comply with her requeſt, but upon his return to Potſdam, he informed the ſoldier that his mother was in good health, and deſired to be affectionately remembered to him. The following year the king was again in Pruſſia, and the woman came again to requeſt the ſame favour. The king knew her immediately, and before ſhe could ſpeak a word, informed her, that her ſon was well, and would be very glad to ſee her at Potſdam.

In the battle of Torgau, the king commanded the left wing of his army, and began the attack upon that part of the Auſtrian forces, which were very advantageouſly poſted upon the hills of Siptiz. By the united bravery of general Ziethen and Leſtewiz, this poſt towards evening was forced, and the day decided in favour of the Pruſſian army. The following night was extremely cold, and the ſoldiers had lighted fires in different parts of the camp. Towards morning, the king quitted the left wing, and rode along the front of the army towards the right. When he arrived

rived at his regiment of guards he alighted, and went and placed himſelf by the fire, ſurrounded by his brave officers and grenadiers. Here he propoſed to await the dawn, and to attack the enemy again in the morning, if they ſhould not have retired, which, on account of the darkneſs of the night, could not be aſcertained. In the mean time he entered into converſation with the common ſoldiers, extolled the bravery they had ſhewn during the action; and encouraged them to fight as they had hitherto done. The grenadiers preſſed nearer and nearer upon him; and at laſt one of them by name Rebiak, with whom the king often ſpoke, and to whom he ſtill gave money, ventured to aſk him, "Where he had been during the battle? Formerly," continued the grenadier, "we were accuſtomed to ſee you at our head, leading us to the hotteſt of the battle; but this time we did not ſet eyes upon you, and it is not right in you to forſake us." The king then informed him with the greateſt condeſcenſion, that he had commanded the left wing of the army, which had been the reaſon why he had not appeared at the head of his own regiment. In the mean time, the king had unbuttoned his blue great coat, and the grenadier obſerving that a muſket ball

fell

fell from his cloaths, and that the bullet had perforated both his uniform and his ſurtout, he cried with enthuſiaſm, "You are ſtill our old Fritz. You ſtill ſhare every danger with us. With pleaſure we will ſacrifice our lives for you:" and the whole guard joined him in exclaiming, long live the king! Another grenadier ſaid, Now, Fritz, we hope you will provide us comfortable winter quarters. "The devil you do," ſaid Frederic; "let "us take Dreſden, and then I will provide "for you in a manner, that will, I think, "ſatisfy you."

Upon a forced march in the ſecond Sileſian war, the king rode at the flank of a troop of horſe, and heard one of the men in a diſtant part of the troop curſe and ſwear in a moſt dreadful manner. He then rode nearer, and heard the ſoldier, with the moſt ſhocking oaths and imprecations ſay, "that he wiſhed this d——d life had one day or other an end." "You are right, my ſon" cried the king, "ſo do I;—but what is to be done? "we muſt wait patiently till peace can be "made."

In the year 1759, the king and his army were in ſo critical a ſituation, that for ſeveral nights he did not get any ſleep. At laſt he was ſo fatigued, that he could no longer reſiſt the calls of nature; and an officer, who perceived it, made an arrangement that he ſhould not be diſturbed by the guards poſted round his tent. The king obſerved that ſomething unuſual was going forward, and inquired what it was. The officer told him. The king then called him into his tent, and aſked him if he had eaten any thing? (for he knew that there was the utmoſt ſcarcity of proviſions in his army). The officer anſwered "Yes;" but by his looks, and the ſhrugging of his ſhoulders, it was evident he had not. The king then took a wine bottle: and having held it to the light to ſee how much might be left in it, he poured a ſmall glaſs half full, drank it himſelf, filled the glaſs with the remainder, and gave it to the officer with theſe words, "This is all I have."

In the battle of Torgau, the king was ſlightly grazed by a muſket ball. All his aid-du-camps being ſent with orders to different parts of the army were abſent, excepting count Frederic d'Anhalt (now lieutenant general

neral in the Ruſſian ſervice.) The king was at the head of his troops, in the midſt of danger. Count d'Anhalt entreated him to retire, in order to have his wound dreſſed. "No," replied the king, "We muſt now endeavour "to ſtop the prevailing confuſion, and fight "for victory, or my life is of no conſequence."

Another time one of the king's pages, who was cloſe by him, had his horſe ſhot dead under him. The page fell, and ſtruck his ribs againſt the hilt of his ſword with ſuch violence, as to bend it entirely crooked. With looks in which were pictured the pain and fear he was in, the page attempted to run off. "Where are you going?"—cried the king, "take your ſaddle with you." The page was really obliged to take off the ſaddle, while the king ſtood by him, during a hail of ſhot from the muſkets of the enemy.

In the year 1782, the king went out to ſee ſeveral mines blown up, which had been laid the autumn before near Potſdam, in order to make an experiment, whether the powder would keep dry and good in them through the winter. The experiment fully anſwered the king's expectation, and he ſeemed highly ſatisfied, when ſuddenly all the officers who ac-

 companied

companied him were alarmed by the falling of a granate, weighing about half a pound, upon the king's thigh. The accident might have produced dangerous conſequences, but their fears were ſoon quieted. "This time," ſaid the king, with his uſual tranquillity and preſence of mind, "this time, a blue ſpot will "be all the conſequence."

A major in the army had ſignalized himſelf upon a certain occaſion, and the king wiſhing to reward him, preſented him with the order Pour le Merite. The major humbly thanked his majeſty, but added: "But what good will that do me?" "Well then," ſaid the king, "I will give you the government of a province." "Your majeſty," replied the major, "is too gracious; but what good will that do me?" "Well, if that won't do neither," ſaid the king, "I will ſettle a penſion upon you." "I humbly thank your majeſty," replied the major, "I am unworthy of all this favour; but what good will that do me?" The king ſaid no more; but when the major had retired, the king aſked, "What is it that I can do for this man, what does he want more!" One of the officers who was preſent, informed the king, that the major had a habit of adding, without any kind

of

of meaning to every thing he ſaid, "What good will that do me?" "Well," ſaid the king, "I ſhould have known that, for in fact I have given too much: however he may keep it, as he has got it."

A French nobleman, who waited upon the king at Sans-Souci, expreſſed his aſtoniſhment at ſeeing the emperor's portrait in every apartment of the place, and aſked the king, what might be the reaſon of his thus honouring the portrait of his greateſt enemy? "Oh!" ſaid the king, "the emperor is a buſy and enterprizing young monarch, and I find it neceſſary always to have an eye over him."

When the king travelled through Pruſſia in the year 1784, the preſident of the provincial court, M. von Maſſow, had a private audience of his majeſty, at which the king addreſſed him nearly as follows:

"I have made you preſident of my court "of juſtice, and I ought to be acquaint-"ed with you. I am, properly ſpeaking, "the chief juſtice of my kingdom, and "ſhould myſelf ſee to it, that juſtice is "duly adminiſtered. But, as I cannot at-"tend to every thing myſelf, I muſt have

" ſuch people as you are in my ſervice, whoſe " duty it is to do juſtice to individuals.—— " I have a great reſponſibility upon me, I " muſt not only anſwer for the evil I do, but " for the good I leave undone; and you are " in the ſame predicament. You muſt be " ſtrictly impartial, and judge without re- " ſpect of perſons, let the parties be princes, " noblemen, or peaſants. This I muſt inſiſt " upon, *or you and I may part at once.* Have " you any eſtates?"

No, Sire!

" Will you buy any?"

I have no money to do it, Sire.

" Well then, you know what poverty is, " and ſo much the more is it your duty to " aſſiſt thoſe who are in diſtreſs."

The king once obſerved from a window in the palace, that a great concourſe of people were reading ſomething ſtuck up againſt a wall, and he ſent one of his pages down to ſee what it was. The page returned and informed him, that the paper contained ſatirical obſervations upon the new regulations in the collection of the duties upon coffee. " Go down again," ſaid the king, " and get the " bill paſted lower, that they may read it " more conveniently; it is too high for " them."

The

The name of Quintus Icilius was originally Guichard. He was the ſon of a manufacturer of earthen ware in Magdeburg, when the king took him into his ſervice, and changed his name. It happened, that ſoon after the king had eſtabliſhed the manufactory of porcelain at Berlin, at his own expence and riſk, Quintus contradicted ſomething he ſaid at table. "Hold your tongue," ſaid the king with a degree of anger, "how ſhould you "know any thing about the matter; you are "but the ſon of a potter?"——"How can now your majeſty reproach me with being the ſon of a potter," replied Quintus, "when you are a potter yourſelf?" The king could not refrain from laughing, and gave the converſation another turn.

The great partiality of Frederic II. for dogs, has been frequently the ſubject of ridicule. His great attention to theſe faithful and innocent companions of mankind, may perhaps be attributed to the goodneſs of his heart, and even a weakneſs ariſing from that ſource is amiable.

He had ſeveral of theſe animals of whom he was particularly fond, and in all his rooms were a number of ſmall leather balls, with which he uſed to play with them. One of them

them called *Biche*, was his particular favourite, had been his companion in many of his campaigns, and at her death he erected a ſmall monument to her memory in one of his gardens at Potſdam.

A gentleman ſuppoſed he had diſcovered a deficiency in a certain fund at Stettin, and communicated his ſuſpicions to the king, apparently without any ſelfiſh views. An inquiry was accordingly ſet on foot, but no deficiency found. An application was made in conſequence to his majeſty, requeſting that he would puniſh the informer, to which he returned the following reſolution:

FREDERIC, King of PRUSSIA, &c.

Your application to me, dated 26th of laſt month, requeſting that the perſon who gave me the information concerning the ſuppoſed deficiency in your fund may be puniſhed by a year's impriſonment, is, in my opinion, extremely unjuſt, and I cannot agree to it on any account. *I am as poor as Job*; *I have been cheated by Gorne*; (a miniſter of finance who embezzled immenſe ſums) *I am belied and deceived by many others, and muſt at the ſame time ſupport a great number of my ſubjects*;

jects; all this has robbed me of great ſums of money, and if any one diſcovers or warns me againſt theſe cheats, I ſhould be very unjuſt were I to requite his friendſhip in ſo ungrateful a manner. In the mean time, as I am not willing to give you any cauſe of complaint, I ſhall puniſh him, by ordering him into arreſt for a fortnight, which is ſufficient.

Frederic.

Frederic had ſcarce mounted the throne, when ſeveral inhabitants of Ruppin waited upon him, and requeſted the payment of very conſiderable ſums, which they had lent him when prince of Pruſſia, and under the diſpleaſure of his father. He at firſt refuſed to pay them, and ſaid, they acted wrong in having lent him any money in the ſituation he was then in. "This," they anſwered, "we cannot deny; but your majeſty will certainly highly diſapprove of our conduct in "refuſing to pay our creditors, which is entirely out of our power, unleſs your majeſty graciouſly reſolves to aſſiſt us." The king was ſtruck with their anſwer; paid their demands; and in the courſe of his reign gave the town ſeveral proofs of his favour.

In a diſtrict of Weſt Pruſſia, a dreadful ſtorm of rain had done great miſchief to whole diſtrict. The inhabitants repreſente their diſtreſs to the king, and he ſent them the following anſwer:

" I have heard of your misfortune. It " comes from the hand of God. But my " treaſury ſhall make good the damage to the " utmoſt farthing, and I will ſend you an " honeſt and able man, who will examine into " your loſſes, and repay you.

" I amo urgracious king,

Frederic."

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